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THE WORKS

OF

JOHN MARSTON.

REPRINTED FROM THE ORIGINAL EDITIONS.

WITH NOTES, AND SOME ACCOUNT OF HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS.

BY

J. O. HALLIWELL, F.R.S., F.S.A.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
JOHN RUSSELL SMITH,
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PREFACE.

So few particulars have been recovered respecting the life and personal character of JOHN MARSTON, whose dramatic and satirical writings are now for the first time collected together, it would be futile to attempt to promote them to the dignity of Biography. The circumstances known, or rather conjectured, respecting this author, for nearly all of which we are indebted to Antony à Wood, may be stated in a very few words. According to the Oxford biographer, John Marston, the dramatist, was a student in Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and was admitted Bachelor of Arts on the twenty-third of February, 1592; but, adds Wood, "in what county he was born I cannot yet find, because, 1st, that he was not matriculated; 2nd, that he was not scholar of that house, or Fellow, in the admissions of both which, their counties of nativity are constantly registered." Even this statement, however, appears to be formed upon a mere conjecture originating in the identity of name, not upon the authority of trustworthy information; for he previously mentions a John Marston, "son of a father of both his names, of the

City of Coventry esquire," who "became either a com moner or a gentleman-commoner of Brasen-nose Colleg in 1591, and in the beginning of February, 1593, he wa admitted Bachelor of Arts, as the eldest son of an esquire (Jonson, in the Poetaster, expressly alludes to the respecta bility of Marston's birth); "and soon after compleating tha degree by determination, he went his way, and improve his learning in other faculties." This John Marston die in June, 1634, and was buried near his father, some tim a Counsellor of the Middle Temple, in the Temple Churc in London, "under the stone which hath written on it *Oblivioni Sacrum.*" Dugdale mentions a John Marston who was appointed Lecturer of the Middle Temple i 1592, and who was probably the "father" referred to b Wood.

It is remarked by Wood, that the person last name cannot be the dramatist, because the latter died before th publication of the collective edition of his plays in 1633 an observation which clearly shows that he was speakin somewhat at random, for that Marston was living in tha year is proved by the dedication prefixed to the work b William Sheares, in which he is spoken of as being "no in his autumn and declining age," and as being "*fa distant* from this place," meaning, the place of publicatio This objection removed, there can be but little doubt tha the John Marston who was buried in the Temple Churc in 1634 was really the eminent dramatist. According t Oldys, Marston sprung probably from a family of tha name settled in Aftcot (?), in Shropshire; and he marrie

Mary, daughter of the Rev. William Wilkes, Chaplain to James I., and Rector of St. Martin's, co. Wilts. Now Wood, in a notice of Wilkes, says that the latter "died at Barford St. Martin, in Wiltshire, of which he was rector, leaving a daughter named Mary, who was married to John Marston of the city of Coventry, gentleman; which John, dying 25 June, 1634, was buried in the church belonging to the Temple in London, near to the body of John Marston his father, sometimes a Counsellor of the Middle Temple." The John Marston in the first notice, and the son-in-law of the King's Chaplain, are thus shown to be the same person. He is also the dramatic writer, unless another link in the chain of evidence be unnecessarily regarded as a curious but possible coincidence. In Ben Jonson's Conversations with William Drummond, it is stated—"Marston wrott his father-in-lawes preachings, and his father-in-law his commedies;" which seems, observes Gifford, a humorous allusion to the sombre air of Marston's comedies, as contrasted with the cheerful tone of his father-in-law's discourses.

A few days before his death, afflicted with an illness so serious that he was compelled to make a mark instead of signing his name, Marston gave instructions for his Will, which was duly proved by his widow in the Prerogative Court of Canterbury on July 9th, 1634. In this document he is styled *clarke*, probably in reference to his collegiate degree. He mentions a cousin in Shropshire, which is the county, according to Oldys, whence his family originated; and other friends and relatives are named, whose

connection with him is otherwise unnoticed. A copy the whole is here given:—

"In the name of God, Amen. I John Marston London clarke, being sicke in bodie, but of perfect a sound mind and memorie, doe make my last Will a Testament in manner and forme followeing. Imprim I give and bequeath my soule into the handes of Almigh God, my Maker and Redeemer, and my bodie to buried in Christian buryall in some convenient pla where my executor hereafter named shall appointe. Iter I give and bequeath to James Coghill and James Boynto both of Christchurch in the County of Southampton, t somme of fortie shillinges apeece to be paide with sixe monthes after my decease. Item, I give and b queath to Marie Fabian, the wiefe of William Fabian Christchurch aforesaide, towards the educacion of h five sonnes, the somme of twentie eighte pound of cu rant money of England to bee paied to hir within si monthes after my decease. Item, I give to the parris church of Christchurch aforesaide the somme of fi poundes, to be paide within sixe monthes next after m decease. Item, I give and bequeath to my couzin Hu of Ashford, in the countye of Saloppe, the somme twentie poundes to be paied within sixe moneths after m decease. Item, I give and bequeath to my cozen Griffin daughter of . . . . Kingston in the Countie of Surrey, t somme of five poundes to be paied unto hir within si monthes after my decease. Item, I give to Marie Collic the daughter of my cozen, Anne Collis of Chancerie Lan

the somme of five poundes to be paied unto hir sixe monthes after my decease. Item, I give and bequeath to my cozen Richard Marston of Newe Inne in the Countie of Middlesex, my silver bason and ewre, but my Will is that my wiefe shall have the use of it untill it shall be demaunded of hir by the said Richard, or his attorney in that behalfe lawfully deputed. Item, I give and bequeath unto George Wallie, and James Walley, sonnes of Mr. Henry Wallie, the somme of five poundes apeece to be paide to the saide Henrie for theier use within sixe monthes after my decease. Item, all the rest of my goodes and cattles, moveable and unmoveable (my debts and legacies and funeral expenses being charged) I give and bequeath to my wel-beloved wiefe Marie, whome I ordaine my sole Executrixe of this my last Will and Testament. And I doe hereby renounce and make voyde all former Wills by me heretofore made. In Wittness whereof I have hereunto putt my hand and seale the seaventeenth daie of June, in the tenth yeare of the raigne of oure Soveraigne Lord Charles, &c., A.D. 1634."

According to Wood, after Marston had obtained his degrees, "he went his way, and improved his learning *in other faculties*," alluding probably to his poetical and dramatic efforts. His earliest work, as far as is at present known, is the Scourge of Villanie, first published in 1598, and in the following year, 1599, he is mentioned in Henslowe's Diary as *the new poete*:—"Lent unto Wm. Borne, the 28 of Septembr, 1599, to lend unto Mr. Mastone, the

new poete, in earneste of a booke called . . . . . , the some of xxxx. *s*." What this play was is not stated; but the following curious undated letter, discovered by Mr. Collier in the archives of Dulwich College, may possibly relate to the same production:—

"Mr. Hensloe, at the rose on the Bankside.

"If you like my play of Columbus, it is verie well and you shall give me noe more then twentie poundes for it, but If nott, lett mee have it by this Bearer againe, as I knowe the kinges Men will freelie give mee asmuch for it and the profitts of the third daye moreover.

"Soe I rest yours

"JOHN MARSTON."

It thus appears that Marston originally treated for his plays with Henslowe, and it was probably some dispute connected with the value of this drama of Columbus that caused him afterwards to write for the King's Company. The Malcontent, published in 1604, is expressly stated in the title-page to have been acted by the "King's Majesty's Servants." The following is a list of the writings of Marston here reprinted:—

1. *The Scourge of Villanie.*—First printed in 1598, and reprinted in 1599, with the addition of the tenth Satire. It is thus alluded to in Jonson's Every Man out of his Humour:—"and how dost thou, *thou grand Scourge*, or second Untruss of the time?"

2. *Satires.*—"The Metamorphosis of Pigmalion's Image and certaine Satyres," 16mo. Lond. 1598. The first poem in this volume was republished in Alcilia, a very rare collection of poems, 1619 and 1628. The present work was issued under Marston's assumed name of William Kinsayder, which is also alluded to in What You Will, and in Hall's epigram against him. The poet Lampatho Doria, in the former, seems intended for Marston himself. The reason of the quarrel between Hall and Marston is unknown; but the Satire entitled Reactio (vol. iii. p. 226) is certainly levelled at the former, and in another satire he again returns to the charge. Mr. Singer is of opinion that "he was angry at being forestalled by the publication of Hall's Satires; he also accuses him of having caused an epigram to be pasted to the latter page of every Pigmalion that came to the stationers of Cambridge."

Marston's poem of Pigmalion's Image, "with his transform'd delight," is mentioned as part of the library of a courtezan in a rare poem, Cranley's Amanda, 1635; and its licentious character had, soon after its publication, occasioned an order from the prelates Whitgift and Bancroft for its suppression and destruction, a circumstance that accounts for its excessive rarity.

3. *Antonio and Mellida.*—Published at London, in 1602, 4to. A modern edition of it is given in Mr. Dilke's Collection of Old Plays, 1814, vol. ii.

4. *Antonio's Revenge.*—This is the second part of the

preceding drama, published also in in 1602. The lowing observations by Gifford, respecting the allusio these two plays in the Poetaster, are too judicious to omitted:—

"I have already observed, in opposition to the wh string of commentators, that Crispinus is Marston any doubts of it should remain, after what has b advanced, the lines which follow will be more than su cient to remove them. In these, Jonson has accu lated many of the uncouth and barbarous terms wh characterise Marston's poetry. The works which author had chiefly in view, were the Scourge of Villai and the two parts of Antonio and Mellida. In the for of these, Jonson is ridiculed under the name of Torqua for his affected use of 'new-minted words, such as *intrinsicate*, and *delphicke*,' which are all found in earliest comedies; so that we have here, in fact, little n than 'the retort courteous.' But, indeed, Mar deserved some reprehension. He boasts, and his bo have been repeated by the commentators who gene take all upon trust, that he is 'free from licentiousnes language.' The fact is not so; he is extremely gross, impure. This is what Jonson means, when he m him 'boldly nominate a spade a spade;' and this to the just object of the attack upon him, in the play of the Return from Parnassus (see vol. ii. p. 3 I will not affirm that Marston's manner is correctly imitated in this collection of his words phrases; yet those who read his Satires cannot

be struck with the arrogance, pedantry, and harshness qualities here attempted to be caricatured) which pervade every part of them: while his dramatic works, more particularly those noticed by Jonson, are distinguished by nothing so much as a perpetual bluster, an overstrained reaching after sublimity of expression, which ends in abrupt and unintelligible starts, and bombast anomalies of language. It is but fair to add that, whatever Marston might think of the present castigation, he had the good sense to profit by it, since his latter works exhibit but few of the terms here ridiculed."

According to Ben Jonson's Conversations with William Drummond, "he (Jonson) had many quarrells with Marston, beat him, and took his pistol from him, wrote his Poetaster on him; the beginning of them were, that Marston represented him in the stage, in his youth given to venerie." Were more known of the literary history of this period, it would perhaps be found, that as there was probably more than one quarrel between these dramatists, so also was there more than one sincere reconciliation. That Marston had, at one time, a fervent admiration for Jonson, is shown by the dedication to the Malcontent, 1604, and by the verses prefixed to Sejanus, 1605,—"Amicis, amici nostri dignissimi, dignissimis, Epigramma d. Johannes Marstonius,"—

"Yee ready friendes, spare your unneedfull bayes;
This worke dispairefull Envie must even praise:

Phœbus hath voic'd it loud, through ecchoing skies,
Sejanus Fall shall force thy merit rise;
For never English shall, or hath before,
Spoake fuller grac'd. He could say much, not more."

5. *The Malcontent.*—Two editions, the first containing much less matter than the second, appeared in 1604. The latter is the one here reprinted; and an excellent critical modern edition of the play will be found in Mr. Dyce's collection of the works of Webster, who contributed some portions of the later copy. The additions were probably made in the year 1600.

6. *Eastward Hoe.*—At least three different editions of this play appeared in 1605, and the several copies of each edition frequently vary from each other, but the variations are generally of small importance. A modern text of it is given in Dodsley's Old Plays, vol. iv. Respecting this play, there is the following entry in Cunningham's Revels Accounts, Introd. p. 44:—

"To Joseph Taylor for himselfe and the reste of his fellowes servauntes to the Lady Eliz. her grace upon the Councells Warraunt dated at Whitehall 21 June 1614 for presenting before his Ma^{ty} a Comedy called Eastward Howe on the xxvth of January last past—vj^{li}. xiij^{s}. iiij^{d}. and by way of his Ma^{ts} reward lxvj^{s}. viij^{d}. In all x^{li}."

In the first impression of Eastward Hoe, is a passage reflecting upon the Scots, for the publication of which

authors got into serious trouble. The story is thus :ed in Ben Jonson's Conversations with Drummond :— e was dilated by Sir James Murray to the King, for :ting something against the Scots, in a play Eastward e, and voluntarly imprissonned himself with Chapman l Marston, who had written it amongst them. The ort was, that they should then [have] had their ears ; and noses. After their delivery, he banqueted all his ends; there was Camden, Selden, and others; at the dst of the feast his old Mother dranke to him, and ew him a paper which she had (if the sentence had taken ecution) to have mixed in the prisson among his inke, which was full of lustie strong poison, and that e was no churle, she told, she minded first to have unk of it herself." Eastward Hoe was altered by Tate 1685, and represented at Dorset Gardens under the le of Cuckolds Haven, or an Alderman no Conjuror.

7. *The Dutch Courtezan.*—Published in 1605, 4to. It mentioned in the Black Yeare, 1606, as "corrupting nglish conditions." This play "was some few years ice reviv'd with success on the present stage, under the le of the Revenge, or the Match in Newgate," Langine's Account of the English Dramatick Poets, 1691. Cockledemoy's cheating Mrs. Mulligrub the Vintner's ife, of the Goblet and the Salmon, is borrow'd from an l French Book called *Les Contes du Monde:* see the me Story in English, in a Book of Novels, call'd The lace of Pleasure, in the last Novel," *ibid.*

8. *Parasitaster.*—Two editions of this play were published in 1606, and the latter being issued as "corrected of many faults, which, by reason of the author's absence, were let slip in the first edition." There is a modern text of it in Mr. Dilke's Old Plays, vol. ii. "The plot of Dulcimel her cozening the Duke by a pretended discovery of Tiberio's love to her, is borrow'd from Boccace's Novels, Day 3. Nov. 3. This novel is made use of as an incident in several other plays, as Flora's Vagaries, Souldiers Fortune; and Nymphadoro's humour of loving the whole sex, act iii. sc. 1, is copy'd from Ovid's Amor. ii. 4," Langbaine, ibid., p. 351. It is to this comedy that Wood possibly refers, when he asserts that Marston "was in great renown for his wit and ingenuity in 1606."

9. *Sophonisba.*—The Wonder of Women, or the Trajedie of Sophonisba, 4to. Lond. 1606. "This play is founded on history; see Livy, Dec. 3. lib. 10, Corn. Nepos in vit. Annibal, Polibius, Appian, Orosius. The English reader may read this story lively describ'd by Sir W. Rawleigh, in his History of the World, book the 5," Langbaine, p. 351. The allusion to quoting authorities, &c., mentioned in the Epistle to the Reader, is said by Langbaine, p. 350, to be directed against Ben Jonson; but this opinion is justly questioned by Gifford. The play itself, however, observes the same author, "I take to be an honest general Satyr, and not (as some malicious Enemies endeavour'd to perswade the World) design'd to strike at any particular Persons." An adaptation of the

of Sophonisba in another tragedy was written in
ı, and acted at Amsterdam in 1620.

. *What You Will.*—Published in 1607, and inserted,
a modern text, in Mr. Dilke's Collection of Old Plays,
i. "Francisco's zanying the person and humour of
no is an incident in several plays, as Mr. Cowley's
rdian, Albumazer, &c., tho' I presume the design was
copy'd from Plautus his Amphitruo: this I take to be
of our author's best plays," Langbaine, p. 351.

l. *The Insatiate Countess.*—A tragedy, published in
3, 1616, and 1631. Langbaine mentions an earlier
ion of 1603, but no copy printed in that year has yet
ı discovered. It is a work of so little merit, that the
ıory of our author will not suffer by an attempt made
ome critics to assign it to the hand of William Bark-
, whose name appears as the author in some copies of
edition of 1631. The following judicious observa-
s upon it are extracted from a criticism by an anony-
s editor:—"For the several personages in this Play,
e interest is excited. The heroine is truly a disgusting
ch. Langbaine asserts that the character was in-
led for a covert satire upon Joan, Queen of Naples;
igh I believe he has 'found in Homer what was never
e,' and imputed to Marston what he had not in his
ights. Joan, 'tis true, married four husbands, and
ella, it will be seen, has one husband and three para-
rs; but there the resemblance, such as it is, completely

ends. Joan, with all her vices, was a woman of ta
whilst Isabella is a mere 'remorseless, treacherous, l
rous, kindless' wanton, who spends her life in the
mission of every crime, and terminates her career
the scaffold, quibbling and cursing, an object of cont
and detestation. The remaining characters are too w
sketched, for us to feel much interest about them. (
diana and Mizaldus are a couple of pitiful fools, and
wives scarcely better than two strumpets. The indec
which pervades the comic portions of the dialogue,
Marston little honour, and forms a curious comme
upon that part of the Dedication prefixed to his Six
published in 1633, wherein the purity of his writin
commended."

"It being a common custom with our author to
guise his story, and to personate real persons
feign'd characters: I am perswaded that in this
under the title of Isabella, the Insatiable Counte
Suevia, he meant Joane, the first Queen of Jerus
Naples, and Sicily: and I doubt not but the reader
will compare the Play with the History, will assent t
conjecture. Many are the writers that have related
life, as Collenuccio, Simmoneta, Villani, Montius,
but I refer my English reader to Dr. Fuller's Prop
State, ch. 2. That her life has been the subject not
of history, but of poetry and novels also, is manifest
this Play, and the novels of Bandello, who has relate
story under the title of the Inordinate Life of the Cou
of Celant. This novel is translated into Frenc

Belleforest, tom. 2, nov. 20, and possibly our author might build his Play on this foundation. The like story is related in God's Revenge against Adultery, under the name of Anne of Werdenberg, Dutchess of Ulme: see Hist. 5," Langbaine, ibid.

12. *City Pageant.*—This "spectacle" is preserved in manuscript in the British Museum, MS. Bibl. Reg. 18 A. xxxi, here reprinted from an edition by P. Hall.

Other pieces have incorrectly been attributed to Marston the dramatist. A sermon by one John Marston, Master of Arts, and Rector of the Parish Church of St. Mary Magdalen in Canterbury, "preached at St. Margarett's in Westminster," Feb. 6th, 1642, is unquestionably by a different author. The Elegiacall Poem on the Death of Lord Grey, Baron of Wilton, inserted in the list of his works in Lowndes' Manual, is by *Robert* Marston; and an unpublished poem, mentioned in the same work, entitled the Newe Metamorphosis, has equally slender claims to be considered the production of our author. It is a long rambling poem, and parts of it resemble in some degree his style; but the anonymous author expressly states that his name was derived from the French language, a condition that is inapplicable to that of Marston. Winstanley, in the Lives of the English Poets, 1687, p. 137, mentions "the Faithful Shepherd, a Pastoral," amongst his writings; another attribution which is equally erroneous with the others above alluded to.

The plays of Marston, with the exception of the Mal-

content and the Insatiate Countess, were collected into one volume in the year 1633 by a publisher named William Sheares, whom Wood, by a curious oversight, has metamorphosed into William Shakespeare, a mistake which was followed by more than one subsequent writer. This little volume is now rare, and copies of it differ in minute particulars, especially in the dedications. The following general Epistle Dedicatory, prefixed by the publisher, is worth reprinting, the rather as it is only occasionally found in copies of the original work:—

"To the Right Honourable, the Lady Elizabeth Carie, Viscountesse Fawkland.

"Many opprobies and aspersions have not long since been cast upon Playes in generall, and it were requisite and expedient that they were vindicated from them; but, I referre that taske to those whose leasure is greater, and learning more transcendent. Yet, for my part, I cannot perceive wherein they should appeare so vile and abominable, that they should bee so vehemently inveighed against. Is it because they are Playes? The name, it seemes, somewhat offends them; whereas, if they were styled Workes, they might have their approbation also. I hope that I have now somewhat pacified that precise sect, by reducing all our Author's severall Playes into one volume, and so stiled them The Works of Mr. John Marston, who was not inferiour unto any in this kinde of writing, in those dayes when these were penned; and, I am perswaded, equall unto the best poets of our times.

the lines bee not answerable to my encomium of him, t herein beare with him, because they were his JUVEILIA and youthfull recreations. Howsoever, hee is free om all obscene speeches, which is the chiefe cause that akes Playes to bee so odious unto most men. Hee horres such writers, and their workes; and hath prossed himselfe an enemie to all such as stuffe their scenes ith ribaldry, and lard their lines with scurrilous taunts nd jests; so that, whatsoever, even in the Spring of his eeres, hee hath presented upon the private and publike heater, now, in his Autumne and declining age, hee need ot bee ashamed of. And, were it not that hee is so farre listant from this place, hee would have beene more careull in revising the former impressions, and more circumpect about this, then I can. In his absence, Noble Lady, I have been imboldened to present these WORKES unto your Honour's view; and the rather, because your Honour is well acquainted with the Muses. In briefe, Fame hath given out, that your Honour is the mirror of your sex, the admiration, not onely of this Iland, but of all adjacent countries and dominions, which are acquainted with your rare vertues and endowments. If your Honour shall vouchsafe to accept this Worke, I, with my Booke, am ready prest and bound to be

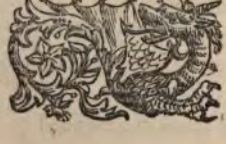
"Your truly devoted,

"WILLIAM SHEARES."

Marston's wit is much commended by Wood, but one of the few specimens extant of his conversational powers in

this way will scarcely convey a favourable impressio
modern readers. It is recorded in Manningham's I
under the date of November 21st, 1602 :—"Jo. Mars
the last Christmas, when he daunct with Alderman M
wives daughter, a Spaniard borne, fell into a strange
mendation of hir witt and beauty. When he had
she thought to pay him home, and told him, she *th*
he was a poet. 'Tis true, said he, for poets feigne
lye, and soe did I, when I commended your beaut
you are exceeding foule," ap. Collier's Annals of
Stage, i. 335.

The dramas now collected together are reprinted
lutely from the early editions, which were placed in
hands of our printers, who thus had the advantag
following them without the intervention of a transcr
They are given as nearly as possible in their ori
state, the only modernizations attempted consisting i
alternations of the letters *i* and *j*, and *u* and *v*, the r
tion of which would have answered no useful pur
while it would have unnecessarily perplexed the mo
reader.



ANTONIO AND MELLIDA.

THE PLAY CALLED

ANTONIO AND MELLIDA.

INDUCTION.

Enter GALEATZO, PIERO, ALBERTO, ANTONIO, FOROBOSCO, BALURDO, MATZAGENTE, *and* FELICHE, *with parts in their hands; having cloakes cast over their apparell.*

COME, sirs, come! the musique will sounde straight for entrance. Are yee readie, are yee perfect?

Pie. Faith! we can say our parts; but are ignorant in what mould we must cast our actors.

Alb. Whome doe you personate?

Pie. Piero, Duke of Venice.

Alb. O! ho! then thus frame your exterior shape,
hautie forme of elate majestie;
if you held the palsey shaking head
reeling chaunce, under your fortunes belt
strictest vassalage: growe big in thought,
swolne with glory of successfull armes.

Pie. If that be all, fear not, I'le sute it right.
Who cannot be proud, stroak up the haire, and strut?

Alb. Truth; such ranke custome is growne popular;
And now the vulgar fashion strides as wide,
And stalkes as proud upon the weakest stilts
Of the slight'st fortunes, as if Hercules
Or burly Atlas shouldred up their state.

Pie. Good; but whome act you?

Alb. The necessitie of the play forceth me to act two parts: Andrugio, the distressed Duke of Genoa, and Alberto, a Venetian gentleman, enamoured on the Lady Rossaline; whose fortunes being too weake to sustain the port of her, he prov'd alwaies desastrous in love; his worth being much underpoised by the uneven scale, the currants all thinges by the outwarde stamp of opinion.

Gal. Wel, and what dost thou play?

Bal. The part of all the world.

Alb. The part of all the world? What 's that?

Bal. The foole. I, in good deede law now, I play Balurdo, a wealthie mountbanking burgomasco's heire of Venice.

Alb. Ha! ha! one whose foppish nature might seem great, only for wise men's recreation; and, like a juicelesse barke, to preserve the sap of more strenuous spirits. A servile hounde, that loves the sent of forerunning fashion, like an emptie hollow vault, still giving an eecho to wit: greedily champing what any other well valued judgement had beforehand shew'd.

Foro. Ha! ha! ha! tolerably good; good faith, sweet wag.

Alb. Umh; why, tolerably good; good faith, sweet wag? Go, goe; you flatter me.

Foro. Right; I but dispose my speach to the habit of my part.

Alb. Why, what plaies he? [*To* Feliche.

Feli. The wolfe that eats into the breasts of princes; that breeds the lethargy and falling sicknesse in honour; makes justice looke asquint; and blinds the eye of merited rewarde from viewing desertfull vertue.

Alb. What 's all this periphrasis, ha?

Feli. The substance of a supple-chapt flatterer.

Alb. O! doth he play Forobosco the Parasite? Good, i-faith. Sirrah, you must seeme now as glib and straight, in outward semblance as a ladies' buske, though inwardly as crosse as a paire of tailors' legs; having a tongue as nimble as his needle, with servile patches of glavering flattery to stitch up the bracks of (the) unworthily honour'd.

Foro. I warrant you, I warrant you, you shall see mee proove the very perewig to cover the balde pate of brainelesse gentilitie. Ho! I will so tickle the sense of bella gratiosa madonna with the titillation of hyperbolicall praise, that I'le strike it in the nick, in the very nick, chuck.

Feli. Thou promisest more than I hope any spectator gives faith of performance; but why looke you so duskie, ha? [*To* Antonio.

Ant. I was never worse fitted since the nativitie of my actorshippe; I shall be hist at, on my life now.

Feli. Why, what must you play?

Ant. Faith, I know not what: an hermaphrodite; two parts in one; my true person being Antonio, son to the Duke of Genoa; though for the love of Mellida, Piero's daughter, I take this fained presence of an Amazon,

calling myself Florizell, and I know not what. I a voice to play a lady! I shall nere doe it.

Alb. O! an Amazon should have such a voice, virago like. Not play two parts in one? away, away, 'tis common fashion. Nay, if you cannot bear two subtle fronts under one hood; ideot, goe by, goe by; off this world's stage! O times impuritie!

Ant. I, but when use hath taught me action to hit the right point of a ladies' part, I shall growe ignorant when I must turne young prince againe, how but to trusse my hose.

Feli. Tushe, never put them off; for women weare the breaches still.

Mat. By the bright honour of a Millanoise, and the resplendent fulgor of this steele, I will defende the feminine to death; and ding his spirit to the verge of hell, that dares divulge a ladies' prejudice.

[*Exeunt* Antonio *and* Alberto.

Feli. Rampum scrampum, mount tuftie Tamburlaine. What rattling thunderclappe breakes from his lips?

Alb. O! 'tis native to his part. For acting a moderne bragadoch under the person of Matzagente, the Duke of Millaines' sonne, it may seeme to suite with good fashion of coherence.

Pie. But me thinks he speakes with a spruce attick accent of adulterate Spanish.

Alb. So 'tis resolv'd. For Millane being halfe Spanish halfe high Dutch, and halfe Italians, the blood of chiefes houses is corrupt and mungrel'd; so that you shal see fellow vaine-glorious for a Spaniard, gluttonous for a Dutchman, proud for an Italian, and a fantastick ideot for all. Such a one conceipt this Matzagente.

Feli. But I have a part allotted mee, which I have neither able apprehension to conceipt, nor what I conceipt gratious abilitie to utter.

Gal. Whoop, in the old cut! Good, shew us a draught of thy spirit.

Feli. 'Tis steddie, and must seme so impregnably fortrest with his own content that no envious thought could ever invade his spirit; never surveying any man so unmeasuredly happie, whome I thought not justly hatefull for some true impoverishment; never beholding any favour of Madam Felicity gracing another, which his well bounded content perswaded not to hang in the front of his owne fortune; and therefore as farre from envying any man, as he valued all men infinitely distant from accomplisht beatitude. These native adjuncts appropriate to me the name of Feliche. But last, good, thy humour.

[*Exit* Alberto.

Ant. 'Tis to be describ'd by signes and tokens. For unlesse I were possest with a legion of spirits, 'tis impossible to be made perspicuous by any utterance: for sometimes he must take austere state, as for the person of Galeatzo, the son of the Duke of Florence, and possesse his exteriour presence with a formall majestie: keepe popularitie in distance, and on the sudden fling his honour so prodigally into a common arme, that hee may seeme to give up his indiscretion to the mercy of vulgar censure. Now as solemne as a travailer, and as grave as a Puritanes ruffe; with the same breath as slight and scattered in his fashion as a—a—any thing. Now, as sweet and neat as a barbour's casting-bottle; straight as slovenly as the yeasty breast of an ale-knight: now lamenting; then chafing; straight laughing; then ——.

Feli. What then?

Ant. Faith, I know not what; 'tad bene a right pa for Proteus or Gew. Ho! blinde Gew would ha' don rarely, rarely.

Feli. I feare it is not possible to limme so many pe sons in so small a tablet as the compasse of our playe afford.

Ant. Right! therefore I have heard that those persons as he and you, Feliche, that are but slightly drawen i this Comedie, should receive more exact accomplishmen in a second part; which, if this obtaine gratious accept- ance, meanes to try his fortune.

Feli. Peace, here comes the Prologue; cleare the Stage.

[*Exeunt*

¶ *THE PROLOGUE.*

THE wreath of pleasure and delicious sweetes,
Begirt the gentle front of this faire troope;
Select and most respected auditours,
For wit's sake doe not dreame of miracles.
Alas! we shall but falter, if you lay
The least sad weight of an unused hope
Upon our weaknesse; onely we give up
The worthlesse present of slight idlenesse
To your authentick censure. O! that our Muse
Had those abstruse and synowy faculties,
That, with a straine of fresh invention.
She might presse out the raritie of Art;
The pur'st elixed juyce of rich conceipt
In your attentive cares; that with the lip
Of gratious elocution we might drinke
A sound carouse unto your health of wit.
But O! the heathy drynesse of her braine,
Foyle to your fertile spirits, is asham'd
To breath her blushing numbers to such eares;
Yet (most ingenious) deigne to vaile our wants.
With sleek acceptance polish these rude sceanes;
And if our slightnesse your large hope beguiles,
Check not with bended brow, but dimpled smiles.

[*Exit Prologue.*

ACTUS PRIMUS.

¶ *The Cornets sound a battle within.*

¶ *Enter* ANTONIO, *disguised like an Amazon.*

Ant. HEART, wilt not break? and thou abhorred life,
Wilt thou still breath in my enraged bloud?
Vaines, synewes, arteries, why crack yee not?
Burst and divul'st with anguish of my griefe.
Can man by no meanes creepe out of himselfe,
And leave the slough of viperous griefe behinde?
Antonio, hast thou seene a fight at sea,
As horrid as the hideous day of doome,
Betwixt thy father, Duke of Genoa,
And proud Piero, the Venetian Prince?
In which the sea hath swolne with Genoa's bloud,
And made spring tydes with th' warme reeking gore,
That gusht from out our gallies scupper holes;
In which thy father, poore Andrugio,
Lyes sunk, or leapt into the armes of chaunce,
Choakt with the laboring ocean's brackish fome,
Who even, despite Pietro's cancred hate,
Would with an armed hand have seized thy love,
And linkt thee to the beautious Mellida.
Have I outlived the death of all these hopes?

Have I felt anguish pour'd into my heart,
Burning like balsamum in tender wounds,
And yet dost live? Could not the fretting sea
Have rowl'd me up in wrinkles of his browe?
Is death growen coy? or grim confusion nice?
That it will not accompany a wretch,
But I must needs be cast on Venice shoare,
And try new fortunes with this strange disguise?
To purchase my adored Mellida.

[*The Cornets sound a flourish;* (

Harke how Piero's triumphs beat the ayre;
O, rugged mischiefe, how thou grat'st my heart!
Take spirit, blood; disguise, be confident;
Make a firme stand; here rests the hope of all,—
Lower than hell, there is no depth to fall.

¶ *The Cornets sound a synnet. Enter* FELICHE ALBERTO, CASTILIO *and* FOROBOSCO, *a Page c ing a shield;* PIERO *in armour;* CATZO *and* D *and* BALURDO. *All these* (*saving* PIERO) *a with petronels. Beeing entred, they make a in divided foyles.*

Pie. Victorious Fortune, with tryumphant hand,
Hurleth my glory 'bout this ball of earth,
Whil'st the Venetian Duke is heaved up,
On wings of faire successe, to over-looke
The low cast ruines of his enemies,
To see my selfe ador'd and Genoa quake;
My fate is firmer than mischance can shake.

Feli. Stand; the ground trembleth.

Pie. Hah! an earthquake?

Bal. Oh! I smell a sound.

Feli. Piero, stay, for I descry a fume
reeping from out the bosome of the deepe,
he breath of darknesse, fatall when 'tis whist
greatnes stomacke; this same smoake, call'd pride,
ake heede; shee'le lift thee to improvidence,
nd breake thy neck from steepe securitie;
hee'le make thee grudge to let Jehova share
n thy successful battailes. O! shee's ominous;
nticeth princes to devour heaven,
wallow omnipotence, out-stare dread fate,
ubdue eternitie in giant thought,—
Heaves up their hurt with swelling, puft conceit,
Till their soules burst with venom'd arrogance.
Beware Piero, Rome itselfe hath tried,
Confusions traine blowes up this babell pride.

Pie. Pish! Dimitto superos, summa votorum attigi.
Alberto, hast thou yeelded up our fixt decree
Unto the Genoan embassadour?
Are they content, if that their duke returne,
To sende his and his sonne Antonio's head
As pledges steept in bloud to gaine their peace?

Alb. With most obsequious sleek-brow'd intertain,
They all embrace it as most gratious.

Pie. Are proclamations sent through Italy,
That whosoever brings Andrugio's head,
Or young Anthonio's, shall be guerdoned
With twentie thousand double pistolets,
And be endeered to Piero's love?

Foro. They are sent every way. Sound policy; sweete lord.

Feli. Confusion to these limber sycophants.
No sooner mischief's borne in regency,
But flattery christens it with policy. [*Tacite.*

Pie. Why then; O me Celitum excelsissimum!
The intestine malice and inveterate hate
I alwaies bore to that Andrugio,
Glories in triumph ore his misery;
Nor shall that carpet-boy Antonio
Match with my daughter, sweet-cheekt Mellida.
No; the publick power makes my faction strong.
Feli. Ill; when public power strengthneth private wrong.
Pie. 'Tis horse-like not for a man to know his force.
Feli. 'Tis god-like for a man to feele remorse.
Pie. Pish! I prosecute my families revenge,
Which I'le pursue with such a burning chace,
Till I have dri'd up all Andrugio's bloud;
Weake rage that with slight pittie is withstoode
[*The Cornets sound a flourish.*
What meanes that fresh triumphall florish sound?
Alb. The prince of Millane, and young Florence heir,
Approach to gratulate your victorie.
Pie. Weele girt them with an ample waste of love;
Conduct them to our presence royally.
Let vollies of the great artillery
From of our gallies banks play prodigall,
And sound lowd welcome from their bellowing mouths.
Exit Piero *tantum.*

¶ *The Cornets sound a cynet. Enter above,* MELLIDA, ROSSALINE, *and* FLAVIA. *Enter belowe,* GALEATZO *with Attendants;* PIERO *meeteth him, embraceth; at which the Cornets sound a florish;* PIERO *and* GALEATZO *exeunt; the rest stand still.*
[guard?
Mel. What prince was that passed through my father's
Fla. 'Twas Galeatzo, the young Florentine.
Ros. Troth, one that will besiege thy maidenhead;

ter the wals, yfaith (sweet Mellida)
that thy flankers be not canon-proofe.
Mel. Oh, Mary Ambree! good, thy judgement, wench;
y bright elections cleere: what will he proove?
Ros. Hath a short finger and a naked chinne,
skipping eye; dare lay my judgement (faith)
is love is glibbery; there's no hold ont, wench.
ive me a husband whose aspect is firme;
A full cheekt gallant with a bouncing thigh:
Oh, he is the paradizo dell madonne contento.
Mel. Even such a one was my Antonio.
[*The Cornets sound a cynet.*
Ros By my nine and thirteth servant (sweete)
Thou art in love, but stand on tiptoed faire;
Here comes Saint Tristram Tirlery Whiffe, yfaith.

¶ *Enter* MATZAGENTE; PIERO *meetes him; embraceth; at which the Cornets sound a florish: they two stand, using seeming complements, whilst the sceane passeth above.*

Mel. S. Marke, S. Marke! what kind of thing appears?
Ros. For fancies passion, spit upon him; figh!
His face is varnisht. In the name of love,
What country bred that creature?
Mel. What is he, Flavia?
Fla. The heire of Millane, Segnior Matzagent.
Ros. Matzagent! now, by my pleasures hope,
He is made like a tilting staffe; and lookes
For all the world like an ore-roasted pigge:
A great tobacco taker too, that's flat;
For his eyes looke as if they had bene hung
In the smoake of his nose.

Mel. What husband wil he proove, sweete Rossalin
Ros. Avoid him; for he hath a dwindled legge,
A lowe forehead, and a thinne cole-black beard;
And will be jealous too, beleeve it, sweete;
For his chin sweats, and hath a gander neck,
A thinne lippe, and a little monkish eye;
Pretious, what a slender waste he hath!
He lookes like a may-pole, or notched stick;
Heele snap in two at every little straine.
Give me a husband that will fill mine armes,
Of steddie judgement, quicke and nimble sense;
Fooles relish not a ladies excellence.

[*Exeunt all on the lower Stage; at which the Ca*
sound a flourish, and a peale of shot is g

Mel. The tryumph's ended, but looke, Rossaline,
What gloomy soule in strange accustrements
Walkes on the pavement.
Ros. Good sweete, let's to her; pree thee, Mellida
Mel. How covetous thou art of novelties!
Ros. Pish! 'tis our nature to desire things
That are thought strangers to the common cut.
Mel. I am exceedingly willing, but——
Ros. But what? pree thee goe downe; let's see her
God send that neither wit nor beauty wants
Those tempting sweets, affections adamants. [*Ex*
Ant. Come downe, she comes like—O, no simile
Is pretious, choyce, or elegant enough
To illustrate her descent; leape heart she comes,—
She comes! smile heaven, and softest southern winde
Kisse her cheeke gently with perfumed breath.
She comes: creations puritie, admir'd,
Ador'd amazing raritie,—she comes!

now, Antonio, presse thy spirit forth
following passion, knit thy senses close,
ape up thy powers, double all thy man.

¶ *Enter* MELLIDA, ROSSALINE, *and* FLAVIA.

e comes! O, how her eyes dart wonder on my heart!
ount bloode, soule to my lips, taste Hebe's cup;
nd firme on decke, when beauties close fight's up.

Mel. Ladie, your strange habit doth beget
ur pregnant thoughts, even great of much desire,
o be acquaint with your condition.

Ros. Good, sweete lady, without more ceremonies,
hat country claims your birth? and, sweet, your name?

Ant. In hope your bountie will extend itselfe
n selfe same nature of faire curtesie;
le shunne all nicenesse; my nam's Florizell,
y country Scythia; I am Amazon
Cast on this shore by furie of the sea.

Ros. Nay, faith, sweete creature, weele not vaile our [names.
It pleas'd the font to dip me Rossaline;
That ladie beares the name of Mellida,
The Duke of Venice daughter.

Ant. Madam, I am oblig'd to kisse your hand,
By imposition of a now dead man.

[*To* Mellida, *kissing her hand.*

Ros. Now, by my troth, I long, beyond all thought,
To know the man; sweete beauty, deigne his name.

Ant. Ladie, the circumstance is tedious.

Ros. Troth, not a whit; good faire, let's have it all:
I love not, I, to have a jot left out,
If the tale come from a lov'd orator.

Ant. Vouchsafe me, then, your hush't observances.
Vehement in pursuite of strange novelties,

After long travaile through the Asian maine,
I shipt my hopefull thoughts for Brittany;
Longing to viewe great Nature's miracle,
The glorie of our sex, whose fame doth strike
Remotest eares with adoration.
Sayling some two monthes with inconstant winds,
We view'd the glistering Venetian forts,
To which we made: when loe! some three leagues off,
We might descry a horred spectacle;
The issue of black fury strow'd the sea
With tattered carcasses of splitting ships,
Halfe sinking, burning, floating, topsie turvie.
Not farre from these sad ruines of fell rage,
We might behold a creature presse the waves;
Senseless he sprauld, all notcht with gaping wounds;
To him we made, and (short) we tooke him up;
The first thing he spake was,—Mellida!
And then he swooned.

Mel. Aye me!

Ant. Why sigh you, faire?

Ros. Nothing but little humours; good sweet, on.

Ant. His wounds being drest, and life recovered,
We gan discourse; when loe! the sea grewe mad,
His bowels rumbling with winde passion;
Straight swarthy darknesse popt out Phœbus eye,
And blurd the jocund face of bright cheekt-day;
Whilst crudl'd fogges masked even darknesse brow:
Heaven bad 's good night, and the rocks gron'd
At the intestine uprore of the maine.
Now gustie flawes strook up the very heeles
Of our maine mast, whilst the keene lightning shot
Through the black bowels of the quaking ayre;

night chops a wave, and in his sliftred panch
wne fals our ship, and there he breaks his neck:
hich in an instant up was belkt againe.
hen thus this martyrd soule began to sigh:
Give me your hand (quoth he) now doe you graspe
'unequal mirrour of ragg'd misery:
't not a horrid storme? O, well shap't sweete,
ould your quicke eye strike through these gashed wounds,
ou should beholde a heart, a heart, faire creature,
aging more wilde then is this franticke sea.
Wolt doe me a favour, if thou chance survive;
But visit Venice, kisse the pretious white
Of my most,—nay, all epithites are base
To attribute to gratious Mellida:
Tell her the spirit of Antonio
Wisheth his last gaspe breath'd upon her breast."

Ros. Why weepes soft hearted Florisell?

Ant. Alas, the flintie rocks groand at his plaints.
Tell her (quoth he) that her obdurate sire
Hath crackt his bosome; therewithall he wept,
And thus sigh't on. The sea is merciful;
Looke how it gapes to bury all my griefe:
Well, thou shalt have it, thou shalt be his toumbe:
My faith in my love live; in thee, dy woe,
Dye unmatcht anguish, dye Antonio:
With that he totterd from the reeling decke,
And downe he sunke.

Ros. Pleasures bodie, what makes my Lady weepe?

Mel. Nothing, sweet Rossaline, but the ayer's sharpe.
My fathers palace, Madam, will be proud
To entertaine your presence, if youle daine
To make repose within. Aye me!

Ant. Ladie, our fashion is not curious.

Ros. Faith, all the nobler, tis more generous.

Mel. Shall I then know how fortune fell at last,
What succour came, or what strange fate insew'd?

Ant. Most willingly: but this same court is vast,
And publike to the staring multitude.

Ros. Sweet Lady, nay good sweet, now by my troth
Weele be bedfellowes: durt on complement froth.

[*Exeunt;* Rossaline *giving* Antonio *the way.*

ACTUS SECUNDUS.

[*Enter* CATZO (*with a Capon*) *eating*, DILDO *following him.*

Dil. HAH, Catzo, your master wants a cleane trencher: doe you heare? Balurdo cals for your diminutive attendance.

Cat. The belly hath no eares, Dildo.

Dil. Good pugge, give me some capon.

Cat. No capon, no not a bitte, yee smooth bully; capon's no meat for Dildo: milke, milke, yee glibbery urchin, is foode for infants.

Dil. Upon mine honour.

Cat. Your honour with a paugh? slid, now every Jack-an-apes loads his backe with the golden coat of honour; every asse puts on the lyons skinne and roars his honour; upon your honour! By my ladies pantable, I feare I shall live to heare a vintners boy cry, Tis rich neat canary, upon my honour.

Dil. My stomack's up.

Cat. I think thou art hungry.

Dil. The match of furie is lighted, fastned to the linstock of rage, and will presently set fire to the touch-hole of intemperance, discharging the double coulvering of my incensement in the face of thy opprobrious speach.

Cat. Ile stop the barrell thus; good Dildo, set not fire to the touch-hole.

Dil. My rage is stopt, and I will eate to the health of the foole, thy master Castilio.

Cat. And I will suck the juyce of the capon, to th health of the idiot, thy master Balurdo.

Dil. Faith, our masters are like a case of rapier sheathed in one scabberd of folly.

Cat. Right Dutch blades. But was't not rare sport a the sea-battle, whilst rounce robble hobble roared fro the ship sides, to viewe our masters pluck their plumes an droppe their feathers, for feare of being men of marke.

Dil. Slud (cri'd Signior Balurdo) O for Don Bessicle armour, in the mirror of knighthood: what coil's here O for an armour, canon proofe: O, more cable, mo fetherbeds, more fetherbeds, more cable, till hee had much as my cable hatband, to fence him.

¶ *Enter* FLAVIA *in haste, with a rebato.*

Cat. Buxome Flavia: can you sing? song, song.

Fla. My sweete Dildo, I am not for you at this tim Madam Rossaline stayes for a fresh ruffe to appeare in t presence: sweete, away.

Dil. Twill not be so put off, delicate, delicious, spa eyed, sleek skind, slender wasted, clean legd, rarely sha

Fla. Who, Ile be at all your service another season my faith, ther 's reason in all things.

Dil. Would I were reason then, that I might be in things.

Cat. The breefe and the semiquaver is, wee must ha the descant you made upon our names, ere you depart.

Fla. Faith, the song will seeme to come off hardly.

Cat. Troth not a whit, if you seeme to come off quick

Fla. Peart Catzo, knock it lustily then.

CANTANT.

¶ *Enter* FOROBOSCO, *with two torches:* CASTILIO *singing fantastically;* ROSSALINE *running a caranto pase, and* BALURDO, FELICHE *following, wondering at them all.*

Foro. Make place, gentlemen; pages, hold torches, the prince approacheth the presence.

Dil. What squeaking cart-wheel have we here? ha? Make place, gentlemen; pages, holde torches, the prince approacheth the presence.

Ros. Faugh, what a strong sent 's here, some bodie useth to weare socks.

Bal. By this faire candle light, tis not my feete; I never wore socks since I suckt pappe.

Ros. Savourly put off.

Cast. Hah, her wit stings, blisters, galles off the skinne with the tart acrimony of her sharpe quicknesse: by sweetenesse, she is the very Pallas that flewe out of Jupiter's brainepan. Delicious creature, vouchsafe mee your service: by the puritie of bounty, I shall be proud of such bondage.

Ros. I vouchsafe it; be my slave. Signior Balurdo, wilt thou be my servant too?

Bal. O god: forsooth in very good earnest, law, you wold make me as a man should say, as a man should say.

Feli. Slud, sweet beauty, will you deign him your service?

Ros. O, your foole is your only servant. But good Feliche, why art thou so sad? a pennie for thy thought, man.

Feli. I sell not my thought so cheap: I valewe my meditation at a higher rate.

Bal. In good sober sadnesse, sweet mistris, you should have had my thought for a penny: by this crimson satten that cost eleven shillings, thirteene pence, three pence halfepennie a yard, that you should, law!

Ros. What was thy thought, good servant?

Bal. Marrie forsooth, how many strike of pease would feed a hog fat against Christide.

Ros. Paugh! servant, rub out my rheum, it soiles the presence.

Cast. By my wealthiest thought, you grace my shoo with an unmeasured honour: I will preserve the soale of it, as a most sacred relique for this service.

Ros. Ile spit in thy mouth, and thou wilt, to grace thee.

Feli. O that the stomack of this queasie age
Digestes, or brookes such raw unseasoned gobs,
And vomits not them forth. O! slavish sots.
Servant, quoth you? faugh! if a dogge should crave
And beg her service, he should have it straight:
Shee'd give him favours too; to licke her feete,
Or fetch her fanne, or some such drudgery:
A good dogs office, which these amorists
Tryumph of: tis rare, well give her more asse,
More sot, as long as dropping of her nose
Is sworne rich pearle by such low slaves as those.

Ros. Flavia, attend me to attire me.

[*Exeunt* Rossaline *and* Flavia.

Bal. In sad good earnest, sir, you have toucht the very bare of naked truth; my silk stocking hath a good glosse, and I thanke my planets, my legge is not altogether unpropitiously shap't. There 's a word: unpropitiously? I thinke I shall speake unpropitiously as well as any courtier in Italy.

Foro. So helpe me your sweete bounty, you have the most gracefull presence, applausive elecuty, amazing volubility, polisht adornation, delicious affabilitie.

Feli. Whop: fut, how he tickles yon trout under the gilles! you shall see him take him by and by, with groping flattery.

Foro. That ever ravisht the eare of wonder. By your sweete selfe, then whome I knowe not a more exquisite, illustrate, accomplished, pure, respected, ador'd, observed, pretious, reall, magnanimous, bountious: if you have an idle rich cast jerkin, or so, it shall not be cast away, if; hah? heres a foreheade, an eye, a heade, a haire, that would make a: or if you have any spare paire of silver spurs, ile doe you as much right in all kinde offices.

Feli. Of a kinde parasite.

Foro. As any of my meane fortunes shall be able to.

Bal. As I am a true Christian now, thou hast wonne the spurres.

Feli. For flattery.

O how I hate that same Egyptian louse;
A rotten maggot, that lives by stinking filth
Of tainted spirits: vengeance to such dogs,
That sprout by gnawing senselesse carion.

¶ *Enter* ALBERTO.

Alb. Gallants, saw you my mistresse, the Ladie Rossaline?

Foro. My mistresse, the Ladie Rossaline, left the presence even now.

Cast. My mistresse, the Ladie Rossaline, withdrewe her gratious aspect even now.

Bal. My mistresse, the Ladie Rossaline, withdrewe her gratious aspect even now.

Feli. Well said, eccho.

Alb. My mistresse, and his mistresse, and yo
tresse, and the dogs mistresse: pretious dear heav
Alberto lives to have such rivals.
Slid, I have bin searching every private rome,
Corner, and secret angle of the court:
And yet, and yet, and yet she lives conceal'd.
Good sweete Feliche, tell me how to finde
My bright fac't mistresse out.

Feli. Why man, cry out for lanthorne and cand
For tis your onely way, to find your bright flaming
with your light burning torch: for most commonl
light creatures live in darknesse.

Alb. Away you heretike, youle be burnt for —

Feli. Goe, you amorous hound, follow the sent
mistresse shooe; away.

Foro. Make a faire presence, boyes, advance your
The princesse makes approach.

Bal. And please the gods, now in very good
law, you shal see me tickle the measures for the h
Doe my hangers showe?

¶ *Enter* PIERO, ANTONIO, MELLIDA, ROSSALIN
LEATZO, MATZAGENTE, ALBERTO, *and* FLAV
they enter, FELICHE *and* CASTILIO *make a ro*
the DUKE *to pass through.* FOROBOSCO *ush*
DUKE *to his state: then whilst* PIERO *speak*
first speech, MELLIDA *is taken by* GALEAT
MATZAGENTE, *to daunce; they supporting her*
SALINE, *in like manner, by* ALBERTO *and* BA
FLAVIA, *by* FELICHE *and* CASTILIO.

Pie. Beautious Amazon, sit and seat your thoug

. the reposure of most soft content.
ound musick there. Nay, daughter, cleare your eyes,
rom these dull fogs of mistie discontent:
ook sprightly, girl. What? though Antonio's droun'd,
hat peevish dotard on thy excellence,
That hated issue of Andrugio:
Yet maist thou tryumph in my victories;
Since, loe, the high borne bloodes of Italy
Sue for thy seate of love. [*Let musique sound.*
Beautie and youth run descant on loves ground.

Mat. Ladie, erect your gratious simmetry:
Shine in the spheare of sweete affection:
Your eye as heavie, as the heart of night.

Mel. My thoughts are as black as your bearde; my fortunes as ill proportioned as your legs; and all the powers of my minde as leaden as your wit, and as dustie as your face is swarthy.

Gal. Faith, sweet, ile lay thee on the lips for that jest.

Mel. I pree thee intrude not on a dead mans right.

Gal. No, but the livings just possession.
Thy lips, and love, are mine.

Mel. You nere tooke seizin on them yet: forbeare:
There's not a vacant corner of my heart,
But all is fild with deade Antonios losse.
Then urge no more; O leave to love at all;
Tis lesse disgracefull, not to mount, then fall.

Mat. Bright and refulgent ladie, daine your eare:
You see this blade,—had it a courtly lip,
It would divulge my valour, plead my love,
Justle that skipping feeble amorist
Out of your loves seat; I am Matzagent.

Gal. Harke thee, I pray thee taint not thy sweete eare

With that sots gabble; by thy beautious cheeke,
He is the flagging'st bulrush that ere droopt
With each slight mist of raine. But with pleas'd eye
Smile on my courtshippe.

Mel. What said you, sir? alas my thought was fixt
Upon another object. Good, forbeare:
I shall but weepe. Aye me, what bootes a teare!
Come, come, lets daunce. O musicke, thou distill'st
More sweetnesse in us then this jarring world:
Both time and measure from thy straines doe breath,
Whilst from the channell of this durt doth flowe
Nothing but timelesse griefe, unmeasured woe.

Ant. O how impatience cramps my cracked veins,
And cruddles thicke my blood, with boiling rage!
O eyes, why leape you not like thunderbolts,
Or canon bullets in my rivals face;
Oy me infeliche misero, o lamentevol fato?

Alb. What meanes the lady fal upon the ground?

Ros. Belike the falling sicknesse. [wilde

Ant. I cannot brooke this sight, my thoughts grow
Here lies a wretch, on whome heaven never smilde.

Ros. What, servant, nere a word, and I here man?
I would shoot some speach forth, to strike the time
With pleasing touch of amorous complement.
Say sweete, what keepes thy minde, what think'st thou on

Alb. Nothing.

Ros. Whats that nothing?

Alb. A womans constancie.

Ros. Good, why, would'st thou have us sluts, and neve
shift the vestur of our thoughts? Away for shame.

Alb. O no, thart too constant to afflict my heart,
Too too firme fixed in unmooved scorne.

Ros. Pish, pish; I fixed in unmooved scorne?
hy, Ile love thee to night.
Alb. But whome to morrow?
Ros. Faith, as the toy puts me in the head.
Bal. And pleased the marble heavens, now would I
night be the toy, to put you in the head, kindly to con-
eipt my my my: pray you give in an epithite for love.
Feli. Roaring, roaring.
O love, thou hast murdred me, made me a shadowe, and
you heare not Balurdo, but Balurdos ghost.
Ros. Can a ghost speake?
Bal. Scurvily, as I doe.
Ros. And walke?
Bal. After their fashion.
Ros. And eate apples?
Bal. In a sort, in their garbe.
Feli. Pree thee, Flavia, be my mistresse.
Fla. Your reason, good Feliche?
Feli. Faith, I have nineteene mistresses alreadie, and I
ot much disdeigne that thou shold'st make up the ful score.
Fla. Oh, I heare you make common places of your
istresses, to performe the office of memory by. Pray
u, in auncient times were not those satten hose? In
od faith, now they are new dyed, pinkt and scoured,
ey showe as well as if they were new.
hat, mute, Balurdo?
Feli. I, in faith, and twere not for printing, and painting,
breech and your face would be out of reparation.
Bal. I, an faith, and twere not for printing, and point-
, my breech and your face would be out of reparation.
Feli. Good againe, Echo.
Fla. Thou art, by nature, too foule to be affected.

Feli. And thou, by art, too faire to be beloved.
By wits life, most sparke spirits, but hard chance.
La ty dine.

Pie. Gallants, the night growes old; and downy sleep
Courts us, to entertaine his company:
Our tyred limbes, brus'd in the morning fight,
Intreat soft rest, and gentle husht repose.
Fill out Greeke wines; prepare fresh cressit light:
Weele have a banquet: Princes, then good night.

¶ *The cornets sound a synnet, and the* DUKE *goes out in state. As they are going out,* ANTONIO *stayes* MELLIDA; *the rest exeunt.*

Ant. What meanes these scattred looks? why tremble you?
Why quake your thoughts, in your distracted eyes?
Collect your spirits, Madam; what doe you see?
Dost not beholde a ghost?
Look, look where he stalks, wrapt up in clouds of grief,
Darting his sowle upon thy wondring eyes.
Looke, he comes towards thee; see, he stretches out
His wretched armes to girt thy loved waste,
With a most wisht embrace: see'st him not yet?
Nor yet? Ha, Mellida; thou well maist erre:
For looke; he walkes not like Antonio:
Like that Antonio, that this morning shone,
In glistering habilliments of armes,
To seize his love, spight of her fathers spite:
But like himselfe, wretched, and miserable,
Banisht, forlorne, despairing, strook quite through,
With sinking griefe, rowled up in seaven-fould doubles
Of plagues, vanquishable: harke, he speakes to thee.

Mel. Alas, I can not heare, nor see him.

Ant. Why? al this night about the roome he stalkt,
nd groand, and houl'd, with raging passion,
o view his love (life blood of all his hopes,
Crowne of his fortunes) clipt by strangers armes.
Looke but behinde thee.

Mel. O, Antonio; my lord, my love, my——

Ant. Leave passion, sweet, for time, place, aire, and earth,
Are all our foes: feare, and be jealous, faire,
Lets fly.

Mel. Deare heart; ha, whether?

Ant. O, tis no matter whether, but lets fly.
Ha! now I thinke ont, I have nere a home:
No father, friend, no country to imbrace
These wretched limbes: the world, the All that is,
Is all my foe: a prince not worth a doite:
Onelie my head is hoised to high rate,
Worth twentie thousand double pistolets,
To him that can but strike it from these shoulders.
But come, sweete creature, thou shalt be my home;
My father, country, riches, and my friend:
My all, my soule; and thou and I will live:
(Lets thinke like what) and thou and I will live
Like unmatcht mirrors of calamitie.
The jealous eare of night eave-drops our talke.
Holde thee, thers a jewell; and looke thee, thers a note
That will direct thee when, where, how to fly;
Bid me adieu.

Mel. Farewell, bleak misery!

Ant. Stay, sweet, lets kisse before you goe!

Mel. Farewell, deare soule!

Ant. Farewell, my life, my heart!

ACTUS TERTIUS.

¶ *Enter* ANDRUGIO *in armour*, LUCIO *with a sheepeh gowne in his hand, and a Page.*

And. IS not yon gleame, the shuddering m that flakes,
With silver tinctur, the east vierg heaven?

Lu. I thinke it is, so please your excellence.

And. Away, I have no excellence to please.
Pree the observe the custome of the world,
That onely flatters greatnesse, States exalts.
And please my excellence! O Lucio,
Thou hast bin ever held respected deare,
Even pretious to Andrugios inmost love.
Good, flatter not. Nay, if thou giv'st not faith
That I am wretched, O read that, read that!

PIERO SFORZA *to the* ITALIAN PRINCES, *fort*

EXCELLENT, the just overthrowe ANDRUGIO *t in the Venetian gulfe, hath so assured the Genowaie the justice of his cause, and the hatefulnesse of his per that they have banisht him and all his family: and, confirmation of their peace with us, have vowed, that if or his sonne, can be attached, to send us both their he Wee therefore, by force of our united league, forbid yo*

rbour him, or his blood: but if you apprehend his person, e intreat you to send him, or his head, to us. For wee swe, by the honour of our blood, to recompence any man hat bringeth his head, with twentie thousand double pistolets, nd the indeering to our choysest love.

From Venice: PIERO SFORZA.

And. My thoughts are fixt in contemplation
Why this huge earth, this monstrous animal,
That eates her children, should not have eyes and ears.
Philosophie maintaines that Natur's wise,
And formes no uselesse or unperfect thing.
Did Nature make the earth, or the earth Nature?
For earthly durt makes all things, makes the man,
Moulds me up honour; and like a cunning Dutchman,
Paints me a puppit even with seeming breath,
And gives a sot appearance of a soule:
Goe to, goe to; thou liest, Philosophy.
Nature formes things unperfect, uselesse, vaine.
Why made she not the earth with eyes and eares?
That she might see desert, and heare men's plaints:
That when a soule is splited, sunke with griefe,
He might fall thus, upon the breast of earth;
And in her eare, halloo his misery:
Exclaming thus, O thou all-bearing earth,
Which men doe gape for, till thou cramst their mouths,
And choakst their throts with dust: O chaune thy brest,
And let me sinke into thee. Looke who knocks;
Andrugio cals. But O, she's deafe and blinde.
A wretch but leane reliefe on earth can finde.

Lu. Sweet lord, abandon passion, and disarme.
Since by the fortune of the tumbling sea,

We are rowl'd up upon the Venice marsh,
Lets clip all fortune, least more lowring fate.

And. More lowring fate? O Lucio, choak that bre
Now I defy chance. Fortunes browe hath frown'd,
Even to the utmost wrinkle it can bend:
Her venom's spit. Alas, what country rests,
What sonne, what comfort that she can deprive?
Tryumphes not Venice in my overthrow?
Gapes not my native country for my blood?
Lies not my sonne tomb'd in the swelling maine?
And yet more lowring fate? There's nothing left
Unto Andrugio, but Andrugio:
And that nor mischief, force, distresse, nor hel can tak
Fortune my fortunes, not my minde shall shake.

Lu. Speake like your selfe; but give me leave, my Lo
To wish your safetie. If you are but seene,
Your armes display you; therefore put them off,
And take ——. [fo

And. Would'st thou have me go unarm'd among
Being besieg'd by passion, entring lists,
To combat with despaire and mightie griefe:
My soule beleaguerd with the crushing strength
Of sharpe impatience. Ha Lucio, goe unarm'd?
Come soule, resume the valour of thy birth;
My selfe, my selfe will dare all opposits:
Ile muster forces, an unvanquisht power:
Cornets of horse shall presse th' ungratefull earth;
This hollow wombed masse shall inly grone.
And murmur to sustaine the waight of armes:
Gastly amazement, with upstarted haire,
Shall hurry on before, and usher us,
Whil'st trumpets clamour, with a sound of death.

i. Peace, good, my Lord, your speach is al too light.
, survey your fortunes, looke what 's left
ll your forces, and your utmost hopes?
eake old man, a Page, and your poor selfe.
'nd. Andrugio lives, and a faire cause of armes,—
, that's an armie all invincible!
who hath that, hath a battalion
al, armour of proofe, huge troups of barbed steeds,
ne squares of pikes, millions of harguebush.
a faire cause stands firme, and will abide.
ions of Angels fight upon her side.
u. Then, noble spirit, slide, in strange disguise,
to some gratious Prince, and sojourne there,
time and fortune give revenge firme meanes.
And. No, Ile not trust the honour of a man,
de is growne great, and makes *perfidiousnesse*
ommon water in most princes courts:
's in the Chekle-roule: Ile not trust my blood;
now none breathing, but will cogge a dye
twentie thousand double pistolets.
w goes the time?
u. I saw no sunne to day.
And. No sun wil shine, where poor Andrugio breaths:
soule growes heavie: boy, let's have a song:
le sing yet, faith, even despite of fate.

CANTANT.

nd. Tis a good boy, and by my troth, well sung.
nd thou felt'st my griefe, I warrant thee,
I would'st have strook division to the height,
made the life of musicke breath: hold, boy: why so?
Gods sake call me not Andrugio,

That I may soone forget what I have bin.
For heavens name, name not Antonio,
That I may not remember he was mine.
Well, ere yon sunne set, Ile shew myselfe myselfe,
Worthy my blood. I was a Duke; that's all.
No matter whether, but from whence we fall. [*Exeunt*

¶ *Enter* FELICHE *walking, unbrac't.*

Feli. Castilio? Alberto? Balurdo? none up?
Forobosco? Flattery, nor thou up yet:
Then there's no courtier stirring: that's firme truth?
I cannot sleepe: Feliche seldome rests
In these court lodgings. I have walkt all night,
To see if the nocturnall court delights
Could force me envie their felicitie:
And by plaine troth; I will confesse plaine troth:
I envie nothing, but the Travense light.
O, had it eyes, and eares, and tongues, it might
See sport, heare speach of most strange surquedries.
O, if that candle-light were made a Poet,
He would proove a rare firking Satyrist,
And drawe the core forth of impostum'd sin.
Well, I thanke heaven yet, that my content
Can envie nothing, but poore candle-light.
As for the other glistering copper spangs,
That glisten in the tyer of the Court,
Praise God, I eyther hate, or pittie them.
Well, here ile sleepe till that the sceane of up
Is past at Court. O calme husht rich content,
Is there a being blessednesse without thee?
How soft thou down'st the couch where thou dost rest,
Nectar to life, thou sweet Ambrosian feast.

ıter CASTILIO *and his Page:* CASTILIO *with a casting bottle of sweete water in his hand, sprinkling himselfe.*

ıst. Am not I a most sweete youth now?
'at. Yes, when your throat's perfum'd; your verie words
: smell of ambergreece. O stay, sir, stay;
inkle some sweete water to your shooes heeles,
ıt your mistresse may swear you have a sweet foot.
Cast. Good, very good, very passing passing good.
Feli. Fut, what trebble minikin squeaks there? ha? good?
:y good, very very good?
Cast. I will warble to the delicious concave of my
istresse eare: and strike her thoughts with
ıe pleasing touch of my voice.

CANTANT.

Cast. Feliche, health, fortune, mirth, and wine.
Feli. To thee my love divine.
Cast. I drinke to thee, sweeting.
Feli. Plague on thee for an asse!
Cast. Now thou hast seene the court; by the perfec-
ɔn of it, dost not envie it?
Feli. I wonder it doth not envie me.
hy, man, I have bene borne upon the spirits wings,
ıe soules swift Pegasus, the fantasie:
d from the height of contemplation,
ve view'd the feeble joynts men totter on.
ıvie none; but hate, or pittie all.
· when I viewe, with an intentive thought,
ıt creature faire, but proud: him rich, but sot:
other wittie, but unmeasured arrogant:
ı great, yet boundlesse in ambition:

Him high borne, but of base life: to'ther feard;
Yet feared feares, and fears most, to be most loved:
Him wise, but made a foole for publick use:
Th'other learned, but selfe-opinionate:
When I discourse all these, and see my selfe
Nor faire, nor rich, nor wittie, great, nor fear'd,
Yet amply suted with all full content,
Lord, how I clap my hands, and smooth my brow,
Rubbing my quiet bosome, tossing up
A gratefull spirit to Omnipotence!

Cast. Ha, ha: but if thou knew'st my happinesse,
Thou wouldst even grate away thy soule to dust,
In envy of my sweete beatitude:
I can not sleepe for kisses; I can not rest
For ladies letters, that importune me
With such unused vehemence of love,
Straight to solicit them, that ——.

Feli. Confusion seize me, but I thinke thou lyest.
Why should I not be sought to then as wel?
Fut, me thinks I am as like a man.
Troth, I have a good head of haire, a cheeke
Not as yet wan'd; a legge, faith, in the full.
I ha not a red beard, take not tobacco much:
And S'lid, for other parts of manlinesse—

Cast. Pew waw, you nere accorted them in pompe:
Put your good parts in presence, gratiously.
Ha, and you had, why, they would ha come of, sprung
To your armes; and su'd, and prai'd, and vow'd;
And opened all their sweetnesse to your love.

Feli. There are a number of such things, as then
Have often urg'd me to such loose beliefe:
But S'lid, you all doe lye, you all doe lie.

have put on good cloathes, and smugd my face,
trook a faire wench with a smart speaking eye:
Courted in all sorts, blunt, and passionate;
Had opportunitie put them to the ah!
And, by this light, I finde them wondrous chaste,
Impregnable; perchance a kisse, or so:
But for the rest, O most inexorable!

Cast. Nay then ifaith, pree thee looke here.

Shewes him the superscription of a seeming letter.

Fel. To her most esteemed, lov'd, and generous servant, Sig. Castilio Balthazar.

Pree the from whome comes this? faith, I must see.

From her that is devoted to thee, in most private sweetes of love; Rossaline.

Nay, God's my comfort, I must see the rest;
I must, *sans* ceremonie; faith, I must.

[Feliche *takes away the letter by force.*

Cast. O, you spoyle my ruffe, unset my haire; good, away.

Feli. Item, for strait canvas, thirteene pence halfe penny. Item, for an elle and a halfe of taffata to cover your olde canvas dubblet, foureteen shillings and three pence. S'light, this is a tailors bill.

Cast. In sooth, it is the outside of her letter, on which I tooke the copie of a tailors bill.

Dil. But tis not crost, I am sure of that. Lord have mercie on him, his credit hath given up the last gaspe. Faith, ile leave him; for hee lookes as melancholy as a wench the first night she ——. [*Exit.*

Feli. Honest musk-cod, twill not be so stitched together; take that, and that, and belie no ladies love: sweare no more by Jesu: this madam, that ladie; hence,

goe, forsweare the presence, travaile three years to bu this bastinado: avoide, puffe paste, avoide.

Cast. And tell not my ladie mother. Well, as I a true gentleman, if she had not wild me on her blessi not to spoyle my face; if I could not finde in my heart fight, would I might nere eate a potatoe pye more.

¶ *Enter* BALURDO, *backward;* DILDO *following him w a looking-glasse in one hand, and a candle in the ot hand:* FLAVIA *following him backward, with a lo ing glasse in one hand, and a candle in the othe* ROSSALINE *following her.* BALURDO *and* ROSS LINE *stand setting of faces: and so the Sceane begi*

Feli. More foole, more rare fooles! O, for time a place, long enough, and large enough, to acte these fool Here might be made a rare Scene of folly, if the plat co beare it.

Bal. By the suger-candy sky, hold up the gla higher, that I may see to sweare in fashion. O, one lo more would ha made them shine; Gods neakes, t would have shone like my mystresse browe. Even so Duke frownes for all this cursond world: oh, that ge kils, it kils. By my golden—what's the richest thing ab me?

Dil. Your teeth.

Bal. By my golden teeth, hold up; that I may put i hold up, I say, that I may see to put on my gloves.

Dil. O, delicious, sweet cheekt master, if you discha but one glance from the levell of that set face, O, you w strike a wench; youle make any wench love you.

Bal. By Jesu, I think I am as elegant a Courti as ——. How lik'st thou my suite?

Cat. All, beyond all, no peregal: you are wondered at for an asse.

Bal. Well, Dildo, no Christen creature shall knowe hereafter, what I will doe for thee heretofore.

Ros. Here wants a little white, Flavia.

Dil. I, but master, you have one little fault; you sleepe open mouth'd.

Bal. Pewe, thou jestst. In good sadnesse, Ile have a looking glasse nail'd to the testarn of the bed, that I may see when I sleep, whether tis so, or not; take heed you lye not: goe to, take heede you lye not.

Fla. By my troth, you looke as like the princesse, now I, but her lip is lip —— is a little —— redder, a very little redder: but by the helpe of Art, or Nature, ere I change my perewigge, mine shall be as red.

Fla. O, I, that face, that eye, that smile, that writhing of your bodie, that wanton dandling of your fan, becoms prethely, so sweethly, tis even the goodest Ladie that breathes, the most amiable ——. Faith, the fringe of your sattin peticote is ript. Good faith, madam, they say you are the most bounteous Lady to your women that ever —— O most delitious beautie! Good Madam, let me kith it.

¶ *Enter* PIERO.

Feli. Rare sport, rare sport! A female foole, and a female flatterer.

Ros. Bodie a mee, the Duke: away the glasse.

Pie. Take up your paper, Rossaline.

Ros. Not mine, my Lord.

Pie. Not yours, my Ladie? Ile see what tis.

Bal. And how does my sweete mistresse? O Ladie deare, even as tis an olde say, Tis an old horse can neither

wighy, nor wagge his taile: even so doe I holde my set face still: even so, tis a bad courtier that can neither discourse, nor blow his nose.

Pie. Meet me at Abraham's, the Jewes, where I bought my Amazon's disguise. A shippe lies in the port, ready bound for England; make haste, come private. ANTONIO.

¶ *Enter* CASTILIO, FOROBOSCO.

Forobosco, Alberto, Feliche, Castilio, Balurdo? run, keepe the Palace, post to the ports, goe to my daughters chamber: whether now? scud to the Jewes, stay, runne to the gates, stop the gundolets, let none passe the marsh, doe all at once. Antonio? his head, his head Keep you the Court, the rest stand still, or runne, or goe, or shoute, or search, or scud, or call, or hang, or doe doe doe, su su su, somthing: I know not who who who, what I do do do, nor who who who, where I am.

O trista traditriche, rea, ribalda fortuna,
Negando mi vindetta mi causa fera morte.

Feli. Ha ha ha! I could breake my splene at his impatience.

Ant. Alma et gratiosa fortuna siate favorevole,
Et fortunati siano vuoti del mia dulce Mellida, Mellida.

Mel. Alas, Antonio, I have lost thy note!
A number mount my staires; ile straight returne.

Fel. Antonio,
Be not affright, sweete Prince; appease thy feare,
Buckle thy spirits up, put all thy wits
In wimble action, or thou art surpriz'd.

Ant. I care not.

Fel. Art mad, or desperate? or ——.

Ant. Both, both, all, all: I pree thee let mee ly;
Spight of you all, I can, and I will dy.

Fel. You are distraught; O, this is madnesse breath!
Ant. Each man take hence life, but no man death:
lee's a good fellow, and keepes open house:
ı thousand thousand waies lead to his gate,
:o his wide-mouth'd porch: when niggard life
Hath but one little, little wicket through.
We wring our selves into this wretched world,
To pule, and weepe, exclaime, to curse and raile,
To fret, and ban the fates, to strike the earth,
As I doe now. Antonio, curse thy birth,
And die!
Feli. Nay, heavens my comfort, now you are perverse;
You know I alwaies lov'd you; pree thee live.
Wilt thou strike deade thy friends, drawe mourning teares?
Ant. Alas, Feliche, I ha nere a friend;
No country, father, brother, kinsman left
To weepe my fate, or sigh my funerall:
I roule but up and downe, and fill a seat
In the darke cave of dusky misery. [key,
Feli. Fore heaven, the Duke comes: hold you, take my
Slinke to my chamber, looke you; that is it:
There shall you finde a suite I wore at sea;
Take it, and slippe away. Nay, pretious,
If youle be peevish, by this light, Ile sweare,
Thou rail'dst upon thy love before thou dyedst,
And call'd her strumpet.
Ant. Sheele not credit thee.
Fel. Tut, that's all one: ile defame thy love;
And make thy deade trunke held in vile regard.
Ant. Wilt needs have it so? why then, Antonio,
Vive esperanza, in despetto dell fato.

¶ *Enter* PIERO, GALEATZO, MATZAGENTE, FOROB
BALURDO, *and* CASTILIO, *with weapons.*

Pie. O, my sweet princes, was't not bravely found
Even there I found the note, even there it lay.
I kisse the place for joy, that there it lay.
This way he went, here let us make a stand:
Ile keepe this gate my selfe: O gallant youth!
Ile drinke carouse unto your countries health,

¶ *Enter* ANTONIO.

Even in Antonio's scull.

Bal. Lord blesse us: his breath is more fearefull a sergeants voice, when he cries, I arrest.

Ant. Stoppe Antonio, keepe, keepe Antonio.

Pie. Where, where man, where?

Ant. Here, here: let me pursue him downe marsh.

Pie. Hold, there's my signet, take a gundelet:
Bring me his head, his head, and, by mine honour,
Ile make thee the wealthiest mariner that breathes.

Ant. Ile sweate my blood out, till I have him safe.

Pie. Speake heartily ifaith, good mariner.
O, wee will mount in triumph: soone at night,
Ile set his head up. Lets thinke where.

Bal. Up on his shoulders, that's the fittest place fo
If it be not as fit as if it were made for them,
Balurdo, thou art a sot, an asse.

¶ *Enter* MELLIDA *in Pages attire, dauncing.*

Pie. Sprightly, ifaith. In troth he's somwhat like
My daughter Mellida: but alas poore soule,
Her honour heeles, God knowes, are halfe so light.

Mel. Escap't I am, spite of my fathers spight.
Pie. Ho, this will warm my bosome ere I sleepe.

¶ *Enter* FLAVIA *running.*

Fla. O my Lord, your daughter.
Pie. I, I, my daughter's safe enough, I warrant thee.
This vengeance on the boy will lengthen out
My daies unmeasuredly.
It shall be chronicled, time to come;
Piero Sforza slewe Andrugio's sonne.
Fla. I, but my Lord, your daughter.
Pie. I, I, my good wench, she is safe enough.
Fla. O, then, my Lord, you know she's run away.
Pie. Run away, away, how run away?
Fla. She's vanisht in an instante, none knowes whether.
Pie. Pursue, pursue, fly, run, post, scud away!
[FELICHE *sing; And was not good king Salomon.*
Fly, call, run, rowe, ride, cry, shout, hurry, haste:
Haste, hurry, shoute, cry, ride, rowe, run, call, fly
Backward and forward, every way about.
Maldetta fortuna chy condura sorta
Che faro, che diro, pur fugir tanto mal!
Cast. Twas you that struck me even now: was it not?
Fel. It was I that struck you even now.
Cast. You bastinadoed me, I take it.
Fel. I bastinadoed you, and you tooke it.
Cast. Faith, sir, I have the richest tobacco in the court for you; I would be glad to make you satisfaction, if I have wronged you. I would not the sun should set upon your anger; give me your hand.
Feli. Content faith, so thou'lt breed no more such lies
I hate not man, but man's lewd qualities.

ACTUS QUARTUS.

¶ *Enter* ANTONIO, *in his sea gowne running.*

Ant. STOP, stop Antonio, stay, Antonio.
Vaine breath, vaine breath, Antonio's lost;
He can not finde himselfe, not seize himselfe.
Alas, this that you see is not Antonio,
His spirit hovers in Piero's court,
Hurling about his agill faculties,
To apprehend the sight of Mellida:
But poore, poore soule, wanting apt instruments
To speake or see, stands dumbe and blinde, sad spirit,
Roul'd up in gloomie clouds as black as ayer,
Through which the rustie coach of Night is drawne.
Tis so, ile give you instance that tis so.
Conceipt you me. As having clasp't a rose
Within my palme, the rose being tane away,
My hand retaines a little breath of sweete:
So may man's trunke; his spirit slipt awaie,
Holds still a faint perfume of his sweet ghest.
Tis so; for when discursive powers flie out,
And rome in progresse through the bounds of heaven,
The soule itselfe gallops along with them,
As chiefetaine of this winged troope of thought,
Whilst the dull lodge of spirit standeth waste,

Jntill the soule returne from ——. What wast I said?
), this is naught, but speckling melancholie.
[have beene—
That Morpheus tender skinp—Cosen germane
Beare with me good—
Mellida: clod upon clod thus fall.
Hell is beneath; yet heaven is over all.

¶ *Enter* ANDRUGIO, LUCIO, COLE, *and* NORWOD.

And. Come, Lucio, lets goe eat: what hast thou got?
Rootes, rootes? alas, they are seeded, new cut up.
O, thou hast wrong'd Nature, Lucio:
But bootes not much; thou but pursu'st the world,
That cuts off vertue, fore it comes to growth,
Least it should seed, and so orerun her sonne,
Dull pore-blind error. Give me water, boy.
There is no poison in't I hope, they say
That lukes in massie plate: and yet the earth
Is so infected with a generall plague,
That hee's most wise, that thinks there's no man foole:
Right prudent, that esteemes no creature just:
Great policy the least things to mistrust.
Give me Assay ——. How we mock greatnesse now!
Lu. A strong conceit is rich, so most men deeme.
If not to be, tis comfort yet to seeme.
And. Why man, I never was a Prince till now.
Tis not the bared pate, the bended knees,
Guilt tipstaves, Tyrrian purple, chaires of state,
Troopes of pide butterflies, that flutter still
In greatnesse summer, that confirme a prince:
Tis not the unsavory breath of multitudes,
Showting and clapping, with confused dinne;

That makes a prince. No, Lucio, he's a king,
A true right king, that dares doe aught, save wrong,
Feares nothing mortall, but to be unjust,
Who is not blowne up with the flattering puffes
Of spungy sycophants: Who stands unmov'd,
Despight the justling of opinion:
Who can enjoy himselfe, maugre the throng
That strive to presse his quiet out of him:
Who sits upon Jove's footestoole, as I doe,
Adoring, not affecting, majestie:
Whose brow is wreathed with the silver crowne
Of cleare content: this, Lucio, is a king.
And of this empire, every man's possest,
That's worth his soule.

Lu. My Lord, the Genowaies had wont to say—

And. Name not the Genowaies: that very word
Unkings me quite, makes me vile passions slave.
O, you that made open the glibbery ice
Of vulgar favour, viewe Andrugio.
Was never prince with more applause confirm'd,
With louder shouts of tryumph launched out
Into the surgy maine of government:
Was never Prince with more despight cast out,
Left shipwrackt, banisht, on more guiltlesse ground.
O rotten props of the craz'd multitude,
How you stil double, faulter, under the lightest chance
That straines your vaines. Alas, one battle lost, [shout
Your whorish love, your drunken healths, your houts ar
Your smooth God save's, and all your divels last,
That tempts our quiet, to your hell of throngs.
Spit on me, Lucio, for I am turned slave:
Observe how passion domineres ore me.

Lu. No wonder, noble Lord, having lost a sonne,
A country, crowne, and ——.
And. I, Lucio, having lost a sonne, a sonne,
A country, house, crowne, sonne. *O lares, misereri lares.*
Which shall I first deplore? My sonne, my sonne,
My deare sweete boy, my deare Antonio.
Ant. Antonio.
And. I, eccho, I; I meane Antonio.
Ant. Antonio, who means Antonio?
And. Where art? what art? know'st thou Antonio?
Ant. Yes.
And. Lives hee?
Ant. No.
And. Where lies hee deade?
Ant. Here.
And. Where?
Ant. Here.
And. Art thou Antonio?
Ant. I thinke I am.
And. Dost thou but think? What dost not know thy selfe?
Ant. He is a foole that thinks he knowes himselfe.
And. Upon thy faith to heaven, give thy name.
Ant. I were not worthy of Andrugio's blood,
If I denied my name's Antonio.
And. I were not worthy to be call'd thy father,
If I denied my name Andrugio.
And dost thou live? O, let me kisse thy cheeke,
And deaw thy browe with trickling drops of joy.
Now heavens will be done: for I have lived
To see my joy, my sonne Antonio.
Give me thy hand; now fortune doe thy worst,

His blood, that lapt thy spirit in the wombe,
Thus (in his love) will make his armes thy tombe.

Ant. Blesse not the bodie with your twining armes
Which is accurst of heaven. O, what black sinne
Hath bin committed by our auntient house,
Whose scalding vengeance lights upon our heads,
That thus the world, and fortune casts us out,
As loathed objects, ruines branded slaves.

And. Doe not expostulate the heavens will:
But, O, remember to forget thy selfe:
Forget remembrance what thou once hast bin.
Come, creepe with me from out this open ayre.
Even trees have tongues, and will betray our life.
I am a raising of our house, my boye:
Which fortune will not envie, tis so meane,
And like the world (all durt) there shalt thou rippe
The inwards of thy fortunes, in mine eares,
Whilst I sit weeping, blinde with passions teares:
Then ile begin, and weele such order keepe,
That one shall still tell greefes, the other weepe.

[*Exit* Andrugio, *leaving* Antonio, *and his Pa*

Ant. Ile follow you. Boy, pree thee stay a little.
Thou hast had a good voice, if this colde marshe,
Wherein we lurke, have not corrupted it.

¶ *Enter* MELLIDA, *standing out of sight, in her Pages su*

I pree thee sing, but sirra (marke you me)
Let each note breath the heart of passion,
The sad extracture of extreamest griefe.
Make me a straine; speake, groning like a bell,
That towles departing soules.
Breath me a point that may inforce me weepe,

vring my hands, to breake my cursed breast,
e, and exclaime, lie groveling on the earth,
ight start up frantick, crying, Mellida!
; but, Antonio hath lost Mellida,
thou shalt see mee (like a man possest)
le out such passion, that even this brinish marsh
squease out teares from out his spungy cheekes:
rocks even groane, and—
thee, pree thee sing:
shall nere ha done when I am in,
harder for me end, then to begin.

[*The Boy runnes a note*, Antonio *breakes it*.

looke thee, boy, my griefe that hath no end,
y begin to playne, but —— pree thee sing.

CANTANT.

el. Heaven keep you, sir!
nt. Heaven keepe you from me, sir!
el. I must be acquainted with you, sir.
nt. Wherefore? Art thou infected with misery,
d with the anguish of calamitie?
hou true sorrow, hearty griefe? canst weepe?
not for thee if thou canst not rave,

[Antonio *falls on the ground*.

flat on the ground, and thus exclaime on heaven;
ifling Nature, why enspiredst thou breath?
el. Stay, sir, I thinke you named Mellida.
nt. Know'st thou Mellida?
el. Yes.
nt. Hast thou seene Mellida?
el. Yes.
nt. Then hast thou seene the glory of her sex,

The musick of Nature, the unequall'd lustre
Of unmatched excellence, the united sweete
Of heavens graces, the most adored beautie,
That ever strooke amazement in the world!

Mel. You seeme to love her.

Ant. With my very soule.

Mel. Shele not requite it: all her love is fixt
Upon a gallant, on Antonio,
The Duke of Genoas sonne. I was her page:
And often as I waited, she would sigh;
O, deere Antonio! and to strengthen thought,
Would clip my neck, and kisse, and kisse me thus.
Therefore leave loving her: fa, faith me thinks
Her beautie is not halfe so ravishing
As you discourse of; she hath a freckled face,
A lowe forehead, and a lumpish eye.

Ant. O heaven, that I should heare such blasphemi
Boy, rogue, thou liest! and
Spavento dell mio core dolce Mellida,
Di grava morte restoro vero dolce Mellida,
Celesta salvatrice sovrana Mellida
Del mio sperar; trofeo vero Mellida.

Mel. Diletta e soave anima mia Antonio,
Godevole belezza cortese Antonio.
Signior mio e virginal amore bell' Antonio
Gusto delli mei sensi, car' Antonio.

Ant. O suamisce il cor in un soave baccio,

Mel. Murono i sensi nel desiato dessio:

Ant. Nel Cielo puo lesser belta pia chiara?

Mel. Nel mondo pol esser belta pia chiara?

Ant. Dammi un baccio da quella bocca beata,

ssiammi, coglier l'aura odorata
e in sua neggia in quello dolce labra.
Mel. Dammi pimpero del tuo gradit' amore
he bea me, cosempiterno honore,
osi, cosi mi converra morir.

Good sweet, scout ore the marsh: for my heart trembles
At every little breath that strikes my eare.
When thou returnest, then ile discourse
How I deceiv'd the court: then thou shall tell
How thou escapt'st the watch: weele point our speech
With amorous kissing, kissing commaes, and even suck
The liquid breath from out each others lips.

Ant. Dul clod, no man but such sweete favour clips.
I goe, and yet my panting blood perswades me stay.
Turne cowarde in her sight? away, away!

Luc. I thinke confusion of Babell is falne upon those lovers, that they change their language; but I feare mee, my master having but fained the person of a woman, hath got their unfained imperfection, and is growne double tongu'd: as for Mellida, she were no woman, if shee could not yeelde strange language. But howsoever, if I should sit in judgement, tis an errour easier to be pardoned by the auditors, then excused by the authours; and yet some private respect may rebate the edge of the keener censure.

¶ *Enter* PIERO, CASTILIO, MATZAGENTE, FOROBOSCO, FELICHE, GALEATZO, BALURDO, *and his Page, at another dore.*

Pie. This way shee took: search, my sweet gentlemen. How now, Balurdo, canst thou meete with any body?

Bal. As I am a true gentleman, I made my horse

sweat, that he hath nere a dry thread on him: and I meete with no living creature, but men and beasts good sadnesse, I would have sworne I had seene M even now: for I sawe a thing stirre under a hedge, peep't, and I spyed a thing: and I peer'd, and I t underneath: and truly a right wise man might have deceived: for it was ——.

Pie. What, in the name of heaven?

Bal. A dun cowe.

Feli. Sh'ad nere a kettle on her head?

Pie. Boy, didst thou see a yong lady passe this way

Gal. Why speake you not?

Bal. Gods neakes, proude elfe, give the Duke reve stand bare with a ——.

Whogh! heavens bless me: Mellida, Mellida!

Pie. Where man, where?

Bal. Turnd man, turnd man: women weare the bre loe here!

Pie. Light and unduteous! kneele not, peevish elfe,
Speake not, entreate not, shame unto my house,
Curse to my honour. Where's Antonio?
Thou traitresse to my hate, what is he shipt
For England now? well, whimpering harlot, hence!

Mel. Good father!

Pie. Good me no goods. Seest thou that sprigh youth? ere thou canst tearme to morrow morning t thou shalt call him thy husband, lord, and love.

Mel. Ay me.

Pie. Blirt on your ay mees, gard her safely hence.
Drag her away, ile be your gard to night.
Young Prince, mount up your spirits, and prepare
To solemnise your nuptials eve with pompe.

Bal. The time is scant: now nimble wits appeare:
ebus begins gleame, the welkin's cleare.

[*Exeunt all, but* Balurdo *and his Page.*

Bal. Now nimble wits appeare: ile my selfe appeare,
lurdo's selfe, that in quick wit doth surpasse,
ill shew the substance of a compleat ——.

Dil. Asse, asse.

Bal. Ile mount my courser, and most gallantly prick ——.

Dil. Gallantly prick is too long, and stands hardly in e verse, sir.

Bal. Ile speake pure rime, and will so bravely pranke that ile tosse love like a pranke, pranke it: a rime for anke it?

Dil. Blankit.

Bal. That ile tosse love, like a dogge in a blanket: ha , in deede law, I thinke, ha ha; I thinke, ha ha, I nk I shall tickle the Muses. And I strike it not deade, , Balurdo, thou art an arrant sot.

Dil. Balurdo, thou art an arrant sot.

[*Enter* ANDRUGIO *and* ANTONIO *wreathed together,* LUCIO.

And. Now, come, united force of chap-falne death:
me, power of fretting anguish, leave distresse.
thus infoulded, we have breasts of proofe
inst all the venom'd stings of misery.

Ant. Father, now I have an antidote
inst all the poyson that the world can breath:
y Mellida, my Mellida doth blesse
is bleak waste with her presence. How now, boy,
hy dost thou weepe? alas! where's Mellida?

Ant. Ay me, my Lord.

And. A sodden horror doth invade my blood,
My sinewes tremble, and my panting heart
Scuds round about my bosome to goe out,
Dreading the assailant, horrid passion.
O, be no tyrant, kill me with one blowe.
Speake quickly, briefely, boy.

Pa. Her father found, and seis'd her; she is gone.

And. Son, heat thy bloode, be not frose up with grief.
Courage, sweet boy, sinke not beneath the waight
Of crushing mischiefe. O where's thy dantlesse heart,
Thy fathers spirit! I renounce thy blood,
If thou forsake thy valour.

Lu. See how his grief speakes in his slow-pac't steps:
Alas, tis more than he can utter, let him goe.
Dumbe solitary path best suteth woe.

And. Give me my armes, my armour, Lucio. [use

Lu. Deare Lord, what means this rage, when lacking
Scarce safes your life, will you in armour rise?

And. Fortune feares valour, presseth cowardize.

Lu. Then valour gets applause, when it hath place,
And meanes to blaze it.

And. *Nunquam potest non esse.*

Lu. Patience, my lord, may bring your ils some end.

Ant. What patience, friend, can ruin'd hopes attend?
Come, let me die like old Andrugio:
Worthy my birth. O blood-true-honor'd graves
Are farre more blessed then base life of slaves. [*Exeunt.*

ACTUS QUINTUS.

¶ *Enter* BALURDO, *a Painter with two pictures, and* DILDO.

Bal. AND are you a painter? sir, can you drawe, can you drawe?

Pa. Yes sir.

Bal. Indeede, lawe! now so can my fathers forehorse. And are these the workmanshippe of your hands?

Pa. I did lymne them.

Bal. Lymne them? a good word, lymne them: whose picture is this? *Anno Domini* 1599. Beleeve me, master Anno Domini was of a good settled age when you lymn'd him. 1599 yeares old? Lets see the other. *Etatis suæ* 24. Bir Ladie, he is somewhat younger. Belike master Etatis suæ was Anno Dominies sonne.

Pa. Is not your master a——

Dil. He hath a little proclivitie to him.

Pa. Proclivitie, good youth? I thank you for your courtly proclivitie.

Bal. Approach, good sir. I did send for you to drawe me a devise, an Imprezza, by Sinecdoche a Mott. By Phœbus crymson taffata mantle, I thinke I speake as melodiously,—looke you, sir, how thinke you on't? I wold have you paint mee, for my device, a good fat legge

of ewe mutton, swimming in stewde broth of plumme (boy, keele your mouth, it runnes over) and the word shall be, Holde my dish, whilst I spill my pottage. Sure, in my conscience, twould be the most sweete device, now.

Pa. Twould sent of kitchin-stuffe too much.

Bal. Gods neakes, now I remember mee, I ha the rarest devise in my head that ever breathed. Can you paint me a driveling reeling song, and let the word be, Uh.

Pa. A belch.

Bal. O, no no: Uh, paint me uh, or nothing.

Pa. It can not be done, sir, but by a seeming kind of drunkennesse.

Bal. No? well, let me have a good massie ring, with your owne poesie graven in it, that must sing a small trebble, worde for word, thus;

And if you will my true lover be,
Come followe me to the greene wodde.

Pa. O Lord, sir, I can not make a picture sing. [sweet;

Bal. Why? z'lid, I have seen painted things sing as
But I hav't will tickle it, for a conceipt ifaith.

¶ *Enter* FELICHE *and* ALBERTO.

Alb. O deare Feliche, give me thy device.
How shall I purchase love of Rossaline?

Feli. S'will, flatter her soundly.

Alb. Her love is such, I can not flatter her:
But with my utmost vehemence of speach,
I have ador'd her beauties.

Feli. Hast writ good moving unaffected rimes to her?

Alb. O, yes, Feliche, but she scornes my writ.

Feli. Hast thou presented her with sumptuous gifts?

Alb. Alas, my fortunes are too weake to offer them.

Feli. O, then I have it, ile tell thee what to doe.

Alb. What, good Feliche?

Feli. Goe and hang thy selfe; I say, goe hang thy selfe,
If that thou canst not give, goe hang thy selfe:
Ile time thee dead, or verse thee to the rope.
How thinkst thou of a poet that sung thus:
Munera sola pacant, sola addunt munera formam:
Munere solicites Pallada, Cypris erit.
Munera, munera.

Alb. Ile goe and breath my woes unto the rocks,
And spend my griefe upon the deafest seas.
Ile weepe my passion to the senselesse trees,
And loade most solitarie ayre with plaints.
For wods, trees, sea, or rocky Appenine,
Is not so ruthlesse as my Rossaline.
Farewell, deare friend, expect no more of mee,
Here ends my part, in this loves Comedy.

[*Exit* Alberto. *Exit Paynter.*

Feli. Now, master Balurdo, whether are you going, ha?

Bal. Signior Feliche, how doe you, faith, and by my troth, how doe you?

Feli. Whether art thou going, bully?

Bal. And as heaven helpe mee, how doe you? How, doe you ifaith he?

Feli. Whether art going, man?

Bal. O God, to the court; ile be willing to give you grace and good countnance, if I may but see you in the presence.

Feli. O, to court? farewell.

Bal. If you see one in a yellow taffata dubblet, cut upon carnation velure, a greene hat, a blewe paire of

velvet hose, a gilt rapier, and an orenge tawny pa worsted silk stockings, thats I, thats I.

Feli. Very good, farewell.

Bal. Ho, you shall knowe me as easily; I ha bo mee a newe greene feather with a red sprig; you shall my wrought shirt hang out at my breeches; you sh know me.

Feli. Very good, very good, farewell.

Bal. Marrie, in the maske twill be somewhat hard But if you heare any bodie speake so wittily, that h makes all the roome laugh; that's I, that's I. Farew good Signior.

¶ *Enter* FOROBOSCO, CASTILIO, *a Boy carrying a harpe:* PIERO, MELLIDA *in night apparrell,* ROS LINE, FLAVIA, *two Pages.*

Pie. Advance the musiques prize; now, capring wits,
Rise to your highest mount; let choyce delight
Garland the browe of this tryumphant night.
Sfoote, a sits like Lucifer himselfe.

Ros. Good sweete Duke, first let their voyces strain for musicks price. Give mee the golden harpe: faith with your favour, ile be umperesse.

Pie. Sweete neece, content: boyes, cleare your voice and sing.

1. CANTAT.

Ros. By this goulde, I had rather have a servant with short nose, and a thinne haire, than have such a high stretcht minikin voice.

Pie. Faire neece, your reason?

Ros. By the sweete of love, I should feare extreamel that he were an eunuch.

ʒparke spirit, how like you his voice?
ʒpark spirit, how like you his voice?
me, youth, thy voice squeakes like a dry cork
me, come; lets heare the next.

2. CANTAT.

:rust me, a stronge meane. Well sung, my boy.

¶ *Enter* BALURDO.

Hold, hold, hold: are yee blind? could ye not see
comming for the harpe? And I knock not divi-
he head, take hence the harpe, make mee a slip,
ıe goe but for nine pence. Sir Marke, strike up
:r Balurdo.

3. CANTAT.

nt, gentlemen, judgement. Wast not above line?
ɜ to your mouthes that heard my song.
right, and dub me knight, Balurdo.
Kneele downe, and ile dub thee knight of the
arpe.
Indeed law, doe, and ile make you ladie of the
dlestick.
Come, kneele, kneele.

¶ *Enter a Page to* BALURDO.

My troth, I thank you, it hath never a whistle in't.
Naie, good sweet cuz, raise up your drooping eies;
ɜre at the point of To have and to hold, from this
'ard, I would be asham'd to looke thus lumpish.
ıy prettie cuz, tis but the losse of an od maiden-

head: shall's daunce? thou art so sad, harke in mine eare, I was about to say, but ile forbeare.

Bal. I come, I come; more then most hunny-suckle sweete ladies, pine not for my presence, ile returne in pompe. Well spoke, sir Jeffrey Balurdo. As I am a true knight, I feele honourable eloquence begin to grope mee alreadie. [*Exit.*

Pie. Faith, mad neece, I wonder when thou wilt marrie?

Ros. Faith, kinde uncle, when men abandon jelosy, forsake taking of tobacco, and cease to weare their beardes so rudely long. Oh, to have a husband with a mouth continually smoaking, with a bush of furs on the ridge of his chinne, readie still to flop into his foming chaps; ah, tis more than most intollerable.

Pie. Nay faith, sweete neece, I was mightie strong in thought we should have shut up night with an olde comedie: the Prince of Millane shall have Mellida, and thou shouldst have ——.

Ros. No bodie, good sweete uncle. I tell you, sir, I have thirty-nine servants, and my munkey that makes the fortieth. Now I love al of them lightly for something, but affect none of them seriously for anything. One's a passionate foole, and hee flatters mee above beliefe: the second's a teastie ape, and hee railes at mee beyond reason: the third's as grave as some Censor, and hee strokes up his mustachoes three times, and makes six plots of set faces, before he speakes one wise word: the fourth's as dry as the burre of an heartichoke; the fifth paints and hath alwaies a good colour for what hee speakes: the sixt——.

Pie. Stay, stay, sweet neece, what makes you thus suspect young gallants worth?

Ros. Oh, when I see one were a perewig, I dreade his haire; another wallowe in a greate sloppe, I mistrust the proportion of his thigh; and weares a ruffled boot, I feare the fashion of his legge. Thus, something in each thing, some tricke in every thing makes me mistrust imperfection in all parts; and there's the full point of my addiction.

The Cornets sound a cynet.

¶ *Enter* GALEATZO, MATZAGENTE, *and* BALURDO *in maskery.*

Pie. The roome's too scant: boyes, stand in there, close.

Mel. In faithe, faire sir, I am too sad to daunce.

Pie. How's that, how's that? too sad? By heaven, [dance,
And grace him to, or, goe to,—I say no more.

Mel. A burning glasse, the word *splendente Phœbo?*
Tis too curious, I conceipt it not.

Gal. Faith, ile tel thee. Ile no longer burne, then youle shine and smile upon my love. For looke yee, fairest, by your pure sweets,

I doe not dote upon your excellence.
And faith, unlesse you shed your brightest beames
Of sunny favour, and acceptive grace
Upon my tender love, I doe not burne:
Marry but shine, and ile reflect your beames,
With fervent ardor. Faith! I wuld be loath to flatter thee, faire soule, because I love, not doat, court like thy husband, which thy father sweares, to morrowe morne, I must be. This is all; and now from henceforth, trust me, Mellida, Ile not speake one wise word to thee more.

Mel. I trust yee.

Gal. By my troth, Ile speak pure foole to thee now.

Mel. You will speake the liker your selfe.

Gal. Good faith, Ile accept of the cockescoı will not refuse the bable.

Mel. Nay, good sweet, keepe them both; mour'd of neither.

Gal. Goe to, I must take you downe for tl me your eare.

Ros. A glowe worme? the word,—*Splende tenebris.*

Mat. O, ladie, the glowe worme figurates which shineth brightest in most darke, dismal, atchievements.

Ros. Or rather, your glowe worme represen which only seems to have fire in it, though but an *ignis fatuus*, and shines onely in the d night of fooles admiration.

Mat. Ladie, my wit hath spurs, if it were ride you.

Ros. Faith, sir, your wits spurs have b rowels; dull, blunt, they will not drawe blood: men ushers may admit them the presence, for they can doe to ladies.

Bal. Truely, I have strained a note above devise; looke you, tis a faire rul'd singing l word, *Perfect, if it were prickt.*

Fla. Though you are mask't, I can guesse w by your wit. You are not the exquisite Balurd rarely shap't Balurdo.

Bal. Who, I? No, I am not Sir Jeffrey I am not as well knowne by my wit as an ale red lattice. I am not worthy to love and be Flavia.

a. I will not scorne to favour such good parts as are
ıuded in your rarest selfe.
al. Truely, you speake wisely, and like a jantlewoman
ıureteene yeares of age. You know the stone called
s; the nearer it comes to the fire, the hotter it is:
the bird, which the geometricians cal *avis*, the farther
s from the earth, the nearer it is to the heaven; and
e, the nigher it is to the flame, the more remote (ther's
word, remote), the more remote it is from the frost.
ur wit is quicke; a little thinge pleaseth a young ladie,
d a smal favour contenteth an ould courtier; and so,
eete mistresse, I trusse my codpeece point.

¶ *Enter* FELICHE.

Pie. What might import this florish? Bring us word.
Feli. Stand away: here's such a companie of flibotes,
alling about this galleasse of greatnesse, that there's no
oarding him.
oe you heare yon thing call'd duke?
Pie. How now, blunt Feliche; what's the newes?
Feli. Yonder's a knight, hath brought Andrugio's head,
nd craves admittance to your chaire of state.

¶ *Cornets sound a cynet. Enter* ANDRUGIO, *in armour.*

Pie. Conduct him with attendance sumptuous;
ound all the pleasing instruments of joy;
lake tryumph stand on tiptoe whil'st we meete:
) sight most gratious, O revenge most sweete!
*And. We vowe, by the honour of our birth, to recompence
ny man that bringeth Andrugio's head, with twentie thou-
and double pistolets, and the endeering to our choysest love.*
Pie. We still with most unmov'd resolv'd confirme
Our large munificence: and here breath

A sad and solemne protestation:
When I recall this vowe, O, let our house
Be even commaunded, staind, and trampled on,
As worthlesse rubbish of nobilitie.

And. Then here, Piero, is Andrugio's head,
Royally casked in a helme of steele:
Give me thy love, and take it. My dauntlesse soule
Hath that unbounded vigor in his spirits
That it can beare more ranke indignitie,
With lesse impatience than thy cancred hate
Can sting and venome his untainted worth
With the most viperous sound of malice. Strike;
O, let no glimse of honour light thy thoughts,
If there be any heat of royall breath
Creeping in thy vaines, O stifle it.
Be still thy selfe, bloodie and trecherous.
Fame not thy house with an admired acte
Of princely pittie. Piero, I am come
To soyle thy house with an eternall blot
Of savage crueltie; strike, or bid me strike.
I pray my death; that thy nere dying shame
Might live immortall to posteritie.
Come, be a princely hangman, stoppe my breath.
O dread thou shame, no more then I dread death.

Pie. We are amaz'd, our royall spirits numm'd,
In stiffe astonisht wonder at thy prowesse,
Most mightie, valiant, and high towring heart.
We blush, and turne our hate upon our selves,
For hating such an unpeer'd excellence.
I joy my state: him whome I loath'd before,
That now I honour, love, nay more, adore.

[*The still flutes sound a mournfull cynet. Enter a co*

stay; what tragic spectacle appeares!
ose bodie beare you in that mournefull hearse?
Lu. The breathlesse trunke of young Antonio.
Mel. Antonio (aye me), my lord! my love! my ——.
And. Sweete pretious issue of most honor'd blood,
:h hope, ripe vertue, O untimely losse!
me hither, friend. Pree thee, doe not weepe.
ay, I am glad hee's deade; he shall not see
is fathers vanquisht by his enemie.
ven in princely honour; nay, pree thee, speake!
low dy'd the wretched boy?
Lu. My lord!
And. I hope he dyed yet like my sonne, ifaith.
Lu. Alas, my lord!
And. He died unforst, I trust, and valiantly.
Lu. Poore gentleman, being ——
And. Did his hand shake, or his eye looke dull,
His thoughts reele, fearefull when he struck the stroke?
And if they did, Ile rend them out the hearse,
Rip up his cearecloth, mangle his bleake face,
That when he comes to heaven, the powers divine
hall nere take notice that he was my sonne.
e quite disclaime his birth. Nay, pree thee, speake:
nd twere not hoopt with steele, my brest wold break.
Mel. O that my spirit in a sigh could mount
to the spheare, where thy sweet soule doth rest!
Pie. O that my teares, bedeawing thy wan cheeke,
uld make new spirit sprout in thy could blood!
Bal. Verely, he lookes as pittifully as a poore John; as
m true knight, I could weepe like a ston'd horse.
And. Villaine, tis thou hast murdred my sonne!
y unrelenting spirit (thou black dogge,

That took'st no passion of his fatall love)
Hath forst him give his life untimely end.

Pie. Oh! that my life, her love, my dearest blood
Would but redeeme one minute of his breath!

Ant. I seize that breath. Stand not amaz'd, great state
I rise from death that never liv'd till now.
Piero, keepe thy vowe, and I enjoy
More unexpressed height of happinesse
Then power of thought can reach; if not, loe here
There stands my toumbe, and here a pleasing stage:
Most wisht spectators of my tragedie,
To this end have I fain'd, that her faire eye,
For whom I liv'd, might blesse me ere I die.

Mel. Can breath depaint my unconceived thoughts?
Can words describe my infinite delight
Of seeing thee, my lord Antonio?
O no; conceipt, breath, passion, words, be dumbe,
Whilst I instill the deawe of my sweete blisse,
In the soft pressure of a melting kisse!
Sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras.

Pie. Faire sonne (now Ile be proud to call thee sonne
Enjoy me thus: my verie breast is thine;
Possesse me freely, I am wholly thine.

Ant. Deare father.

And. Sweet son, sweet son, I can speake no more:
My joyes passion flowes above the shoare,
And choakes the current of my speach.

Pie. Young Florence prince, to you my lips must
For a remittance of your interest.

Gal. In your faire daughter, with all my thought,
So helpe me faith, the naked truth Ile unfold;
He that was nere hot will soone be cold.

Pie. No man els makes claime unto her?

t. The valiant speake truth in briefe: no—
'. Trulie, for Sir Jeffrey Balurdo, he disclaimes to have
ıie thing in her.
. Then here I give her to Antonio.
l, valiant, most respected prince,
clippe our hands; Ile thus observe my vowe:
mised twenty thousand double pistolets,
the indeering to my dearest love,
.m that brought thy head; thine be the golde,
ılemnize our houses unitie;
ɔve be thine, the all I have be thine.
ıs fresh wine, the forme weele take by this;
e drinke a health, while they two sip a kisse.
there remaines no discord that can sound
h accents to the eare of our accord:
lease your neece to match.
ɔs. Troth, uncle, when my sweet fac't cuz hath tolde
.ow she likes the thing called wedlock, may be Ile
a survey of the checkroll of my servants; and he that
the best parts of, Ile pricke him downe for my
and.
ıl. For passion of love now, remember me to my
esse, lady Rossaline, when she is pricking down the
parts of her servants. As I am true knight, I grow
; I shall carry it.
e. I will.
d Lidian wires, once make a pleasing note,
ectar streames of your sweete ayres, to flote.
t. Here ends the comick crosses of true love;
may the passage most succesfull prove!

FINIS.

EPILOGUS.

GENTLEMEN, though I remaine an armed Epilogu I stand not as a peremptory chalenger of deser either for him that composed the Comedy, or for us th acted it; but a most submissive supplyant for both. Wh imperfection you have seene in us, leave with us, and wee amend it; what hath pleased you, take with you, and cheri it. You shall not be more ready to embrace anything com mendable, then we will endeavour to amend all thing reproveable. What we are, is by your favour. What w shall be, rests all in your applausive incouragements.

[*Exi*

ANTONIOS REVENGE.

The Second Part of the Historie of

ANTONIO AND MELLIDA.

ANTONIOS REVENGE.

¶ *THE PROLOGUE.*

THE rawish danke of clumzie winter ramps
The fluent summers vaine; and drizling sleete
Chilleth the wan bleak cheek of the numd earth,
Whilst snarling gusts nibble the juyceles leaves,
From the nak't shuddring branch; and pils the skinne
From off the soft and delicate aspectes.
O now, me thinks, a sullen tragick sceane
Would suite the time, with pleasing congruence.
May we be happie in our weake devoyer,
And all parte pleas'd in most wisht content;
But sweate of Hercules can nere beget
So blest an issue. Therefore, we proclaime,
If any spirit breathes within this round,
Uncapable of waightie passion
(As from his birth, being hugged in the armes,
And nuzzled twixt the breastes of happinesse),
Who winkes, and shuts his apprehension up
From common sense of what men were, and are,
Who would not knowe what men must be—let such
Hurrie amaine from our black visag'd showes:

We shall affright their eyes. But if a breast
Nail'd to the earth with griefe, if any heart
Pierc't through with anguish pant within this ring,
If there be any blood whose heate is choakt
And stifled with true sense of misery,
If ought of these straines fill this consort up—
Th' arrive most welcome. O that our power
Could lackie or keepe wing with our desires,
That with unused paize of stile and sense,
We might waigh massy in judicious scale.
Yet heere 's the prop that doth support our hopes,
When our sceanes falter, or invention halts,
Your favour will give crutches to our faults. [*Exit*

ACTUS PRIMUS.

SCENA PRIMUS.

¶ *Enter* PIERO, *unbrac't, his armes bare, smeer'd in blood, a poniard in one hand bloodie, and a torch in the other;* STROTZO, *following him with a corde.*

Pie. HO, Gasper Strotzo, binde Feliches trunke
Unto the panting side of Mellida. [*Exit* Str.
'Tis yet dead night, yet al the earth is cloucht
In the dull leaden hand of snoring sleepe.
No breath disturbs the quiet of the ayre,
No spirit moves upon the breast of earth,
Save howling dogs, night crowes, and screeching owls,
Save meager ghosts, Piero, and black thoughts.
One, two. Lord, in two houres what a toplesse mount
Of unpeer'd mischiefe have these hands cast up!

¶ *Enter* STROTZO.

I can scarce coope triumphing vengeance up
From bursting forth in bragart passion.

Str. My lord, 'tis firmely saide that ——.

Pie. Andrugio sleepes in peace: this braine hath choakt
The organ of his breast. Feliche hangs
But as a baite upon the line of death,
To tice on mischiefe. I am great in blood,
Unequald in revenge. You horrid scouts
That centinell swart night, give lowde applause
From your large palms. First know, my hart was rais'd
Unto Andrugios life upon this ground.

Str. Duke, 'tis reported ——

Pie. We both were rivals in our May of blood,
Unto Maria, faire Ferraras heire.
He wan the ladie to my honours death,
And from her sweetes cropt this Antonio;
For which I burnt in inward sweltring hate,
And festred rankling malice in my breast,
Till I might belke revenge upon his eyes:
And now (O blessed now!) 'tis done. Hell, night,
Give lowde applause to my hypocrisie.
When his bright valour even dazled sense,
In offring his owne heade, publick reproach
Had blurd my name. Speake, Strotzo, had it not?
I had ——If then ——

Str. It had, so please ——

Pie. What had so please? Unseasoned sycophant
Piero Sforza is no nummed lord,
Senselesse of all true touch; stroake not the head
Of infant speach, till it be duly borne;
Goe to.

Str. How now! Fut, Ile not smother your speach

Pie. Nay, right thine eyes: twas but a little sple
(Huge plunge!
Sinn's growne a slave, and must observe slight evils;
Huge villaines are inforc't to clawe all divels.)
Pish, sweete thy thoughts and give me ——.

Str. Stroake not the heade of infant speach! Goe

Pie. Nay, calme this storme. I ever held thy bre
More secret, and more firme in league of blood,
Then to be struck in heate with each slight puffe.
Give me thy eares; huge infamie
Presse downe my honour; if even then, when

His fresh act of prowesse bloom'd out full,
I had tane vengeance on his hated head ——.
Str. Why it had ——.
Pie. Could I avoyde to give a seeming graunt
Unto fruition of Antonios love?
Str. No.
Pie. And didst thou ever see a Judas kisse,
With a more covert touch of fleering hate?
Str. No.
Pie. And having clipt them with pretence of love,
Have I not crush't them with a cruell wring?
Str. Yes.
Pie. Say, faith, didst thou ere heare, or reade, or see
Such happie vengeance, unsuspected death?
That I should drop strong poyson in the boawle,
Which I my selfe carous't unto his health
And future fortune of our unitie,
That it should worke even in the husht of night,
And strangle him on sodaine; that faire showe
Of death, for the excessive joy of his fate,
Might choake the murder? Ha Strotzo, is't not rare?
Nay, but waigh it. Then Feliche stabd
(Whose sinking thought frightned my conscious hart),
And laid by Mellida, to stop the match,
And hale on mischiefe. This all in one night?
Is't to be equall'd, thinkst thou? O, I could eate
Thy fumbling throat, for thy lagd censure. Fut,
Is't not rare?
Str. Yes.
Pie. No? yes? nothing but no, and yes, dull lumpe?
Canst thou not hony me with fluent speach,
And even adore my toplesse villany?

Will I not blast my owne blood for revenge?
Must not thou straight be perjur'd for revenge?
And yet no creature dreame tis my revenge.
Will I not turne a glorious bridall morne
Unto a Stygian night? Yet naught but no, and yes!
Str. I would have told you, if the incubus
That rides your bosome would have patience.
It is reported that, in private state,
Maria, Genoas dutchesse, makes to court,
Longing to see him, whom she nere shall see,
Her lord Andrugio. Belike she hath receiv'd
The newes of reconciliation:
Reconciliation with a death?
Poore ladie, shall but finde poore comfort in't.
Pie. O, let me swoone for joy. By heaven, I thinke
I ha said my prayers, within this month at least;
I am so boundlesse happie. Doth she come?
By this warme reeking goare, Ile marrie her.
Looke I not now like an inamorate?
Poyson the father, butcher the son, and marrie the mother, ha
Strotzo, to bed: snort in securest sleepe;
For see, the dapple gray coursers of the morne
Beat up the light with their bright silver hooves,
And chase it through the skye. To bed, to bed!
This morne my vengeance shall be amply fed. [*Exit*

SCENA SECUNDA.

¶ *Enter* LUCEO, MARIA, *and* NUTRICHE.

Mar. Stay, gentle Luceo, and vouchsafe thy hand.
Lu. O, Madam ——.

Mar. Nay, pree thee give me leave to say, vouchsafe;
omisse intreats beseeme my humble fate.
re let us sit. O Luceo, fortunes gilt
rubd quite off from my slight tin-foild state,
nd poore Maria must appeare ungrac't
the bright fulgor of gloss'd majestie.
Lu. Cheer up your spirits, Madam, fairer chance
hen that which courts your presence instantly
an not be formed by the quick mould of thought.
Mar. Art thou assur'd the dukes are reconcil'd?
hall my wombes honour wed faire Mellida?
Vill heaven at length grant harbour to my head?
hall I once more clip my Andrugio?
nd wreath my armes about Antonios necke?
Or is glib rumor growne a parasite,
Holding a false glasse to my sorrowes eyes,
Making the wrinkl'd front of griefe seeme faire,
Though tis much riveld with abortive care.
Lu. Most virtuous princesse, banish straggling feare,
Keepe league with comfort. For these eyes beheld
The dukes united; yon faint glimmering light
Were peeped through the crannies of the east,
Since I beheld them drinke a sound carouse,
n sparkling Bacchus,
Into eache others health;
Your sonne assur'd to beatious Mellida,
nd all clouds clear'd of threatning discontent.
Mar. What age is morning of?
Lu. I thinke 'bout five.
Mar. Nutriche, Nutriche.!
Nut. Beshrow your fingers marry, you have disturb'd
he pleasure of the finest dreame. O God! I was even

comming to it, lawe. O Jesu! twas comming of the sweet
Ile tell you now, me thought I was maried, and mee thought
I spent (O Lord, why did you wake mee?), and mee thought
I spent three spur roials on the fidlers for striking up a
fresh hornepipe. Saint Ursula, I was even going to bed,
and you, mee thought, my husband, was even putting
out the tapers, when you, Lord—I shall never have such a
dreame come upon mee, as long as ——.

Mar. Peace, idle creature, peace!
When will the court rise?

Lu. Madam, twere best you tooke some lodging up,
And lay in private till the soile of griefe
Were cleard your cheeke, and new burnisht lustre
Cloath'd your presence, 'fore you sawe the dukes,
And enterd 'mong the proud Venetian States.

Mar. No, Lucio, my deare lord's wise, and knowes
That tinsill glitter, or rich purfled robes,
Curled haires, hung full of sparkling carcanets,
Are not the true adornements of a wife.
So long as wives are faithfull, modest, chaste,
Wise lords affect them. Vertue doth not waste,
With each slight flame of crackling vanitie.
A modest eye forceth affection,
Whilest outward gainesse light lookes but entice.
Fairer then natures faire is fowlest vice.
She that loves art to get her cheeke more lovers,
Much outward gaudes slight inward grace discovers.
I care not to seeme faire but to my lord.
Those that strive most to please most strangers sight,
Follie may judge most faire, wisdome most light.

¶ *Musique sounds a short straine.*

But harke, soft musique gently mooves the ayre:

ke the bridegroom's up. Lucio, stand close.
w Marya, chalenge griefe to stay
›yes encounter. Looke, Lucio, tis cleare day.

SCENA TERTIA.

ter ANTONIO, GALEATZO, MATZAGENTE, BALURDO, PANDULPHO FELICHE, ALBERTO, FOROBOSCO, CASTILIO, *and a Page.*

t. Darknesse is fled: looke, infant morn hath drawne
ıt silver curtains 'bout the couch of night;
now Auroras horse trots azure rings,
:hing faire light about the firmament.
l, what's that?
at. And if a horned divell should burst forth,
uld passe on him with a mortall stocke.
lb. Oh, a horned divell would proove ominous
› a bridegroomes eyes.
at. A horned divell? Good: ha, ha, ha!—very good!
lb. Good tand prince, laugh not. By the joyes of love,
n thou dost girne, thy rusty face doth looke
the head of a rosted rabbit: fie upont.
al. By my troth, me thinks his nose is just colour de roy.
at. I tel thee, foole, my nose will abide no jest.
al. No, in truth, I do not jeast; I speake truth. Truth
e touchstone of all things; and, if your nose will not
e the truth, your nose will not abide the touch; and,
ur nose will not abide the touch, your nose is a copper
, and must be nail'd up for a slip.
lat. I scorne to retort the obtuse jeast of a foole.
[Balurdo *drawes out his writing tables, and writes.*

Bal. Retort and obtuse, good words, very good words.

Gal. Young prince, looke sprightly; fie, a bridegroom sadde!

Bal. In truth, if he were retort, and obtuse, no question, hee would bee merrie; but and please my genius, I will be most retort and obtuse ere night. Ile tell you what Ile beare soone at night in my shielde, for my device.

Gal. What, good Balurdo?

Bal. O, doe me right, Sir Gefferey Balurdo; sir, sir, as long as ye live, sir.

Gal. What, good Sir Gefferey Balurdo?

Bal. Marry forsooth, Ile carrie for my device my grandfathers great stone-hors, flinging up his head, and jerking out his left legge. The word "Wighy Purt," as I am a true knight, wil't not bee most retort and obtuse, ha?

Ant. Blowehence these saplessejestes. I tell you, bloods!
My spirit's heavy, and the juice of life
Creepes slowly through my stifned arteries.
Last sleep, my sense was steep't in horrid dreames;
Three parts of night were swallow'd in the gulfe
Of ravenous time, when to my slumbring powers,
Two meager ghosts made apparition.
The on's breast seem'd fresh pauncht with bleeding wounds,
Whose bubling gore sprang in frighted eyes;
The other ghost assum'd my fathers shape:
Both cride, "Revenge!" At which my trembling joynts
(Iced quite over with a froz'd cold sweate)
Leap't forth the sheets. Three times I gasp't at shades;
And thrice, deluded by erroneous sense,
I forc't my thoughts make stand—when loe, top't
A large bay window, through which the night
Struck terror to my soule. The verge of heaven

ringd with flames, and all the upper vault
k lac't with flakes of fire; in midst whereof
azing comet shot his threatning traine
; on my face. Viewing these prodigies,
w'd my naked knee and pierc't the starre,
h an outfacing eye; pronouncing thus:
us imperat astris. At which, my nose straight bled;
en doubl'd I my word, so slunke to bed.
Bal. Verely, Sir Gefferey had a monstrous strange
eam the last night. For mee thought I dreamt I was
eepe, and me thought the ground yaun'd and belkt up
abhominable ghost of a misshapen simile, with two ugly
ges; the one called master, even as going before; and
other mounser, even so following after; whilst Signior
nile stalked most prodigiously in the midst. At which
bewrayed the fearefulnesse of my nature, and being
die to forsake the fortresse of my wit, start up, called
a cleane shirt, eate a messe of broth, and with that I
akt.
Ant. I pree thee, peace. I tell you, gentlemen,
e frightfull shades of night yet shake my braine:
gellied blood's not thaw'd: the sulphur damps,
at flowe in winged lightning 'bout my couch,
t stick within my sense, my soule is great
expectation of dire prodigies.
Pan. Tut, my young prince, let not thy fortunes see
eir lord a coward. He that 's nobly borne
horres to feare. Base feare's the brand of slaves.
e that observes, pursues, slinks back for fright,
s never cast in mould of noble spright.
Val. Tush, there's a sun will straight exhale these damps
chilling feare. Come, shal's salute the bride?

Ant. Castilio, I pree thee mixe thy breath with his;
Sing one of Signior Renaldo's ayres,
To rouse the slumbring bride from gluttoning,
In surfet of superfluous sleepe. Good signior, sing.

CANTANT.

What meanes this silence and unmooved calme!
Boy, winde thy cornet: force the leaden gates
Of lasie sleepe fly open, with thy breath.
My Mellida not up? nor stirring yet? umh!

Mar. That voice should be my sonnes Antonio
Antonio!

Ant. Here, who cals? here stands Antonio.

Mar. Sweete sonne.

Ant. Deare mother.

Mar. Faire honour of a chaste and loyall bed,
Thy father's beautie, thy sad mother's love,
Were I as powerfull as the voice of fate,
Felicitie compleat should sweete thy state;
But all the blessings that a poore banisht wretch
Can powre upon thy heade, take, gentle sonne:
Live, gratious youth, to close thy mothers eyes,
Lov'd of thy parents, till their latest hower:
How cheares my lord, thy father? O sweet boy,
Part of him thus I clip, my deare, deare joy.

Ant. Madam, last night I kissed his princely hand,
And tooke a treasur'd blessing from his lips:
O mother, you arrive in jubilee,
And firme attonement of all boystrous rage;
Pleasure, united love, protested faith,
Guard my lov'd father, as sworne pensioners:
The dukes are leagu'd in firmest bond of love,

and you arrive even in the solsticie
and highest point of sun-shine happinesse.

[*One windes a cornet within.*

Harke, madam, how yon cornet jerketh up
His straind shrill accents, in the capering ayre;
As proud to summon up my bright cheek't love.
Now, mother, ope wide expectation:
Let loose your amplest sense, to entertaine
Th' impression of an object of such worth,
That life's too poore to.

Gal. Nay, leave hyperboles.

Ant. I tel thee, prince, that presence straight appears,
Of which thou canst not forme hyperboles:
The trophy of tryumphing excellence,
The heart of beautie, Mellida appeares.
See, looke, the curtaine stirs, shine natures pride,
Loves vitall spirit, deare Antonio's bride.

[*The curtain's drawne, and the bodie of* Feliche, *stabd thick with wounds, appeares hung up.*

What villaine bloods the window of my love?
What slave hath hung yon gorie ensigne up
In flat defiance of humanitie?
Awake, thou faire unspotted puritie.
Death 's at thy windowe, awake, bright Mellida,
Antonio cals!

SCENA QUARTA.

¶ *Enter* PIERO *as at first, with* FOROBOSCO.

Pie. Who gives these il-befitting attributes
Of chast, unspotted, bright, to Mellida?
He lies as lowde as thunder, shee 's unchast,

Tainted, impure, blacke as the soule of hell.

[*He drawes his rapier, offers to run at* Piero, Maria *holds his arme and staies him.*

Ant. Dog! I will make thee eate thy vomit up,
Which thou hast belk't gainst taintlesse Mellida.

Pie. Ramm't quicklie downe, that it may not rise
To imbraid my thoughts. Behold my stomack:
Strike me quite through with the relentlesse edge
Of raging furie. Boy, Ile kill thy love.
Pandulfe Feliche, I have stabd thy sonne:
Looke, yet his lifeblood reekes upon this steele.
Albert, yon hangs thy friend. Have none of you
Courage of vengeance? Forget I am your duke,
Thinke Mellida is not Pieros bloode.
Imagine on slight ground, Ile blast his honour!
Suppose I sawe not that incestuous slave,
Clipping the strumpet with luxurious twines:
O, numme my sense of anguish, cast my life
In a dead sleepe, whilst lawe cuts off yon maine,
Yon putred ulcer of my roiall bloode.

For. Keepe league with reason, gratious soveraigne.

Pie. There glowe no sparkes of reason in the world;
All are rak't up in ashie beastlinesse.
The bulke of man's as darke as Erebus,
No branch of reasons light hangs in his trunke:
There lives no reason to keepe league withall.
I ha no reason to be reasonable.
Her wedding eve, linkt to the noble blood
Of my most firmely reconciled friend,
And found even clingd in sensualitie!
O heaven! O heaven! Were she as neare my heart
As is my liver, I would rend her off.

SCENA QUINTA.

¶ *Enter* STROTZO.

ıither, O whither shall I hurle vast griefe?
:re, into my breast: tis a place built wide
ı give receipt to boundlesse woes.
no; here throb those hearts, which I must cleave
ɛeene pearcing newes. Andrugio 's dead.
:ad?
) me, most miserable!
:ad, alas, how dead? [*Give seeming passion.*
e, act, faine. Dead! alas, how dead?
ıe vast delights of his large sodaine joyes
ı powers so wide, that 's native heate
ally flow'd t' exterior parts,
ıer citadell was left unmand,
rpriz'd on sodaine by colde death.
) fatal, disastrous, cursed, dismall!
'eath and life. I breath, I live too long.
. my lord, I come, I come!
e cheerefull, princesse; help, Castilio,
's swouned; helpe to beare her in.
fort to huge cares is swiftest sin.
ourage, courage, sweet ladie, tis sir Gefferey
ıids you courage. Truly I am as nimble as an
ıbout a ladie.
)ead?
)ead?
)ead?
Vhy, now the womb of mischiefe is deliver'd,
odigious issue of the night.

Pan. Ha, ha, ha!
Ant. My father dead? my love attaint of lust:
That 's a large lye, as vast as spatious hell:
Poore guiltlesse ladie! O, accursed lye!
What, whome, whether, which shall I first lament?
A deade father, a dishonour'd wife. Stand.
Me thinkes I feele the frame of nature shake.
Cracks not the joynts of earth to beare my woes?
Alb. Sweet prince, be patient.
Ant. S'lid, sir, I will not in despight of thee.
Patience is slave to fooles: a chaine that 's fixt
Onely to postes, and senselesse log-like dolts.
Alb. Tis reasons glorie to commaund affects.
Ant. Lies thy cold father dead, his glossed eyes
New closed up by thy sad mothers hands?
Hast thou a love as spotlesse as the browe
Of clearest heaven, blurd with false defames?
Are thy moyst entrals crumpled up with griefe
Of parching mischiefs? Tel me, does thy hart
With punching anguish spur thy galled ribs?
Then come and let's sit and weep and wreath our arms
Ile heare thy counsell.
Alb. Take comfort.
Ant. Confusion to all comfort! I defie it.
Comfort 's a parasite, a flattering Jack:
And melts resolv'd despaire. O boundlesse woe,
If there be any black yet unknowen griefe,
If there be any horror yet unfelt,
Unthought of mischiefe in thy fiendlike power,
Dash it upon my miserable heade:
Make me more wretch, more cursed if thou canst.
O, now my fate is more than I could feare:
My woes more waightie than my soule can beare. [*Ex*

Pan. Ha, ha, ha!

Alb. Why laugh you, uncle? That 's my cuz, your son,
Whose brest hangs cased in his cluttered gore.

Pan. True, man, true: why, wherefore should I weepe?
Come, sit, kinde nephew: come on; thou and I
Will talke as chorus to this tragedie.
Intreat the musick straine their instruments,
With a slight touch, whilst we.—Say on, faire cuz.

Alb. He was the very hope of Italy,

[*Musick sounds softly.*

The blooming honour of your drooping age.

Pan. True, cuz, true. They say that men of hope are
Good are supprest by base desertlesse clods, [crusht:
That stifle gasping vertue. Look, sweet youth,
How provident our quick Venetians are,
Least hoves of jades should trample on my boy:
Looke how they lift him up to eminence,
Heave him, bove reach of flesh. Ha, ha, ha!

Alb. Uncle, this laughter ill becomes your griefe.

Pan. Would'st have me cry, run raving up and down,
For my sons losse? would'st have me turn rank mad,
Or wring my face with mimic action;
Stampe, curse, weepe, rage, and then my bosom strike?
Away, tis aspish action, player-like.
If hee is guiltlesse, why should teares be spent?
Thrice blessed soule that dyeth innocent.
If he is leapred with so foule a guilt,
Why should a sigh be lent, a teare be spilt?
The gripe of chaunce is weake to wring a teare
From him that knowes what fortitude should beare.
Listen, young blood. Tis not true valors pride
To swagger, quarrell, sweare, stampe, rave, and chide,

To stab in fume of blood, to keepe lowde coyle,
To bandie factions in domestick broyles,
To dare the act of sins, whose filth excels
The blackest customes of blinde infidels.
No, my lov'd youth: he may of valour vaunt
Whom fortunes lowdest thunder can not daunt,
Whom fretful gaules of chance, sterne fortunes siege,
Makes not his reason slinke, the soules faire liege,
Whose well pais'd action ever rests upon,
Not giddie humours, but discretion.
This heart in valour, even Jove out-goes:
Jove is without, but this 'bove sense of woes:
And such a one, eternitie: Behold—
Good morrow, sonne; thou bidst a fig for colde.
Sound lowder musick: let my breath exact,
You strike sad tones unto this dismal act.

ACTUS SECUNDUS.

SCENA PRIMUS.

The cornets sound a cynet.

Enter two mourners with torches, two, with streamers; CASTILIO *and* FOROBOSCO, *with torches; a Heralde bearing* ANDRUGIO'S *helme and sword; the coffin;* MARIA *supported by* LUCIO *and* ALBERTO; ANTONIO, *by himselfe;* PIERO *and* STROZZO, *talking;* GALEATZO *and* MATZAGENTE, BALURDO *and* PANDULFO: *the coffin set downe; helme, sworde and streamers hung up, placed by the Herald; whilst* ANTONIO *and* MARIA *wet their handkerchers with teares, kisse them, and lay them on the hearse, kneeling; all goe out but* PIERO. *Cornets cease, and he speakes.*

Pie. ROT ther, thou cearcloth that infolds the flesh [dust;
Of my loath'd foe; moulder to crumbling
Oblivion choake the passage of thy fame.
Trophees of honor'd birth droppe quickly downe:
Let naught of him, but what was vitious, live.
Though thou art deade, thinke not my hate is dead:
I have but newly twone my arme in the curld locks
Of snakie vengeance. Pale, beetle-brow'd hate
But newly bustles up. Sweet wrong, I clap thy thoughts.
O let me hug my bosome, rub thy breast,

In hope of what may happe. Andrugio rots :
Antonio lives : umh : how long? ha, ha! how long?
Antonio packt hence, Ile his mother wed,
Then cleare my daughter of supposed lust,
Wed her to Florence heire. O excellent!
Venice, Genoa, Florence at my becke,
At Piero's nod. Balurdo, O ho!
O twill be rare, all unsuspected donne.
I have bin nurst in blood, and still have suckt
The steeme of reeking gore. Balurdo, ho!

¶ *Enter* BALURDO *with a beard, halfe of, halfe on.*

Bal. When my beard is on, most noble prince, when my beard is on.

Pie. Why, what dost thou with a beard?

Bal. In truth, one tolde me that my wit was balde, and that a meremaide was halfe fish, and halfe flesh, and therefore to speake wisely, like one of your counsell, as indeede it hath pleased you to make me, not onely being a foole, of your counsell, but also to make me of your counsell, being a foole. If my wit be bald, and a mermaid be halfe fish and halfe cunger, then I must be forced to conclude, the tyring man hath not glewd on my beard halfe fast enough. Gods bores, it wil not stick to fal off.

Pie. Dost thou know what thou hast spoken all this while?

Bal. O lord Duke, I would be sorie of that. Many men can utter that which no man, but themselves, can conceive: but I thanke a good wit, I have the gift to speake that which neither any man els, nor my selfe, understands.

Pie. Thou art wise. He that speaks he knows not what, shal never sin against his own conscience: go to, thou art wise.

Bal. Wise? O no, I have a little natural discretion, or so; but for wise, I am somewhat prudent; but for wise, O lord!

Pie. Hold, take those keyes, open the castle vault, and put in Mellida.

Bal. And put in Mellida? Well, let me alone.

Pie. Bid Forobosco and Castilio guard,
Indeere thy selfe Pieros intimate.

Bal. Indeere, and intimate; good, I assure you. I will indeere and intimate Mellida into the dungeon presently.

Pie. Will Pandulfo Feliche waite on me?

Bal. I will make him come, most retort and obtuse, to you presently. I thinke, Sir Jeffrey talks like a counseller. Go to, gods neaks, I thinke I tickle it.

Pie. Ile seeme to winde yon foole with kindest arme.
He that 's ambitious minded, and but man,
Must have his followers beasts, dubd slavish sots,
Whose service is obedience, and whose wit
Reacheth no further then to admire their lord,
And stare in adoration of his worth.
I love a slave rak't out of common mud
Should seeme to sit in counsell with my heart.
High honour'd blood 's too squemish to assent,
And lend a hand to an ignoble act.
Poyson from roses who could ere abstract?
How now, Pandulfo, weeping for thy sonne?

SCENA SECUNDA.

Enter PANDULFO.

Pan. No, no, Piero, weeping for my sinnes:
Had I bin a good father, he had bin a gratious sonne.

Pie. Pollution must be purg'd.

Pan. Why tainst thou then the ayre with stench of flesh,
And humane putrifactions noysome sent?
I pray his bodie. Who lesse boone can crave
Than to bestowe upon the deade his grave?

Pie. Grave? why? think'st thou he deserves a grave,
That hath defil'd the temple of ——.

Pan. Peace, peace!
Me thinks I heare a humming murmur creepe
From out his gelli'd wounds. Looke on those lips,
Those now lawne pillowes, on whose tender softnesse,
Chaste modest speach, stealing from out his breast,
Had wont to reste it selfe, as loath to poast
From out so faire an inne: look, look, they seeme to stir,
And breath defyance to black obloquie.

Pie. Think'st thou thy sonne could suffer wrongfully?

Pan. A wise man wrongfully, but never wrong
Can take; his breast 's of such well tempered proofe,
It may be rac'd, not pearc't, by savage tooth
Of foaming malice: showers of dartes may darke
Heavens ample browe, but not strike out a sparke,
Much lesse pearce the suns cheek; Such songs as these,
I often dittied till my boy did sleepe;
But now I turne plaine foole (alas) I weepe;

Pie. Fore heaven he makes me shrug; wold a were deade.
He is a vertuous man. What has our court to doe
With vertue, in the divels name! Pandulpho, harke:
My lustfull daughter dies; start not, she dies.
I pursue justice; I love sanctitie,
And an undefiled temple of pure thoughts.
Shall I speake freely? Good Andrugio 's dead:
And I doe feare a fetch; but (umh) would I durst speake.

doe mistrust; but (umh) death: is he all, all man;
hath he no part of mother in him, ha?
to licorish womanish inquisitivenesse?
Pan. Andrugio's deade!
Pie. I; and I feare, his owne unnaturall blood,
to whome he gave life, hath given death for life.
How could he come on? I see false suspect
is vicde; wrung hardly in a vertuous heart.
Well, I could give you reason for my doubts.
You are of honour'd birth, my very friende.
You know how god-like tis to roote out sin.
Antonio is a villaine. Will you joyne
In oath with me, against the traitors life,
And sweare, you knewe he sought his fathers death?
I lov'd him well, yet I love justice more.
Our friends we should affect, justice adore.
Pan. My lord, the clapper of my mouth's not glibd
With court oyle, twill not strike on both sides yet.
Pie. Tis just that subjectes acte commaunds of kings.
Pan. Commaund then just and honorable things.
Pie. Even so, my selfe then will traduce his guilt.
Pan. Beware, take heed, least guiltlesse blood be spilt.
Pie. Where onely honest deeds to kings are free,
It is no empire, but a beggery.
Pan. Where more than noble deeds to kings are free,
It is no empire, but a tyranny.
Pie. Tush, juicelesse graybeard, tis immunity,
Proper to princes, that our state exactes,
Our subjects not alone to beare, but praise our acts.
Pan. O, but that prince that worthfull praise aspires,
From hearts, and not from lips, applause desires.

Pie. Pish, true praise, the brow of common men doth ri
False, only girts the temple of a king.
He that hath strength and 's ignorant of power,
He was not made to rule, but to be rul'd.

Pan. Tis praise to doe, not what we can, but should.

Pie. Hence, doting Stoick: by my hope of blisse,
Ile make thee wretched.

Pan. Defyance to thy power, thou rifted jawne.
Now, by the lov'd heaven, sooner thou shalt
Rince thy foule ribs from the black filth of sinne
That soots thy heart, then make me wretched. Pish,
Thou canst not coupe me up. Hadst thou a jaile
With trebble walles, like antic Babilon,
Pandulpho can get out. I tell thee, duke,
I have ould Fortunatus wishing cappe:
And can be where I list, even in a trice.
Ile skippe from earth into the armes of heaven:
And from tryumphall arch of blessednesse,
Spit on thy froathy breast. Thou canst not slave
Or banish me; I will be free at home,
Maugre the bearde of greatnesse. The port holes
Of sheathed spirit are nere corb'd up:
But still stand open readie to discharge
Their pretious shot into the shrouds of heaven.

Pie. O torture! slave, I banish thee the towne,
Thy native seat of birth. [blasts

Pan. How proud thou speak'st! I tell thee, duke, the
Of the swolne cheekt winds, nor all the breath of kings
Can puffe me out my native seat of birth.
The earth 's my bodies, and the heaven 's my soules
Most native place of birth, which they will keepe,

pite the menace of mortalitie.
y, duke,
t's not my native place, where I was rockt.
wise mans home is wheresoere he is wise;
that, from man, not from the place, doth rise.
Pie. Wold I were deafe (O plague!)? Hence, dotard wretch:
d not in court. All that thou hast, I seize.
quiet's firmer then I can disease.
Pan. Goe, boast unto thy flattring sycophants;
ndulpho's slave, Piero hath orethrowne.
oose fortunes rags are lost; my owne 's my owne.
[Piero's *going out, lookes backe. Exeunt at severall doores.*
Tis true, Piero, thy vext heart shall see,
Thou hast but tript my slave, not conquered mee.

SCENA TERTIA.

¶ *Enter* ANTONIO *with a booke*, LUCIO, ALBERTO, ANTONIO *in blacke.*

Alb. Nay, sweet, be comforted, take counsell and ——.
Ant. Alberto, peace: that griefe is wanton sick,
Whose stomacke can digest and brooke the dyet
Of stale ill relisht counsell. Pigmie cares
Can shelter under patience shield; but gyant griefes
Will burst all covert.
Lu. My lord, tis supper time.
Ant. Drinke deepe, Alberto; eate, good Lucio;
But my pin'd heart shall eat on naught but woe.
Alb. My lord, we dare not leave you thus alone.
Ant. You cannot leave Antonio alone.
The chamber of my breast is even throngd
With firme attendance that forsweares to flinch.

I have a thing sits here; it is not griefe,
Tis not despaire, nor the most plague
That the most wretched are infected with;
But the most greefull, despairing, wretched,
Accursed, miserable. O, for heavens sake
Forsake me now; you see how light I am,
And yet you force me to defame my patience.

Lu. Faire gentle prince ——.

Ant. Away, thy voice is hatefull: thou dost buzze,
And beat my eares with intimations,
That Mellida, that Mellida is light,
And stained with adulterous luxury!
I cannot brook't. I tell the, Lucio,
Sooner will I give faith, that vertue's scant
In princes courts, will be adorn'd with wreath
Of choyce respect, and indeerd intimate.
Sooner will I beleeve that friendships raine
Will curbe ambition from utilitie,
Then Mellida is light. Alas, poore soule,
Didst ere see her (good heart), hast heard her speake?
Kinde, kinde soule. Incredulitie it selfe
Would not be so brasse hearted, as suspect so modest cheeks.

Lu. My lord ——.

Ant. Away, a selfe-one guilt doth onely hatch distrust;
But a chaste thought 's as farre from doubt as lust.
I entreat you, leave me.

Alb. Will you endeavour to forget your griefe?

Ant. I faith I will, good friend, I faith I will.
Ile come and eate with you. Alberto; see,
I am taking physicke, heer's philosophie.
Good honest, leave me, Ile drinke wine anone.

. Since you enforce us, faire prince, we are gone.
[*Exeunt* Alberto *and* Lucio.

¶ ANTONIO *reades.*

Ferte fortiter: hoc est quo deum antecedatis. Ille enim patientiam malorum, vos supra. Contemnite dolorem: olvetur, aut solvet. Contemnite fortunas: nullus quo feriret animum habet.

thy mother was not lately widdowed,
leare affied love lately defam'd
blemish of foule lust, when thou wrot'st thus,
wrapt in furres, beaking thy lymbs 'fore fiers,
idst the frozen zone to shudder. Ha, ha! tis naught
'oamie bubling of a fleamie braine,
;ht els but smoake. O what danke marrish spirit,
would be fyred with impatience,
y——No more, no more; he that was never blest
. height of birth, faire expectation
ıounted fortunes, knowes not what it is
e the pittied object of the worlde.
oore Antonio, thou maist sigh!
'el. Aye me.
'nt. And curse.
an. Black powers.
'nt. And cry.
lar. O Heaven.
nt. And close laments with ——.
lb. O me, most miserable!
zn. Woe for my deare, deare sonne.
ar. Woe for my deare, deare husband.
'el. Woe for my deare, deare love.
nt. Woe for me all, close all your woes in me:

In me, Antonio, ha? Where live these sounds?
I can see nothing; griefe 's invisible,
And lurkes in secret angles of the heart.
Come, sigh againe, Antonio beares his part.

Mel. O here, here is a vent to passe my sighes.
I have surcharged the dungeon with my plaints.
Prison and heart will burst, if void of vent.
I, that is Phœbe, empresse of the night,
That gins to mount; O chastest deitie:
If I be false to my Antonio,
If the least soyle of lust smeers my pure love,
Make me more wretched, make me more accurst
Then infamie, torture, death, hell, and heaven.
Can bound with amplest power of thought: if not,
Purge my poore heart with defamations blot.

Ant. Purge my poore heart from defamations blot!
Poore heart, how like her vertuous selfe she speakes.
Mellida, deare Mellida, it is Antonio:
Slinke not away, tis thy Antonio.

Mel. How found you out, my lord (alas!), I knowe
'Tis easie in this age to find out woe.
I have a sute to you.

Ant. What is 't, deare soule?

Mel. Kill me; ifaith Ile winke, not stir a jot.
For God sake kill mee; insooth, lov'd youth,
I am much injur'd; looke, see how I creepe.
I cannot wreake my wrong, but sigh and weepe.

Ant. May I be cursed, but I credit thee.

Mel. To-morrowe I must die.

Ant. Alas, for what?

Mel. For loving thee. Tis true, my sweetest breast,
I must die falsely: so must thou, deare heart.

are a knitting to intrappe thy life.
fathers death must make a Paradice
my (I shame to call him) father. Tell me, sweet,
ll I die thine? dost love mee still, and still?
Ant. I doe.
Mel. Then welcome Heavens will.
Ant. Madam, I will not swell, like a Tragedian, in
ced passion of affected straines.
I had present power of ought but pittying you, I would
as readie to redresse your wrongs as to pursue your
ve. Throngs of thoughts crowde for their passage;
mewhat I will doe.
each me thy hand; thinke this is honors bent,
o live unslav'd, to die innocent.
Mel. Let me entreat a favour, gratious love.
e patient, see me die; good, doe not weepe:
oe sup, sweete chuck, drinke, and securely sleepe.
Ant. I faith I cannot; but Ile force my face
To palliate my sicknesse.
Mel. Give me thy hand. Peace on thy bosome dwel.
Thats all my woe can breath: kisse. Thus farewell.
Ant. Farewell: my heart is great of thoughts;
Stay, dove:
And therefore I must speake: but what? O love!
By this white hande: no more: reade in these teares,
What crushing anguish thy Antonio beares.

[Antonio *kisseth* Mellida's *hand: then* Mellida *goes from the grate.*

Mel. Good nighte, good harte.
Ant. Thus heate from blood, thus soules from bodies part.

¶ *Enter* PIERO *and* STROTZO.

Pie. He greeves; laughe, Strotzo, laugh. He weepe
Hath he teares? O pleasure! hath he teares?
Now doe I scourge Andrugio with steele whips
Of knottie vengeance. Strotzo, cause me straight
Some plaining dittie to augment despaire.
Tryumph, Piero: harke, he groanes. O rare!
Ant. Beholde a prostrate wretch laid on his toumbe.
His epitaph, thus: *Ne plus ultra.* Ho!
Let none out-woe me: mine 's Hurculean woe.

CANTANT.

[*Exit* Piero *at the end of the song.*

SCENA QUARTA.

¶ *Enter* MARIA.

Ant. May I be more cursed then Heaven can make me,
If I am not more wretched
Then man can conceive me. Sore forlorne
Orphant, what omnipotence can make thee happie?
Mar. How now, sweete sonne? Good youth,
What dost thou?
Ant. Weepe, weepe.
Mar. Dost naught but weepe, weepe?
Ant. Yes, mother, I do sigh, and wring my hands,
Beat my poore breast, and wreath my tender armes.
Harke yee; Ile tel you wondrous strange, strange news.

Mar. What, my good boy, starke mad?
Ant. I am not.
Mar. Alas! is that strange newes?
Ant. Strange newes? why, mother, is 't not wondrous
I not mad—I run not frantic, ha? [strange
owing my fathers trunke scarce colde, your love
sought by him that doth pursue my life!
ing the beautie of creation,
tonio 's bride, pure heart, defam'd, and stoad
der the hatches of obscuring earth.
Heu quo labor, quo vota ceciderunt mea!

Enter PIERO.

Pie. Good evening to the faire Antonio;
Most happie fortune, sweete succeeding time,
Rich hope: think not thy face a bankrout though.
Ant. Umh! the divell in his good time and tide forsake thee.
Pie. How now? harke ye, prince.
Ant. God be with you.
Pie. Nay, noble blood, I hope yee not suspect——
Ant. Suspect! I scorn 't. Here's cap and leg good night:
Thou that wants power, with dissemblance fight.
[*Exit* Antonio.

Pie. Madam, O that you could remember to forget——
Mar. I had a husband and a happie sonne.
Pie. Most powreful beautie, that inchanting grace——
Mar. Talke not of beautie, nor inchanting grace,—
My husband 's deade, my son 's distraught, accurst!
Come, I must vent my griefes, or heart will burst.
[*Exit* Maria.

Pie. Shee 's gone (and yet she 's here): she hath left print
Of her sweete graces fixt within my heart,
As fresh as is her face. Ile marrie her.
Shee 's most fair, true, most chaste, most false; because
Most faire, tis firme Ile marrie her.

SCENA QUINTA.

¶ *Enter* STROTZO.

Str. My lord,
Pie. Ha, Strotzo, my other soule, my life!
Deare, hast thou steel'd the point of thy resolve?
Wilt not turne edge in execution?
Str. No.
Pie. Doe it with rare passion, and present thy guilt
As if twere wrung out with thy conscience gripe.
Sweare that my daughter 's innocent of lust,
And that Antonio brib'd thee to defame
Her maiden honour, on inveterate hate
Unto my bloode; and that thy hand was feed
By his large bountie for his fathers death.
Sweare plainly that thou chok'tst Andrugio,
By his sons onely egging. Rush me in
Whil'st Mellida prepares herself to die,
Halter about thy necke, and with such sighs,
Laments, and applications lyfen it,
As if impulsive power of remorse ——
Str. Ile weepe.
Pie. I, I fall on thy face and cry: why suffer you
So lewde a slave as Strotzo is to breath?
Str. Ile beg a strangling, growe importunate ——

As if thy life were loathsome to thee: then I
raight the cords end; and, as much incens'd
y damn'd mischiefes, offer a rude hand
e to girde in thy pipe of breath;
the sodaine straight Ile stand amaz'd,
in exclamations of thy vertues.
Applaud my agonies and penitence.
Thy honest stomack, that could not digest
dities of murder; but surcharg'd,
l'st them up in Christian pietie.
Then clip me in your armes.
And call thee brother, mount thee straight to state,
ıee of counsell: tut, tut, what not? what not?
ont, be confident, pursue the plot.
Looke, here 's a troop, a true rogues lips are mute;
ɔt use to speake, but execute.
e layes finger on his mouth, and drawes his dagger.
So, so; run headlong to confusion:
ight brain'd mischiefe, thou art made as durt,
ter up the bracks of my defects.
ıg what may be squeas'd from out his use:
od night, Strotzo. Swell, plump, bold heart;
v thy tide of vengeance rowleth in:
Tragœdia Cothurnata mounts,
thoughts are fixt on dire exploites.
ll—confusion and black murder guides
ɡans of my spirit: shrinke not, heart.
la rebus in malis præceps via est.

ACTUS TERTIUS.

SCENA PRIMA.

¶ *A dumbe showe. The cornets sounding for the Act*

¶ *Enter* CASTILIO *and* FOROBOSCO, ALBERTO *and* I LURDO, *with polaxes:* STROTZO, *talking with* PIE *seemeth to send out* STROTZO. *Exit* STROTZO. *E* STROTZO, MARIA, NUTRICHE, *and* LUCEO. PIE *passeth through his guard, and talkes with her u seeming amorousnesse; she seemeth to reject suite, flyes to the toumbe, kneeles, and kisseth* PIERO *bribes* NUTRICHE *and* LUCIO; *they goe to l seeming to solicite his suite. She riseth, offers to out,* PIERO *stayeth her, teares open his breast, braceth and kisseth her, and so they goe all out state.*

¶ *Enter two Pages, the one with tapers, the other wit chafing dish: a perfume in it.* ANTONIO, *in night gowne and a night cap, unbrac't, follow after.*

Ant. THE black jades of swart night trot fo rings
Bout heavens browe. Tis now sta deade night.
Is this Saint Markes Church?
1*st Pa.* It is, my lord.
Ant. Where stands my fathers hearse?
2*nd Pa.* Those streamers beare his armes. I, that is

Ant. Set tapers to the toumbe, and lampe the church.
Give me the fire. Now depart and sleepe. [*Exeunt Pages.*
I purifie the ayre with odorous fume.
Graves, valts, and toumbes, groane not to beare my weight;
Colde flesh, bleake trunkes, wrapt in your half-rot shrowdes,
I presse you softly with a tender foote.
Most honour'd sepulchre, vouchsafe a wretch
Leave to weepe ore thee. Toumbe, Ile not be long
Ere I creepe in thee, and with bloodlesse lips
Kisse my cold fathers cheeke. I pree thee, grave,
Provide soft mould to wrap my carcasse in.
Thou royal spirit of Andrugio, where ere thou hoverst
(Ayrie intellectt) I heave up tapers to thee (viewe thy son)
In celebration of dewe obsequies.
Once every night, Ile dewe thy funerall hearse
With my religious teares.
O, blessed father of a cursed son,
Thou diedst most happie, since thou livedst not
To see thy sonne most wretched, and thy wife
Pursu'd by him that seekes my guiltlesse blood!
O, in what orbe thy mightie spirit soares,
Stoop and beat downe this rising fog of shame,
That strives to blur thy blood, and girt defame
About my innocent and spotlesse browes.
Non est mori miserum, sed miserè mori.

And. Thy pangs of anguish rip my cerecloth up:
And loe the ghoast of ould Andrugio
Forsakes his coffin. Antonio, revenge!
I was impoyson'd by Piero's hand:
Revenge my bloode; take spirit, gentle boy;
Revenge my bloode. Thy Mellida is chaste:
Onely to frustrate thy pursuite in love,

Is blaz'd unchaste. Thy mother yeelds consent
To be his wife, and give his bloode a sonne,
That made her husbandlesse, and doth complot
To make her sonlesse; but before I touch
The banks of rest, my ghost shall visite her.
Thou vigor of my youth, juyce of my love,
Seize on revenge, graspe the sterne bended front
Of frowning vengeance with unpaized clutch.
Alarum Nemesis, rouse up thy blood;
Invent some stratageme of vengeance,
Which, but to thinke on, may like lightning glide
With horor through thy breast. Remember this.
Scelera non ulcisceris, nisi vincis. [*Exit* Andrugio's *Ghost.*

SCENA SECUNDA.

¶ *Enter* MARIA, *her haire about her eares;* NUTRICHE *and* LUCIO, *with pages, and torches.*

Mar. Where left you him? shewe mee, good boyes, away.
Nut. Gods mee, your haire!
Mar. Nurse, tis not yet prowde day:
The neat gay mistes of the light's not up,
Her cheekes not yet slurd over with the paint
Of borrowed crimsone; the unpranked world
Wears yet the night-clothes: let flare my loosed hair.
I scorne the presence of the night.
Where 's my boy? Run: Ile range about the church,
Like frantick Bachanell or Jasons wife,
Invoking all the spirits of the graves
To tell me where. Hah? O my poore wretched blood!
What dost thou up at midnight, my kinde boy?
Deare soule, to bed! O thou hast struck a fright

ıto thy mothers panting
quisquis nova
ıpplicia functis dirus umbrarum arbiter
ıisponis, quisquis exeso jaces
'avidus sub antro, quisquis venturi times
Iontis ruinam, quisquis avidorum feres,
Rictus leonum, et dira furiarum agmina
'mplicitus horres, Antonii vocem excipe
Properantis ad vos—Ulciscar.

Mar. Alas! my son 's distraught. Sweete boy, appease
Thy mutinous affections.

Ant. By the astonning terror of swart night,
By the infectious damps of clammie graves,
And by the mould that presseth downe
My deade fathers sculle, Ile be revenged!

Mar. Wherefore? on whom? for what? Go, go to bed,
Good dutious sonne. Ho, but thy idle ——

Ant. So I may sleepe toumb'd in an honour'd hearse,
So may my bones rest in that sepulcher,——

Mar. Forget not dutie, sonne: to bed, to bed.

Ant. May I be cursed by my fathers ghost,
nd blasted with incensed breath of Heaven,
my heart beat on ought but vengeance.
ay I be numd with horror, and my vaines
ıcker with sing'ing torture, if my braine
ısgest a thought but of dire vengeance;
ay I be fetter'd slave to coward Chaunce,
blood, heart, braine, plot ought save vengeance.

Mar. Wilt thou to bed? I wonder when thou sleepst!
aith thou look'st sunk-ey'd; go couch thy head:
ow, faith, tis idle: sweet, sweet sonne, to bed.

Ant. I have a prayer or two to offer up

For the good, good prince, my most deare, deare lord,
The duke Piero, and your vertuous selfe;
And then, when those prayers have obtain'd successe,
In sooth Ile come (beleeve it now) and couch
My heade in downie moulde. But first Ile see
You safely laide: Ile bring yee all to bed.
Piero, Maria, Strotzo, Luceo,
Ile see you all laid: Ile bringe you all to bed,
And then, ifaith, Ile come and couch my head,
And sleepe in peace.

Mar. Looke then, wee goe before.

[*Exeunt all but* Antonio.

Ant. I, so you must, before we touch the shore
Of wisht revenge. O, you departed soules,
That lodge in coffin'd trunkes, which my feet presse
(If *Pythagorian Axiomes* be true,
Of spirits transmigration), fleete no more
To humane bodies, rather live in swine,
Inhabit wolves flesh, scorpions, dogs, and toads,
Rather then man. The curse of Heaven raines
In plagues unlimited through all his daies.
His mature age growes onely mature vice,
And ripens onely to corrupt and rot
The budding hopes of infant modestie.
Still striving to be more then man, he prooves
More then a divell, divelish suspect, divelish crueltie:
All hell-straid juyce is powred to his vaines,
Making him drunke with fuming surquedries,
Contempt of Heaven, untam'd arrogance,
Lust, state, pride, murder.

And. Murder.
Fel. Murder. } *From above and beneath.*
Pan. Murder.

Ant. I, I will murder: graves and ghosts
ght me no more, Ile suck red vengeance
t of Pieros wounds. Pieros wounds.

Enter two boyes, with PIERO *in his night gown and night cap.*

Pie. Maria, love, Maria! she tooke this Ile.
eft you her here? On, lights, away!
thinke we shall not warme our beds to day.

Enter JULIO, FOROBOSCO, *and* CASTILIO.

Jul. Ho, father! father!
Pie. How now, Julio, my little prettie sonne?
Why suffer you the child to walke so late?
For. He will not sleepe, but calls to followe you,
Crying that bug-beares and spirits haunted him.

[Antonio *offers to come nere and stab;* Piero *presently withdrawes.*

Ant. No, not so.
This shall be sought for; Ile force him feede on life
Till he shall loath it. This shall be the close
Of vengeance straine.
Pie. Away there, pages, lead on fast with light;
The church is full of damps; tis yet deade night.
[*Exit all, saving* Julio.

SCENA TERTIA.

Jul. Brother Antonio, are you here, ifaith?
Why doe you frowne? Indeed my sister said
That I should call you brother, that she did,
When you were married to her. Busse me: good

Truth, I love you better then my father, deede.

Ant. Thy father? Gratious, O bounteous Heaven!
I doe adore thy justice: *Venit in nostras manus*
Tandem vindicta, venit et tota quidem.

Jul. Truth, since my mother dyed, I lov'd you best.
Something hath angred you; pray you, look merily.

Ant. I will laugh, and dimple my thinne cheeke
With capring joy; chuck, my heart doth leape
To graspe thy bosome. Time, place, and blood,
How fit you close togither! Heavens tones
Strike not such musick to immortall soules
As your accordance sweetes my breast withall.
Me thinks I pase upon the front of Jove,
And kick corruption with a scornefull heele,
Griping this flesh, disdaine mortalitie.
O that I knewe which joynt, which side, which lim,
Were father all, and had no mother in 't,
That I might rip it vaine by vaine, and carve revenge
In bleeding races; but since 'tis mixt together,
Have at adventure, pel mell, no reverse.
Come hither, boy. This is Andrugio's hearse.

Jul. O God, youle hurt me. For my sisters sake,
Pray you doe not hurt me. And you kill me, deede,
Ile tell my father.

Ant. O, for thy sisters sake, I flagge revenge.

And. Revenge!

Ant. Stay, stay, deare father, fright mine eyes no more.
Revenge as swift as lightning bursteth forth,
And cleares his heart. Come, prettie tender childe,
It is not thee I hate, not thee I kill.
Thy fathers blood that flowes within thy veines,
Is it I loath; is that, revenge must sucke.

ɜ thy soule: and were thy heart lapt up
ıy flesh but in Piero's bloode,
ıld thus kisse it; but being his, thus, thus,
thus Ile punch it. Abandon feares.
l'st thy wounds bleede, my browes shall gush out teares.
ul. So you will love me, doe even what you will.
'nt. Now barkes the wolfe against the fulle cheekt moon;
v lyons half-clamd entrals roare for food;
v croakes the toad, and night crowes screech aloud,
ttering 'bout casements of departed soules;
v gapes the graves, and through their yawnes let loose
prison'd spirits to revisit earth;
d now swarte night, to swell thy hower out,
hold I spurt warme bloode in thy blacke eyes.
[*From under the stage a groane.*
Ant. Howle not, thou pury mould; groan not, ye graves.
: dumbe, all breath. Here stands Andrugio's sonne,
orthie his father. So: I feele no breath.
is jawes are falne, his dislodg'd soule is fled:
nd now there 's nothing but Piero left.
e is all Piero, father all. This blood,
his breast, this heart, Piero all:
'home thus I mangle. Spirit of Julyo,
orget this was thy trunke. I live thy friend.
laist thou be twined with the softst imbrace
f clere eternitie: but thy fathers blood
thus make incense of, to vengeance.
host of my poysoned syre, sucke this fume:
o sweet revenge perfume thy circling ayre,
'ith smoake of bloode. I sprinkle round his goare,
nd dewe thy hearse with these fresh reeking drops.
oe thus I heave my blood-died handes to heaven,

Even like insatiate hell, still crying, More.
My heart hath thirsting dropsies after goare.
Sound peace and rest to church, night ghosts, and graves
Blood cries for bloode; and murder, murder craves.

SCENA QUARTA.

¶ *Enter two pages with torches;* MARYA, *her hayre loo*
and NUTRICHE.

Nut. Fy, fie; to morrowe your wedding day, a
weepe! Gods my comfort! Andrugio could do we
Piero may doe better. I have had foure husbands my sel
The first I called, sweet duck; the second, deare hea
the third, prettie pugge; but the fourth, most swee
deare, prettie, all in all: he was the very cockeall of
husband. What, ladie? your skinne is smooth, yo
bloode warme, your cheeke fresh, your eye quick: chan
of pasture makes fat calves; choice of linnen, cleane bodi
and (no question) variety of husbands, perfect wives.
would you should knowe it: as fewe teeth as I have in
heade, I have red *Aristotles Problemes*, which saith, th
woman receiveth perfection by the man. What then
the men? Goe to, to bed, lye on your backe, dream not
Piero; I say no more. To morrowe is your wedding: d
dreame not of Piero.

¶ *Enter* BALURDO *with a base vyole.*

Mar. What an idle prate thou keep'st, good nurse; g
I have a mightie taske of teares to weepe. [slee]

Bal. Ladie, with a most retort and obtuse legge,
I kisse the curled locks of your loose haire. The du
hath sent you the most musical Sir Gefferey, with his

e, but most innobled viole, to rock your baby thoughts the cradle of sleepe.

Mar. I give the noble Duke respective thanks.

Bal. Respective; truely a verie prettie word. Indeed, adam, I have the most respective fiddle; did you ever ell a more sweete sounde? My dittie must goe thus; erie wittie, I assure you: I myselfe in an humorous assion made it, to the tune of my mistresse Nutriches eautie. Indeede, verie prettie, verie retort, and obtuse; Ile assure you tis thus:—

My mistresse eye doth oyle my joints,
And makes my fingers nimble:
O love, come on, untrusse your points,
My fiddlestick wants rozzen.
My ladies dugges are all so smooth,
That no flesh must them handle:
Her eyes doe shine, for to say sooth,
Like a newe snuffed candle.

Mar. Truelie, verie patheticall, and unvulgar.

Bal. Patheticall, and unvulgar; words of worth, excellent words. In sooth, madam, I have taken a murre, which makes my nose run most patheticallie, and unvulgarlie. Have you any tobacco?

Mar. Good Signior, your song.

Bal. Instantlie, most unvulgarlie, at your service. Truelie, here 's the most patheticall rozzen. Umh.

CANTANT.

Mar. In sooth, most knightlie sung, and like Sir Gefferey.

Bal. Why, looke you, ladie, I was made a knight only for my voice; and a counseller, only for my wit.

Mar. I beleeve it. Good night, gentle sir, good nig

Bal. You will give me leave to take my leave of m mistresse, and I will do it most famously in rime.

Farewell, adieu! saith thy love true,
As to part loath.
Time bids us parte, mine own sweete heart,
God blesse us both. [*Exit* Balur

Mar. Good night, Nutriche. Pages, leave the room The life of night growes short, tis almost dead.
[*Exeunt Pages and* Nutric

O thou cold widdowe bed, sometime thrice blest,
By the warme pressure of my sleeping lord:
Open thy leaves, and whilst on thee I treade,
Groane out, Alas, my deare Andrugio's deade!
[Maria *draweth the courtaine: and the ghost of* Andrug *is displayed, sitting on the bed.*

Amazing terror, what portent is this?

SCENA QUINTA.

And. Disloyal to our hymniall rites,
What raging heat rains in thy strumpet blood?
Hast thou so soone forgot Andrugio?
Are our love-bands so quickly cancelled?
Where lives thy plighted faith unto this breast?
O weake Marya! Go to, calme thy feares.
I pardon thee, poore soule! O shed no teares;
Thy sexe is weake. That black incarnate fiende
May trippe thy faith that hath orethrowne my life:

was impoyson'd by Piero's hand.
yne with my sonne to bend up straind revenge.
aintaine a seeming favour to his suite,
ill time may forme our vengeance absolute.

¶ *Enter* ANTONIO, *his armes bloody: a torch and a poniard.*

Ant. See, unamazed, I will beholde thy face;
Outstare the terror of thy grimme aspect,
Daring the horred'st object of the night.
Looke how I smoake in blood, reeking the steame
Of foming vengeance. O my soule 's inthroan'd
In the tryumphant chariot of revenge!
Me thinks I am all ayre, and feele no waight
Of humane dirt clogge. This is Julios blood.
Rich musique, father; this is Julios blood.
Why lives that mother?

And. Pardon ignorance. Fly, deare Antonio:
Once more assume disguise, and dog the court
In fained habit, till Piero's blood
May even ore-flowe the brimme of full revenge.

[*Exit* Antonio.

Peace, and all blessed fortunes to you both.
Fly thou from court, be pearelesse in revenge:
Sleepe thou in rest, loe here I close thy couch.

[*Exit* Maria *to her bed*, Andrugio *drawing the curtaines.*

And now yee sootie coursers of the night,
Hurrie your chariot into hels black wombe.
Darkenesse, make flight; graves, eat your dead again:
Let 's repossesse our shrowdes. Why lags delay?
Mount sparkling brightnesse, give the world his day.

[*Exit* Andrugio.

ACTUS QUARTUS.

SCENA PRIMA.

¶ *Enter* ANTONIO *in a fooles habit, with a little toy of walnut shell, and sope, to make bubbles:* MARIA *and* ALBERTO.

Mar. AWAY with this disguise in any hand.
Alb. Fie, tis unsuting to your elate spirite:
Rather put on some transhap't cavalier,
Some habit of a spitting critick, whose mouth
Voids nothing but gentile and unvulgar
Rheume of censure: rather assume ——
Ant. Why, then, should I put on the verie flesh
Of solid folly? No, this cockscombe is a crowne
Which I affect, even with unbounded zeale.
Alb. Twil twhart your plot, disgrace your high resolve
Ant. By wisdomes heart there is no essence mortal,
That I can envie, but a plumpe cheekt foole:
O, he hath a patent of immunities
Confirm'd by custome, seald by pollicie,
As large as spatious thought.
Alb. You can not press among the courtiers,
And have accesse to ——
Ant. What? not a foole? Why, friend, a golden ass
A babl'd foole are sole canonicall,
Whil'st pale cheekt wisdome, and leane ribd arte

in distance at the halberts point:
Apocrypha, not worth survey.
the genius of that Florentine,
eepe observing, sound brain'd Macheveil,
t wise that strives not to seeme foole.
ll the Duke holde feed Intelligence,
arie observation in large pay,
e a fooles act?
I, but faining, known, disgraceth much.
Pish! Most things that morally adhere to soules,
xist in drunke opinion:
eeling censure, if I valew not,
es naught,
You are transported with too slight a thought,
ut meditate of what is past,
it you plot to passe.
Even in that, note a fooles beatitude:
t capeable of passion;
the power of distinction,
es an unturned sayle with every winde:
ast, blowe west, he stirs his course alike.
awe a foole leane: the chub-fac't fop
leeke with full cramm'd fat of happinesse,
studious contemplation sucks the juyce
sards cheekes: who making curious search
ures secrets, the first innating cause
them to scorne, as man doth busie apes
ey will zanie men. Had Heaven bin kinde,
me an honest senselesse dolt,
poore foole, I should want sense to feele
gs of anguish shoot through every vaine;
not know what twere to loose a father;

I should be deade of sense, to viewe defame
Blur my bright love; I could not thus run mad,
As one confounded in a maze of mischiefe,
Staggerd, starke feld with brusing stroke of chance.
I should not shoote mine eyes into the earth,
Poring for mischiefe, that might counterpoise

¶ *Enter* LUCEO.

mischiefe, murder and —— How now, Lucio?

Lu. My lord, the Duke, with the Venetian states,
Approach the great hall to judge Mellida.

Ant. Askt he for Julio yet?

Lu. No motion of him: dare you trust this habit?

Ant. Alberto, see you streight rumour me dead.
Leave me, good mother; leave me, Luceo;
Forsake me, all. Now patience hoope my sides
[*Exeunt omnes, saving* Antoni
With steeled ribs, least I doe burst my breast
With struggling passions. Now disguise, stand bolde,
Poore scorned habits, oft choyce soules infould.

¶ *The cornets sound a cynet,*

SCENA SECUNDA.

¶ *Enter* CASTILIO, FOROBOSCO, BALURDO, *and* ALBER *with pol-axes:* LUCEO *bare.* PIERO *and* MA *talking together: two* SENATORS, GALEATZO, MATZAGENTE, NUTRICHE.

Pie. Intreat me not: ther 's not a beauty lives
Hath that imperiall predominance
Ore my affectes, as your inchanting graces:
Yet give me leave to be my selfe.

it. A villaine.
e. Just.
nt. Most just.
ie. Most just and upright in our judgement seat.
e Mellida mine eye, with such a blemish
ıost loath'd loosenesse, I would scratch it out.
luce the strumpet in her bridall robes,
; she may blush t'appeare so white in showe,
blacke in inward substance. Bring her in.
[*Exeunt* Forobosco *and* Castilio.
ılde Antonio, for his fathers sake,
ɪerie dearely, so entirely choyce,
t knewe I but a thought of prejudice
ıign'd 'gainst his high innobled blood,
ould maintaine a mortall feude, undying hate,
nst the conceivers life. And shall justice sleepe
fleshly lethargie, for myne own bloods favour,
ıen the sweete prince hath so apparant scorne
my (I wil not call her) daughter? Goe,
ıduct in the loved youth Antonio:
[*Exit* Alberto *to fetch* Antonio.
shall beholde me spurne my private good;
ro loves his honour more then 's blood.
Ant. The divell he does more then both.
Bal. Stand backe there, foole; I do hate a foole most
st pathetically. O, these that have no sappe of retort
l obtuse wit in them: faugh!
Ant. Puffe, holde world; puffe, hold bubble; puffe,
de world; puffe, breake not behind; puffe, thou art
l of winde; puffe, keep up by winde; puffe, 'tis broake!
l now I laugh like a good foole at the breath of mine
ne lips, he, he, he, he, he!

Bal. You foole!

Ant. You foole, puffe!

Bal. I cannot disgest thee, the unvulgar foole.
foole.

Pie. Forbeare, Balurdo; let the foole alone,
Come hither (*ficto*). Is he your foole?

Mar. Yes, my lov'd lord.

Pie. Would all the states in Venice were like thee!
O then I were secur'd.
He that 's a villaine, or but meanely sowl'd,
Must stil converse, and cling to routes of fooles,
That can not search the leakes of his defectes.
O, your unsalted fresh foole is your onely man:
These vinegar tart spirits are too pearcing,
Too searching in the unglewd joynts of shaken wits.
Finde they a chinke, they 'l wriggle in and in,
And eat like salt sea in his siddowe ribs,
Till they have opened all his rotten parts
Unto the vaunting surge of base contempt,
And sunke the tossed galleasse in depth
Of whirlepoole scorne. Give me an honest fopp.
Dud a dud a! Why loe, sir, this takes he
As grateful now as a monopolie.

SCENA TERTIA.

¶ *The still flutes sound softly.*

¶ *Enter* FOROBOSCO *and* CASTILIO: MELLIDA *suppor by two waiting women.*

Mel. All honour to this royall confluence.

Pie. Forbeare (impure) to blot bright honours name

ith thy defiled lips. The fluxe of sinne
owes from thy tainted bodie: thou so foule,
all dishonour'd, canst no honour give,
o wish of good, that can have good effect
o this grave senate, and illustrate bloodes.
hy staies the doome of death?

1st Sen. Who riseth up to manifest her guilt?

2d Sen. You must produce apparant proofe, my lord.

Pie. Why, where is Strotzo?—he that swore he saw
The verie acte: and vow'd that Feliche fled
Upon his sight: on which I brake the breast
Of the adulterous letcher with five stabbes.
Goe, fetch in Strotzo. Now, thou impudent,
If thou hast any droppe of modest bloode
Shrowded within thy cheeks, blush, blush for shame,
That rumor yet may say, thou felt'st defame.

Mell. Produce the divel; let your Strotzo come:
I can defeat his strongest argument,
With——

Pie. With what?

Mel. With teares, with blushes, sighes, and clasped hands,
With innocent upreared armes to Heaven:
With my unnookt simplicitie. These, these
Must, will, can only quit my heart of guilt.
Heaven permits not taintlesse bloode be spilt,
If no remorse live in your savage breast.

Pie. Then thou must die.

Mel. Yet dying, Ile be blest.

Pie. Accurst by me.

Mel. Yet blest, in that I strove
To live, and die.

Pie. My hate.

Mel. Antonio's love.
Ant. Antonio's love!

¶ *Enter* STROTZO, *a corde about his necke.*

Str. O what vast ocean of repentant teares
Can cleanse my breast from the polluting filth
Of ulcerous sinne! Supreame Efficient,
Why cleav'st thou not my breast with thunderbolts
Of wing'd revenge?
Pie. What meanes this passion?
Ant. What villanie are they decocting now? Umh!
Str. *In me convertite ferrum, O proceres.*
Nihil iste, nec ista.
Pie. Lay holde on him. What strange portent is this?
Str. I will not flinch. Death, hel more grimly stare
Within my heart, then in your threatning browes.
Record, thou threefolde garde of dreadest power,
What I here speake is forced from my lips
By the pulsive straine of conscience.
I have a mount of mischiefe clogs my soule,
As waightie as the high-nol'd Appenine,
Which I must straight disgorge, or breast will burst.
I have defam'd this ladie wrongfully,
By instigation of Antonio,
Whose reeling love, tost on each fancies surge,
Began to loath before it fully joyed. [*Exit* Forobosco.
Pie. Goe, seize Antonio; guard him strongly in.
Str. By his ambition, being only brib'd,
Feed by his impious hand, I poysoned
His aged father, that his thirstie hope
Might quench their dropsie of aspiring drought
With full unbounded quaffe.

Pie. Seize me, Antonio.
Str. O, why permit you now such scum of filth,
As Strotzo is, to live and taint the ayre
With his infectious breath!
Pie. My selfe will be thy strangler, unmatcht slave.

¶ PIERO *comes from his chaire, snatcheth the cords end, and* CASTILIO *aydeth him: both strangle* STROTZO.

Str. Now change your——
Pie. I pluck Castilio—I change my humour: plucke Castilio.
Dye, with thy deathes intreats even in thy jawes.
Now, now, now, now, now, my plot begins to worke!
Why, thus should statesmen doe,
That cleave through knots of craggie pollicies,
Use men like wedges, one strike out another,
Till by degrees the tough and knurly trunke
Be riv'd in sunder. Where 's Antonio?

¶ *Enter* ALBERTO, *running.*

Alb. O, black accursed fate. Antonio's drowned.
Pie. Speake, on thy faith, on thy allegiance, speake.
Alb. As I do love Piero, he is drownde.
Ant. In an inundation of amazement.
Mel. I, is this the close of all my straines in love?
O me most wretched maide.
Pie. Antonio drownde! how? how? Antonio drownd!
Alb. Distraught and raving, from a turrets top
He threwe his bodie in the swolne sea,
And as he headlong topsie turvie dingd downe,
He still cri'd "Mellida!"
Ant. My loves bright crowne.

Mel. He still cry'd "Mellida!"

Pie. Daughter, methinks your eyes should sparkle joy,
Your bosome rise on tiptoe at this news.

Mel. Aye me.

Pie. How now? Ay me! why, art not great of thanks
To gratious Heaven, for the just revenge
Upon the author of thy obloquies!

Mar. Sweete beautie, I could sigh as fast as you,
But that I knowe that, which I weepe to knowe,
His fortunes should be such he dare not showe
His open presence.

Mel. I knowe he lov'd me dearely, dearely, I:
And since I cannot live with him, I dye.

Pie. Fore Heaven, her speach falters; look, she swoons.
Convey her up into her private bed.

[Maria, Nutriche, *and the Ladies, beare out* Mellida, *as being swouned.*

I hope sheele live. If not——

Ant. Antonio's dead! the foole wil follow too, he, he, he!
Now workes the sceane; quick observation scud
To coate the plot, or els the path is lost:
My verie selfe am gone, my way is fled:
I, all is lost, if Mellida is deade. [*Exit* Antonio.

Pie. Alberto, I am kinde; Alberto, kinde.
I am sorie for thy couz, ifaith I am.
Goe, take him downe, and beare him to his father.
Let him be buried; looke yee, Ile pay the priest.

Alb. Please you to admit his father to the court?

Pie. No.

Alb. Please you to restore his lands and goods againe?

Pie. No.

Alb. Please you vouchsafe him lodging in the city?

Pie. Gods fut, no, thou odde uncivill fellow.
Thinke you doe forget, sir, where you are.
Alb. I know you doe forget, sir, where you must be.
Foro. You are too malepert, ifaith you are.
Your honour might do well to——
Alb. Peace, parasite; thou bur, that only sticks
Unto the nappe of greatnesse.
Pie. Away with that same yelping cur—away.
Alb. I—I am gone; but marke, Piero, this.
There is a thing cald scourging *Nemesis.* [*Exit* Alberto.
Bal. Gods neakes, he has wrong, that he has: and S'fut, and I were as he, I would beare no coles. Lawe I, I begin to swell—puffe.
Pie. How now, foole, fop, foole?
Bal. Foole, fop, foole! Marry muffe. I pray you, how manie fooles have you seene goe in a suite of sattin? I hope yet, I doe not looke a foole ifaith! a foole! Gods bores, I scorn't with my heele. S'neaks, and I were worth but three hundred pound a yeare more, I could sweare richly; nay, but as poore as I am, I will sweare the fellowe hath wrong.
Pie. Young Galeatzo! I, a proper man;
Florence, a goodly citie: it shall be so.
Ile marrie her to him instantly.
Then Genoa mine, by my Mariaes match,
Which Ile solemnize ere next setting sun.
Thus Venice, Florence, Genoa, strongly leagu'd.
Excellent, excellent! Ile conquer Rome,
Pop out the light of bright religion;
And then, helter skelter, all cock sure.
Bal. Goe to, tis just, the man hath wrong: go to.
Pie. Goe to, thou shalt have right. Go to, Castilio,

Clap him into the palace dungeon;
Lappe him in rags, and let him feed on slime
That smeares the dungeon cheeke. Away with him.

Bal. In verie good truth, now, Ile nere do so mo
this one time and——

Pie. Away with him—observe it strictly—goe!

Bal. Why then, O wight! alas, poor knight!
O, welladay, Sir Geffery. Let poets roare,
And all deplore; for now I bid you good night.

[*Exit* Balurdo *with* Castilis

Mar. O pittious end of love! O too, too rude hand
Of unrespective death! Alas, sweete maide!

Pie. Forbear me, Heaven. What intend these plaints

Mar. The beautie of admir'd creation,
The life of modest unmixt puritie,
Our sexes glorie, Mellida is——

Pie. What, O Heaven, what!

Mar. Deade!

Pie. May it not sad your thoughts, how?

Mar. Being laid upon her bed, she graspt my hand,
And kissing it, spake thus: Thou very pore,
Why dost not weepe? The jewell of thy browe,
The rich adornement that inchac't thy breast,
Is lost. Thy son, my love, is lost, is deade.
And doe I live to say Antonio 's deade?
And have I liv'd to see his vertues blurd
With guiltlesse blots? O world, thou art too subtile
For honest natures to converse withall,
Therefore Ile leave thee; farewell, mart of woe,
I fly to clip my love, Antonio!
With that her head sunk down upon her brest;
Her cheeke chang'd earth, her senses slept in rest,

ny foole, that press'd unto the bed,
t out so lowd that he brought back her soule,
er againe, that her bright eyes gan ope,
arde upon him. He, audatious foole,
risse her hand, wisht her soft rest, lov'd bride;
nbled out, thanks good, and so she dide.
And so she dide! I doe not use to weepe;
thy love (out of whose fertile sweete
for as faire fruite) I am deepe sad.
not stay my mariage for all this.
), Forobosco, all,
all your wits, winde up invention
is highest bent; to sweete this night,
is drinke Lethe by your queint conceipts;
or two daies oblivion smother griefe.
ien my daughters exequies approach,
all turne sighers. Come, despight of fate,
lowdest musick, lets pase out in state.

¶ *The cornets sound.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENA QUARTA.

¶ *Enter* ANTONIO *solus, in fooles habit.*

. I Heaven, thou maist, thou maist omnipotence.
vermine bred of putrifacted slime
dare to expostulate with thy decrees!
ven, thou maist indeede: she was all thine,
avenly: I did but humbly beg
rrowe her of thee a little time.
gav'st her me, as some weake breasted dame
h her infant, puts it out to nurse;
vhen it once goes high-lone, takes it back.

She was my vitall blood, and yet, and yet,
Ile not blaspheame. Looke here! beholde!
Antonio puts off his cap, and lyeth just upon his b
I turne my prostrate breast upon thy face,
And vent a heaving sigh. O heare but this!
I am a poore, poore orphant—a weake, weak childe,
The wrack of splitted fortune, the very ouze,
The quicksand that devours all miserie.
Beholde the valiant'st creature that doth breath.
For all this I dare live, and I will live,
Onely to numme some others cursed bloode
With the dead palsie of like misery.
Then death, like to a stifling incubus,
Lie on my bosome. Loe, sir, I am sped.
My breast is Golgotha, grave for the deade.

SCENA QUINTA.

¶ *Enter* PANDULPHO, ALBERTO, *and a Page, carrying* FELICHES *trunke in a winding sheete, and lay thwart* ANTONIOS *breast.*

Pan. Antonio, kisse my foote: I honour thee,
In laying thwart my blood upon thy breast.
I tell thee, boy, he was Pandulphos sonne;
And I doe grace thee with supporting him,
Young man.
The dominering monarch of the earth,
He who hath naught that fortunes gripe can seize,
He who is all impregnably his owne,
Hee whose great heart Heaven can not force with force,
Vouchsafes his love. *Non servio Deo, sed assentio.*
Ant. I ha lost a good wife.

Pan. Didst finde her good, or didst thou make her good?
found, thou maist refinde, because thou hadst her.
made, the worke is lost; but thou that mad'st her
iv'st yet as cunning. Hast lost a good wife?
rice blessed man that lost her whilst she was good,
aire, young, unblemisht, constant, loving, chaste.
tell thee, youth, age knows, young loves seeme grac't,
hich with gray cares, rude jarres, are oft defac't.
Ant. But shee was full of hope.
Pan. May be, may be; but that which may be, stood,
tands now without all may. She died good,
nd dost thou grieve?
Alb. I ha lost a true friend.
Pan. I live encompast with two blessed soules.
hou lost a good wife, thou lost a trew friend, ha!
wo of the rarest lendings of the heavens.
ut lendings, which at the fixed day of pay
et downe by fate, thou must restore againe.
O what unconscionable soules are here!
Are you all like the spoke-shaves of the church?
Have you no mawe to restitution?
Hast lost a true friend, cuz? then thou hadst one.
I tell thee, youth, tis all as difficult
To finde true friend in this apostate age
(That balkes all right affiance twixt two hearts)
As tis to finde a fixed modest heart,
Under a painted breast. Lost a true friend!
O happie soule that lost him whilst he was true.
Beleeve it cuz, I to my teares have found,
Oft durts respect makes firmer friends unsound.
Alb. You have lost a good sonne.

Pan. Why there 's the comfort ont, that he was goo
Alas, poore innocent!

Alb. Why weepes mine uncle?

Pan. Ha, dost aske me why? ha, ha!
Good cuz, looke here!

[*He showes him his sonnes bre*

Man will breake out, despight philosophie.
Why, all this while I ha but plaid a part,
Like to some boy, that actes a tragedie,
Speakes burly words, and raves out passion;
But, when he thinks upon his infant weaknesse,
He droopes his eye. I spake more then a god.
Yet am lesse then a man.
I am the miserablest sowle that breathes.

[Antonio *starts*

Ant. S'lid, sir, ye lye! by the heart of griefe, thou lye
I scorn't that any wretched should survive,
Outmounting me in that superlative,
Most miserable, most unmatcht in woe.
Who dare assume that, but Antonio?

Pan. Wilt still be so, and shall yon blood-hound live

Ant. Have I an arme, a heart, a sword, a sowle?

Alb. Were you but private unto what we know.

Pan. Ile knowe it all; first let 's interre the dead.
Let 's dig his grave, with that shall dig the heart,
Liver, and intrals of the murderer.

[*They strike the stage with their daggers, and grave openeth.*

Ant. Wilt sing a dirge, boy?

Pan. No, no song; twill be vile out of tune.

Alb. Indeede, he 's hoarce; the poor boye's voic
crackt.

Pan. Why cuz! why shold it not be hoarce and crackt,
hen all the strings of natures symphony
e crackt and jar? Why should his voice keepe tune,
ien ther 's no musick in the breast of man?
say an honest antick rime I have,
elpe me, good sorrow-mates, to give him grave).
[*They all helpe to carie* Feliche *to his grave.*
ath, exile, plaints, and woe,
: but mans lackies, not his foe.
mortall scapes from fortunes warre
thout a wound, at least a scarre.
ny have led these to the grave;
t all shall followe, none shall save.
ode of my youth, rot and consume;
tue, in dirt, doth life assume.
th this ould sawe, close up this dust;
rice blessed man that dyeth just.
Ant. The gloomie wing of night begins to stretch
lasie pinion over all the ayre.
must be stiffe and steddie in resolve;
's thus our hands, our hearts, our armes involve.
[*They wreath their armes.*
Pan. Now sweare we by this Gordian knot of love,
the fresh turned up mould that wraps my sonne;
the deade browe of triple Hecate;
e night shall close the lids of yon bright stars,
eele sit as heavie on Pieros heart,
s Ætna doth on groning Pelorus.
Ant. Thanks, good old man;
Veele cast at royall chaunce.
et's thinke a plot—then pell mell vengeance!
[*Exeunt, their armes wreathed.*

¶ *The Cornets sound for the Acte.*

¶ *The dumb showe.*

ACTUS QUINTUS.

SCENA PRIMA.

¶ *Enter at one dore* CASTILIO *and* FOROBOSCO, *with halberts; foure Pages, with torches;* LUCEO, *bare* PIERO, MARIA, *and* ALBERTO, *talking;* ALBERTO *drawes out his dagger,* MARIA *her knife, ayming to menace the Duke. Then* GALEATZO, *betwixt two Senators, reading a paper to them, at which they all make semblance of loathing* PIERO, *and knit their fists at him; two Ladies and* NUTRICHE. *All these goe softly over the Stage, whilst at the other doore enters the ghost of* ANDRUGIO, *who passeth by them, tossing his torch about his heade in triumph. All forsake the Stage, saving* ANDRUGIO, *who, speaking, begins the Acte.*

And. VENIT *dies, tempúsque, quo reddat suis*
Animam squallentem sceleribus.
The fist of strenuous vengeance is clutcht,
And sterne Vindicta towreth up aloft,
That she may fal with a more waightie paise,
And crush lives sap from out Pieros vaines.
Now gins the leprous cores of ulcered sins
Wheale to a heade: now is his fate growne mellow,

ıstant to fall into the rotten jawes
f chap-falne death. Now downe lookes Providence,
attend the last act of my sons revenge.
e gratious, observation, to our sceane,
or now the plot unites his scattred limbes
lose in contracted bands. The Florence Prince
Drawne by firme notice of the Dukes black deeds)
s made a partner in conspiracie.
he States of Venice are so swolne in hate
gainst the Duke for his accursed deeds
Of which they are confirm'd by some odde letters
ound in dead Strotzos studie, which had past
etwixt Piero and the murdring slave),
hat they can scarce retaine from bursting foorth
a plaine revolt. O, now tryumphes my ghost,
xclaiming, Heaven's just, for I shal see
he scourge of murder and impietie! [*Exit.*

SCENA SECUNDA.

BALURDO *from under the Stage.*

Bal. Hoe, who 's above there, hoe? A murren on all roverbes. They say, hunger breakes thorough stone alles; but I am as gant as leane ribd famine, yet I can urst through no stone walles. O now, Sir Gefferey, hewe thy valour, breake prison and be hangd. Nor hall the darkest nooke of hell containe the discontented Sir Balurdos ghost. Well, I am out well; I have put off the prison to put on the rope. O poore shotten herring, what a pickle art thou in! O hunger, how thou dominer'st in my guts! O for a fat leg of ewe mutton in stewde broth, or drunken song to feede on. I could belch

rarely, for I am all winde. O colde, colde, colde, colde! O poore knight! O poore Sir Gefferey, sing! an unicorne before thou dost dip thy horne in the water of death. O cold, O sing, O colde, O poore Sir Geffe sing, sing!

CANTAT.

SCENA TERTIA.

¶ *Enter* ANTONIO *and* ALBERTO *at severall doores, the rapiers drawne, in their masking attyre.*

Ant. Vindicta!

Alb. Mellida!

Ant. Alberto!

Alb. Antonio!

Ant. Hath the Duke supt?

Alb. Yes, and tryumphant revels mount aloft.
The Duke drinkes deepe to overflowe his griefe.
The court is rackt to pleasure; each man straines
To faine a jocund eye. The Florentine——

Ant. Young Galeatzo!

Alb. Even he is mightie on our part. The States of Venice——

¶ *Enter* PANDULPHO, *running, in masking attyre.*

Pan. Like high-swoln floods drive down the muddie dammes
Of pent allegeance. O, my lustie bloods,
Heaven sits clapping of our enterprise.
I have beene labouring generall favour firme,
And I doe finde the citizens growne sick
With swallowing the bloodie crudities

: Pieros acts; they faine would cast
nit him from off their governement.
the plot of mischiefe ript wide ope;
are found twixt Strotzo and the Duke
e apparent, yet more firmely strong
ng circumstance; that as I walkt
, to eves-drop speech, I might observe
ver statesmen whispering fearefully.
.e gives nods and hums what he would speake.
aour 's got 'mong troope of citizens,
lowde murmur, with confused dinne.
ikes his head and sighes, O illus'd powre!
: frets, and sets his grinding teeth,
g with rage, and sweares this must not be.
ie complots, and on a sodaine starts,
es, O monstrous, O deepe villanie!
; there nerves, and from beneath swoln brows
es a gloting eye of much mislike;
swart Pieros lips reake steame of wine,
ves lust-thoughts, devours all pleasing hopes,
rong imagination of, what not?
Vindicta, that 's the word we have,
l vengeance, or a royall grave!
Vindicta!
I am acolde.
Who's there? Sir Geffrey?
A poor knight, god wot: the nose of thy knight-
s bitten off with cold. O poore Sir Geffrey, cold,

What chance of fortune hath tript up his heels,
id him in the kennell, ha?
I will discourse it all. Poore honest soule,

Hadst thou a bever to clasp up thy face,
Thou shouldst associate us in masquery,
And see revenge.

Bal. Nay, and you talke of revenge, my stomack for I am most tyrannically hungry. A bever!] a headpeece, a skull, a braine of proofe, I warrant y

Alb. Slinke to my chamber then, and tyre thee.

Bal. Is there a fire?

Alb. Yes.

Bal. Is there a fat leg of ewe mutton?

Alb. Yes.

Bal. And a cleane shirt?

Alb. Yes.

Bal. Then am I for you, most pathetically, an vulgarly, law!

Ant. Resolved hearts, time curtals night, oppor shakes us his foretop. Steel your thoughts, sharp resolve, imbolden your spirit, grasp your swords; a mischief, and with an undanted brow, out scout the opposition
Of most menacing perill.
Harke here, proud pomp shoots mounting tryumph
Borne in lowde accents to the front of Jove.

Pan. O now, he that wants sowle to kill a slave,
Let him die slave, and rot in pesants grave.

Ant. Give me thy hand, and thine, most noble he
Thus will wee live, and, but thus, never part.

[*Exeunt, twin'd tog*

¶ *Cornets sound a cynet.*

SCENA QUARTA.

Enter CASTILIO *and* FOROBOSCO; *two Pages, with torches;* LUCIO, *bare;* PIERO *and* MARIA, GALEATZO, *two Senators, and* NUTRICHE.

¶ PIERO *to* MARIA.

Pie. Sit close unto my breast, heart of my love,
dvance thy drooping eyes.
ly sonne is drownde.
ich happinesse that such a sonne is drownde.
ly husband 's deade, life of my joyes most blest,
ı that the saplesse logge, that prest thy bed
ith an unpleasing waight, being lifted hence,
ven I, Piero, live to warme his place.
tell you, ladie, had you view'd us both
ith an unpartiall eye, when first we woo'd
our maiden beauties, I had borne the prize,
is firme I had; for, faire, I ha done that——
Mar. Murder!
Pie. Which he would quake to have adventur'd;
hou know'st I have ——
Mar. Murdred my husband.
Pie. Borne out the shock of war, and done, what not,
hat valour durst. Dost love me, fairest? Say.
Mar. As I doe hate my son, I love thy soule.
Pie. Why then Io to Hymen, mount a loftie note.
ul red cheekt Bacchus, let Lyeus flote
n burnisht gobblets. Force the plump lipt god,
Skip light lavoltaes in your full sapt vaines.
Tis well brim full. Even I have glut of blood.
Let quaffe carouse. I drinke this Burdeaux wine

Unto the health of deade Andrugio,
Feliche, Strotzo, and Antonios ghosts.
Would I had some poyson to infuse it with;
That having done this honour to the dead,
I might send one to give them notice ont.
I would indeere my favour to the full.
Boy, sing alowd; make heavens vault to ring
With thy breaths strength. I drink. Now lowdly sing.

CANTAT.

¶ *The song ended, the cornets sound a cynet.*

SCENA QUINTA.

¶ *Enter* ANTONIO, PANDULPHO, *and* ALBERTO, *maskery;* BALURDO, *and a Torchbearer.*

Pie. Call Julio hither. Where 's the little sowle?
I sawe him not to-day. Here 's sport alone
For him, ifaith; for babes and fooles, I know,
Relish not substance, but applaud the showe.
[*To the conspirators, as they stand in ranke for the measure.*
Gal. All blessed fortune crown your brave attempt.
[*To* Antonio.
I have a troope to second your attempt. [*To* Pandulpho.
The Venice States joyne hearts unto your hands.
[*To* Alberto.
Pie. By the delights in contemplation
Of comming joyes, 'tis magnificent.
You grace my mariage eve with sumptuous pompe.
Sound still, lowde musick. O, your breath gives grace
To curious feete, that in proud measure pase.

Ant. Mother, is Julios bodie——
Mar. Speake not, doubt not; all is above all hope.
Ant. Then wil I daunce and whirle about the ayre.
hinks I am all sowle, all heart, all spirit.
w murder shall receive his ample merite.

¶ *The measure.*

While the measure is dauncing, ANDRUGIO'S *ghost is placed betwixt the musick houses.*

Pie. Bring hither suckets, canded delicates.
ele taste some sweete meats, gallants, ere we sleep.
Ant. Weele cooke your sweete meats, gallants, with
t sower sawce.
And. Here will I sit, spectator of revenge,
d glad my ghost in anguish of my foe.
[*The maskers whisper with* Piero.
Pie. Marry and shall; ifaith I were too rude,
I gainesaide so civill fashion.
he maskers pray you to forbeare the roome
ill they have banqueted. Let it be so:
o man presume to visite them, on death.
[*The maskers whisper againe.*
nely my selfe? O, why with all my heart;
e fill your consort. Here Piero sits;
ome on, unmaske, lets fall to.
[*The conspirators binde* Piero, *pluck out his tongue, and tryumph over him.*
Ant. Murder and torture! no prayers, no entreats!
Pan. Weele spoyle your oratory. Out with his tong.
Ant. I have 't, Pandulpho; the vaines panting bleede,
Trickling fresh goare about my fist. Bind fast—so, so!

And. Blest be thy hand! I taste the joyes of hea
Viewing my sonne tryumph in his blacke bloode.

Bal. Downe to the dungeon with him; Ile dun
with him! Ile foole you; Sir Gefferey will be Sir Ge
Ile tickle you.

Ant. Beholde, black dogge!

Pan. Grinst thou, thou snurling curre?

Alb. Eate thy black liver.

Ant. To thine anguish see
A foole tryumphant in thy misery.
Vex him, Balurdo.

Pan. He weepes; now do I glorifie my hands;
I had no vengeance, if I had no teares.

Ant. Fal to, good Duke. O these are worthlesse cat
You have no stomack to them; looke, looke here:
Here lies a dish to feast thy fathers gorge.
Here 's flesh and blood, which I am sure thou lov'st.

[Piero *seemes to condole his son*

Pan. Was he thy flesh, thy son, thy dearest sonne?

Ant. So was Andrugio my dearest father.

Pan. So was Feliche my dearest sonne.

¶ *Enter* MARIA.

Mar. So was Andrugio my dearest husband.

Ant. My father found no pittie in thy blood.

Pan. Remorse was banisht, when thou slew'st my so

Mar. When thou impoysoned'st my loving lord,
Exilde was pietie.

Ant. Now therefore pittie, piety, remorse,
Be aliens to our thoughts; grim fier-ey'd rage
Possess us wholly.

Pan. Thy son? true; and which is my most joy,
ope no bastard, but thy very blood,
true begotten, most legitimate
loved issue—there 's the comfort ont.
Ant. Scum of the mud of hell!
Alb. Slime of all filth!
Mar. Thou most detested toad!
Bal. Thou most retort and obtuse rascall!
Ant. Thus charge we death at thee; remember hel,
nd let the howling murmurs of black spirits,
he horrid torments of the damned ghosts,
ffright thy sowle as it descendeth downe
nto the intrals of the ugly deepe.
Pan. Sa, sa; no, let him die, and die, and stil be dying.
[*They offer to runne all at* Piero, *and on a sodain stop.*
nd yet not die till he hath di'd and di'd
ten thousand deathes in agonie of heart.
Ant. Now pel mell; thus the hand of Heaven chokes
The throate of murder. This for my fathers blood.
[*He stabs* Piero.
Pan. This for my sonne.
Alb. This for them all.
And this, and this, sinke to the heart of hell!
[*They run all at* Piero *with their rapiers.*
Pan. Murder for murder, blood for blood, doth yell!
And. Tis done, and now my sowle shal sleep in rest.
Sons that revenge their fathers blood are blest.
[*The curtaines being drawne, exit* Andrugio.

SCENA SEXTA.

¶ *Enter* GALEATZO, *two Senators*, LUCEO, FOROBOSCO, CASTILIO, *and Ladies.*

1st Sen. Whose hand presents this gory spectacle?

Ant. Mine.

Pan. No, mine.

Alb. No, mine.

Ant. I will not loose the glorie of the deede,
Were all the tortures of the deepest hell
Fixt to my limbs. I pearc't the monsters heart
With an undaunted hand.

Pan. By yon bright spangled front of heaven twas I;
Twas I sluc't out his life bloode.

Alb. Tush, to say truth, twas all.

2d Sen. Blest be you all, and may your honours live
Religiously helde sacred, even for ever and ever.

Gal. (*to* Antonio). Thou art another Hercules to us,
In ridding huge pollution from our State.

1st Sen. Antonio, beliefe is fortified
With most invincible approvements of much wrong,
By this Piero to thee. We have found
Beadroles of mischiefe, plots of villany,
Laide twixt the Duke and Strotzo, which we found
Too firmely acted.

2d Sen. Alas, poore orphant!

Ant. Poore, standing tryumphant over Belzebub!
Having large interest for blood, and yet deem'd poor?

1st Sen. What satisfaction outward pomp can yield,
Or cheefest fortunes of the Venice State,
Claime freely. You are well seasond props,

will not warpe, or leane to either part;
nity gives man a steady heart.
t. We are amaz'd at your benignitie;
other vowes constraine another course.
Pan. We know the world, and did we know no more,
e would not live to know; but since constraint
holy bands forceth us keepe this lodge
durts corruption, till dread power cals
r soules appearance, we will live inclos'd
holy verge of some religious order,
ost constant votaries.

[*The curtaines are drawne,* Piero *departeth.*

Ant. First let 's cleanse our hands,
urge hearts of hatred, and intombe my love,
ver whose hearse Ile weepe away my braine
true affections teares.
or her sake, here I vowe a virgine bed.
he lives in me; with her my love is deade.

2d Sen. We will attend her mournfull exequies;
onduct you to your calme sequestred life,
nd then——

Mar. Leave us to meditate on misery,
o sad our thought with contemplation
f past calamities. If any aske
Where lives the widdowe of the poisoned lord?
Where lies the orphant of a murdered father?
Where lies the father of a butchered sonne?
Where lives all woe?—conduct him to us there,
The downe-cast ruines of calamitie.

And. Sound dolefull tunes, a solemne hymne advance,
To close the last act of my vengeance,
And when the subject of your passion's spent,

Sing Mellida is deade, all hearts will relent,
In sad condolement at that heavie sound.
Never more woe in lesser plot was found.
And, O, if ever time create a muse,
That to th' immortall fame of virgine faith
Dares once engage his pen to write her death,
Presenting it in some black tragedie,
May it prove gratious; may his stile be deckt
With freshest bloomes of purest elegance;
May it have gentle presence, and the sceans suckt up
By calme attention of choyce audience;
And when the closing Epilogue appeares,
Instead of claps, may it obtaine but teares.

CANTANT.

[*Exeunt o*

Antonii vindictæ.

THE WONDER OF WOMEN;

OR,

THE TRAGEDIE OF

SOPHONISBA.

TO THE GENERAL READER.

KNOW, *that I have not laboured in this Poeme, to tye my selfe to relate any thing as an historian, but to inlarge ry thing as a poet. To transcribe authors, ite authorities, and translate Latine prose ations into English blank verse, hath, in this ject, been the least ayme of my studies. Then uall Reader) peruse me with no prepared ike; and, if ought shall displease thee, thanke selfe; if ought shall please thee, thanke not for I confesse in this it was not my onely*

¶ *ARGUMENTUM.*

A GRATEFULL hearts just height: ingratitude;
And vowes base breach with worthy shame pursud
A womans constant love as firme as fate;
A blamelesse counsellor well borne for state;
The folly to inforce free love. These know,
This subject with full light doth amply show.

INTERLOCUTORES.

MASSINISSA, SYPHAX, } *Kings of Lybia, rivalls for* SOPHONISBA.
ASDRUBALL, *Father to* SOPHONISBA.
GELOSSO, *a Senator of Carthage.*
BYTHEUS, *a Senator of Carthage.*
HANNO MAGNUS, *Captaine for Carthage.*
JUGURTH, MASSINISSA'S *Nephew.*
SCIPIO, LÆLIUS, } *Generalls of Rome.*
VANGUE, *an Æthiopian Slave.*
CARTHALON, *a Senator of Carthage.*
GISCO, *a Surgeon of Carthage.*
NUNTIUS.
SOPHONISBA, *Daughter to* ASDRUBALL *of Carthage.*
ZANTHIA, *her Mayd.*
ERICTHO, *an Inchantresse.*
ARCATHIA, NYCEA, } *Wayting Women to* SOPHONISBA.

THE TRAGEDIE

OF

SOPHONISBA.

PROLOGUS.

¶ *Cornets sound a march.*

Enter at one doore the PROLOGUE, *two Pages with torches,* ASDRUBALL *and* JUGURTH, *two Pages with lights,* MASSINISSA *leading* SOPHONISBA, ZANTHIA *bearing* SOPHONISBAS *traine,* ARCATHIA *and* NICEA, HANNO *and* BYTHEAS: *at the other doore two Pages with targets and javelins, two Pages with lights,* SYPHAX *arm'd from top to toe,* VANGUE *followes.*

These, thus entred, stand still, whilst the PROLOGUE, *resting betweene both troupes, speakes.*

THE sceane is Lybia, and the subject thus:
Whilst Carthage stood the onely awe of Rome,
As most imperiall seate of Lybia,
Govern'd by statesmen, each as great as kings
or seventeene kings were Carthage feodars);
hilst thus shee flourisht, whilst her Hanniball

Made Rome to tremble, and the walles yet pale:
Then in this Carthage Sophonisba liv'd,
The farre fam'd daughter of great Asdruball:
For whom ('mongst others) potent Syphax sues,
And well-grac'd Massinissa rivalls him,
Both princes of proud scepters: but the lot
Of doubtfull favour Massinissa grac'd,
At which Syphax growes blacke: for now the night
Yeelds lowd resoundings of the nuptiall pompe:
Apollo strikes his harpe: Himen his torch,
Whilst lowring Juno, with ill-boading eye,
Sits envious at too forward Venus: loe,
The instant night: and now yee worthier minds,
To whom wee shall present a female glory
(The wonder of a constancie so fixt,
That fate it selfe might well grow envious),
Be pleas'd to sit, such as may merit oyle,
And holy deaw, still'd from diviner heat:
For rest thus knowing, what of this you heare,
The Author lowly hopes, but must not feare:
For just worth never rests on popular frowne,
To have done well is fayre deeds onely crowne.

Nec se quæsiverit ext

Cornets sound a march.

The Prologue *leades* Massinissas *troupes over the sta*
and departs: Syphax *troups onely stay.*

ACTUS PRIMUS.

SCENA PRIMA.

¶ SYPHAX *and* VANGUE.

SYPHAX, Syphax! why wast thou curst
a king?
What angry god made thee so great, so
vile?
temn'd, disgraced; think, wert thou a slave,
ugh Sophonisba did reject thy love,
low neglected head unpoynted at,
shame unrumour'd, and thy suite unscoft,
ht yet rest quiet. Reputation,
u awe of fooles and great men: thou that choakst
est addictions, and mak'st mortalls sweat
od and cold drops in feare to lose, or hope
gaine thy never certaine seldome worthy gracings.
utation!
t not for thee, Syphax could beare this scorne,
spouting up his gall among his bloud
lacke vexations: Massinissa might
y the sweets of his preferred graces
out my dangerous envie or revenge:

Wert not for thy affliction, all might sleepe
In sweet oblivion: but (O greatnesse scourge!)
20 *Wee cannot without envie keepe high name,*
Nor yet disgrac'd can have a quiet shame.
Van. Scipio——
Sy. Some light in depth of hell. Vangue, what h
Van. I have receiv'd assur'd intelligence,
That Scipio, Romes sole hope, hath raisd up men,
Drawne troupes together for invasion——
Sy. Of this same Carthage?
Van. With this pollicie,
To force wild Hannibal from Italy——
30 *Sy.* And draw the war to Africk.
Van. Right. [ar
Sy. And strike this secure countrey with unthough
Van. My letters beare he is departed Rome,
Directly setting course and sayling up——
Sy. To Carthage, Carthage! O thou eternall youth,
Man of large fame, great and abounding glory,
Renounefull Scipio, spread thy two-necked eagles,
Fill full thy sailes with a revenging wind,
Strike through obedient Neptune, till thy powers
40 Dash up our Lybian house, and thy just armes
Shine with amazefull terror on these wals!
O now record thy fathers honord blood
Which Carthage drunke, thy uncle Publius blood
Which Carthage drunke, 30000 soules
Of choice Italians Carthage set on wing:
Remember Hannibal, yet Hannibal
The consul-queller: O then enlarge thy heart,
Be thousand soules in one; let all the breath,
The spirit of thy name and nation, be mixt strong
50 In thy great heart: O fall like thunder shaft,

ing'd vengeance of incensed Jove,
this Carthage: for Syphax here flies off
all allegeance, from all love or service;
ıow freed) scepter once did yeeld this citie:
niversall gods, light, heate, and ayre,
all unblessing Syphax, if his hands
reare themselves for Carthage but to curse it!
l beene better they had chang'd their faith,
l their gods, then slighted Syphax love.
ırefully will I take vengeance:
ıterleague with Scipio;—Vangue,
Ethiopian negro, goe wing a vessell,
ly to Scipio: say his confederate
l and confirm'd is Syphax: bid him hast
ix our palmes and armes; will him make up,
ıt we are in the strength of discontent,
ınsuspected forces well in armes;
ophonisba, Carthage, Asdruball,
feele their weaknesse in preferring weaknesse,
one lesse great then we. To our deare wishes,
, gentle negro, that this heape may know
nd their wrong.
n. Wrong?
. I, tho' twere not; yet know while kings are strong,
t thei'le but thinke, and not what is, is wrong:
ı disgrac'd in, and by that which hath
reason, love, and woman; my revenge
l therefore beare no argument of right.
sion is reason when it speakes from might:
tell thee, man, nor kings nor gods exempt,
ut they grow pale if once they find contempt. Haste.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENA SECUNDA.

¶ *Enter* ARCATHIA; NYCEA, *with tapers;* SOPHONISI *in her night attire, followed by* ZANTHIA.

So. Watch at the doores: and till wee be repos'd
Let no one enter. Zanthia, undoe me.
Za. With this motto under your girdle,
You had beene undone if you had not beene und
humblest service.
So. I wonder, Zanthia, why the custome is,
To use such ceremonie, such strict shape,
About us women: forsooth the bride must steale
Before her lord to bed; and then delayes
Long expectations, all against knowen wishes.
I hate these figures in locution,
These about phrases forc'd by ceremonie;
We must still seeme to fly what we most seeke,
And hide our selves from that wee faine would find;
Let those that thinke and speake and doe just acts,
Know forme can give no vertue to their acts,
Nor detract vice.
Za. Alas! faire princes, those that are strongly form
And truely shapt, may naked walke; but we,
We things cal'd women, only made for shew
And pleasure, created to beare children,
And play at shuttle-cocke: we imperfect mixtures,
Without respective ceremonie us'd,
And ever complement, alas! what are we?
Take from us formall custome and the curtesies
Which civill fashion hath still us'd to us,

e fall to all contempt. O women, how much,
ow much are you beholding to ceremony!

So. You are familiar. Zanthia, my shooe.

Za. 'Tis wonder, madam, you tread not awry.

So. Your reason, Zanthia.

Za. You goe very high.

So. Harke! musicke! musicke!

¶ *The Ladies lay the Princesse in a faire bed, and close the curtaines, whil'st* MASSINISSA *enters.*

Ni. The bridegrome!

Arca. The bridegrome!

So. Haste, good Zanthia: helpe! keepe yet the doores!

Za. Faire fall you, lady; so admit, admit.

¶ *Enter foure Boyes, antiquely attired, with bows and quivers, dauncing to the cornets, a phantastique measure;* MASSINISSA, *in his night-gowne, led by* ASDRUBALL *and* HANNO, *followed by* BYTHEAS *and* JUGURTH. *The Boyes draw the curtaines, discovering* SOPHONISBA, *to whom* MASSINISSA *speakes.*

Ma. You powers of joy,—gods of a happy bed,
Shew you are pleas'd, sister and wife of Jove,
High fronted Juno, and thou Carthage patron,
Smooth chind Apollo, both give modest heate
And temperate graces.

[Massinissa *drawes a white ribbon forth of the bed, as from the waste of* Sophonisba.

Mass. Loe, I unloose thy waste!
She that is just in love is godlike chaste. Io to Hymen.

¶ *Chorus, with cornets, organ and voices.* Io to Hyn

So. A modest silence, tho't bee thought
A virgins beautie and her highest honour,
Though bashfull fainings nicely wrought,
Grace her that vertue takes not in; but on her
What I dare thinke I boldly speake;
After my word, my well bold action rusheth,
In open flame then passion breake,
Where vertue prompts, thought, word, act never blush
Revenging gods, whose marble hands
Crush faithlesse men with a confounding terror,
Give me no mercy if these bands
I covet not with an unfained fervor;
Which zealous vow when ought can force me claime,
Load with that plague Atlas would groane at, shame.
[*Io to Hy*

¶ *Chorus.* Io to Hymen.

Asdru. Live both high parents of so happy birth,
Your stems may touch the skies and shaddow earth;
Most great in fame, more great in vertue shining,
Prosper, O powers! a just, a strong divining.
[*Io to Hy*

¶ *Chorus.* Io to Hymen.

¶ *Enter* CARTHALO; *his sword drawen, his body wou his shield strucke full of darts.* MASSINISSA *ready for bed.*

Car. To bold hearts Fortune, be not you amaz'd,
Carthage! O Carthage! be not you amaz'd.
Ma. Jove made us not to feare; resolve, speake o
The highest misery of man is doubt. Speake, Carthal

Car. The stooping sun, like to some weaker prince,
t his shades spread to an unnaturall hugenesse,
hen we the campe that lay at Utica,
om Carthage distant but five easie leagues,
scride from of the watch three hundred saile,
on whose tops the Roman eagles stretch'd
eir large spread wings, which fann'd the evening aire
us cold breath; for well we might discerne
me swam to Carthage.
Asd. Hanniball, our ancor, is come backe; thy slight,
y stratagem, to lead warre unto Rome,
quite our selves, hath now taught desperate Rome
assaile our Carthage: now the warre is here.
Ma. He is nor blest, nor honest, that can feare.
Ha. I but to cast the worst of our distresse——
Ma. To doubt of what shall be, is wretchednesse:
esire, feare, and hope, receive no bond
y whom, we in our selves are never but beyond. On.
Car. Th' allarum beates necessity of fight;
h' unsober evening drawes out reeling forces,
ouldiers, halfe men, who to their colours troope
ith fury, not with valour: whil'st our ships
nrigg'd, unus'd, fitter for fire then water,
e save in our barr'd haven from surprize.
y this our army marcheth toward the shore,
ndisciplin'd young men, most bold do doe,
f they knew how, or what, when we descry
mighty dust, beat up with horses hooves,
traight Roman ensignes glitter. Scipio.
Asd. Scipio.
Car. Scipio, advanced like the god of blood,
eades up grim warre, that father of foule wounds,

Whose sinewy feet are steept in gore, whose hideous vo
Makes turrets tremble, and whole cities shake;
Before whose browes, flight and disorder hurry;
With whom march burnings, murder, wrong, wast, rape
Behind whom a sad traine is scene, woe, feares,
Tortures, leane need, famine, and helplesse teares.
Now make we equall stand, in mutuall view:
We judg'd the Romans eighteen thousand foote
Five thousand horse; we almost doubled them
In number, not in vertue; yet in heat
Of youth and wine, jolly, and full of blood,
We gave the signe of battaile: shouts are rais'd,
That shooke the heavens; pell-mell our armies joyne;
Horse, targets, pikes, all against each oppos'd,
They give fierce shocke, armes thunder'd as they clos'd:
Men cover earth, which straight are covered
With men and earth; yet doubtfull stood the fight:
More faire to Carthage: when loe, as oft we see,
In mines of gold, when labouring slaves delve out
The richest ore, being in sudden hope,
With some unlookt-for veine to fill their buckets,
And send huge treasure up, a sudden dampe
Stifles them all, their hands yet stuffd with gold,
So fell our fortunes; for looke, as we stood proud,
Like hopeful victors, thinking to returne
With spoyles worth triumph, wrathfull Syphax lands
With full ten thousand strong Numidian horse,
And joynes to Scipio; then loe, we all were dampt;
We fell in clusters, and our wearyed troopes
Quit all. Slaughter ran through us straight; we flie,
Romans pursue, but Scipio sounds retreat,
As fearing traines and night: we make amaine

r Carthage most, and some for Utica,
l for our lives; new force, fresh armes with speed.
Ha. You have said truth of all; no more: I bleed.
wretched fortune!
Mas. Old lord, spare thy haires:
hat dost thou thinke baldnesse will cure thy griefe?
hat decree the Senate?

¶ *Enter* GELOSSO, *with commissions in his hand, seal'd.*

Gelo. Aske old Gelosso, who returnes from them,
Inform'd with fullest charge, strong Asdruball,
Great Massinissa, Carthage generall,
So speakes the Senate: counsell for this warre,
In Hanno Magnus, Bitheas, Carthalon,
And us Gelosso, rests: imbrace this charge,
You never yet dishonour'd Asdruball.
High Massinissa! by your vowes to Carthage,—
By th' god of great men,—Glory,—fight for Carthage!
Ten thousand strong Massulians, ready troopt,
Expect their king; double that number wayts
The leading of lov'd Asdruball: beat lowd
Our Affricke drummes; and, whil'st our ore-toyl'd foe
Snores on his unlac'd cask, all faint, though proud,
Through his successefull fight, strike fresh alarmes.
Gods are not, if they grace not, bold, just armes.
Mas. Carthage, thou straight shalt know
Thy favours have been done unto a king.
[*Exit with* Asdruball *and the Page.*
So. My lords, tis most unusuall such sad haps
f suddaine horror should intrude 'mong beds
f soft and private loves; but strange events
xcuse strange formes. O you that know our blood

Revenge if I doe feigne: I here protest,
Though my lord leave his wife a very mayd,
Even this night, in stead of my soft armes
Clasping his well-strung limbs with glossefull steele,
What's safe to Carthage shall be sweet to me.
170 I must not, nor am I once ignorant
My choyce of love hath given this sudden danger
To yet strong Carthage: twas I lost the fight;
My choyce vext Syphax, inrag'd Syphax struck
Armes fate; yet Sophonisba not repents.
O we were gods if that we knew events!
But let my lord leave Carthage, quit his vertue,
I will not love him; yet must honour him,
As still good subjects must bad princes. Lords,
From the most ill-grac'd hymeneall bed
180 That ever Juno frown'd at, I entreat
That you'l collect from our loose-formed speech
This firme resolve: that no low appetite
Of my sex weakenesse can or shall orecome
Due gracefull service unto you or vertue.
Witnesse, ye gods, I never untill now
Repin'd at my creation: now I wish
I were no woman, that my armes might speake
My heart to Carthage. But in vaine: my tongue
Sweares I am woman still, I talke so long.

¶ *Cornets a march. Enter two Pages with targets a javelins; two Pages, with torches.* MASSINISS *armed capeapee;* ASDRUBAL *armed.*

190 *Mas.* Ye Carthage lords: know Massinissa knowes
Not only termes of honour, but his actions;
Nor must I now inlarge how much my cause

ɪr'd Carthage, but how I may show
ɔst prest to satisfaction.
me staine of kings ingratitude
ı much be farre! And since this torrent,
ɜ admits no anchor—since the billow
high, we may not hull, but yield
state to stroke of speedy swords.
vith sober hast have well decreed,
o sudden armes: no, not this night,
ties, these first fruits of nuptialls,
ıight give excuse for feeble lingrings,
r Massinissa. Appetite,
ɜs, dalliance, and what softer joyes
of the pleasingst ease can minister,
all. Vertue perforce is vice;
t may, yet holds, is manly wise.
ye lords of Carthage, to your trust
Massinissa's treasure: by the oath
ɔod men stand to my fortune just.
it is for great hearts to mistrust.
ɜ vow by al high powers.
ɔ, do not swear;
ɔorne so small to doubt or feare.
:thy, my lord.
ɜace, my eares are steele;
heare thy much inticing voice.
Massinissa, Sophonisba speakes
y wife: goe with as high a hand
ɜan reare. I will not stay my lord.
ɔur countrey; vent thy youthfull heat
ɔt beds: the fruite of honour, Fame,
gotten then the oft disgrace

Of haplesse parents, children. Goe, best man,
And make me proud to be a souldiers wife,
That valews his renowne above faint pleasures:
Thinke every honour that doth grace thy sword
Trebbles my love. By thee I have no lust
But of thy glory. Best lights of heaven with thee!
Like wonder stand, or fall; so, though thou die,
My fortunes may be wretched, but not I.

Mas. Wondrous creature! even fit for gods, not men:
Nature made all the rest of thy faire sexe
As weake essaies, to make thee a patterne
Of what can be in woman! Long farewell.
He 's sure unconquer'd in whom thou dost dwell,—
Carthage palladium. See that glorious lampe—
Whose lightfull presence giveth suddaine flight
To phansies, fogs, feares, sleepe, and slothfull night—
Spreads day upon the world: march swift amaine;—
Fame got with losse of breath is god-like game.

[*The Ladies draw the curtaines about* Sophonisba; *the rest accompany* Massinissa *forth: the cornets and organs playing loudfull musicke for the Act.*

ACTUS SECUNDUS.

SCENA PRIMA.

¶ *Whil'st the musicke for the first Act sounds,* HANNO, CARTHALO, BYTHEAS, GELOSSO, *enter: they place themselves to counsell;* GISCO, *the impoisoner, waiting on them;* HANNO, CARTHALO, *and* BYTHEAS *setting their hands to a writing, which being offered to* GELOSSO, *hee denies his hand, and, as much offended, impatiently starts up and speakes.*

¶ *Enter* GELOSSO, HANNO, BITHEAS, CARTHALO.

Gel. MY hand? my hand? rot first; wither in aged shame.
Ha. Will you be so unseasonably wood?
Byt. Hold such preposterous zeale, as stands [against
The full decree of Senate! all thinke fit!
Car. Nay, most inevitable necessary
For Carthage safety, and the now sole good
Of present state, that we must breake all faith
With Massinissa: whil'st he fights abroad,
Let's gaine backe Syphax, making him our owne,
By giving Sophonisba to his bed.
Han. Syphax is Massinissa's greater, and his force
Shall give more side to Carthage: as for's queene,
And her wise father, they love Carthage fate;
Profit and honesty are not one in state.
Gel. And what decrees our very vertuous Senate
Of worthy Massinissa, that now fights,

And (leaving wife and bed) bleeds in good armes
For right old Carthage?
Car. Thus tis thought fit:
Her father, Asdruball, on suddain shall take in
Revolted Syphax; so with doubled strength,
Before that Massinissa shall suspect,
Slaughter both Massinissa and his troopes,
And likewise strike, with his deep stratagem,
A sudden weakenesse into Scipio's armes,
By drawing such a limbe from the maine body
Of his yet powerfull army: which being done,
Dead Massinissa's kingdome we decree
To Sophonisba and great Asdruball
For their consent; so this swift plot shall bring
Two crownes to her, make Asdruball a king.
Gel. So first faiths breach, murder, adultery, theft!
Car. What else?
Gel. Nay, all is done, no mischief left. [glori
Car. Pish! prosprous successe gives blackest actio
The meanes are unremembred in most storie.
Gel. Let me not say gods are not.
Car. This is fit;
Conquest by blood is not so sweet as wit:
For howsoere nice vertue censures it,
He hath the grace of warre that hath warres profit.
But Carthage well advis'd, that states come on
With slow advice, quicke execution,
Have heere an engineere long bred for plots,
Call'd an impoysner, who knowes this sound excuse:
The onely dew that makes men sprout in court is use;
Bee't well or ill, his thrift is to bee mute.
Such slaves must act commands, and not dispute.
Knowing foule deeds with danger doe begin,

with rewards doe end: sinne is no sinne,
in respects ——
'el. Politike lord, speake low: though Heaven beares
ice far from us, gods have most long eares;
e has a hundred marble marble hands.
'ar. O I, in poetry or tragique sceane!
'el. I feare gods onely know what poets meane.
'ar. Yet heare mee: I will speake close truth and cease:
thing in Nature is unserviceable,
, not even inutilitie it selfe.
then for nought dishonesty in being?
d if it bee sometimes of forced use,
herein more urgent then in saving nations,
ate shapes are souldred up with base, nay faultie,
t necessary functions: some must lie,
me must betray, some murder, and some all;
ich hath strong use, as poyson in all purges:
t when some violent chance shall force a state
breake given faith, or plot some stratagems,
inces ascribe that vile necessity
nto Heavens wrath; and sure, though't be no vice,
t tis bad chance: states must not sticke to nice,
r Massinissas death sence bids forgive.
ware t'offend great men, and let them live;
r tis of empires body the maine arme,—
that wil do no good shal do no harm. You have my mind.
Gel. Although a stagelike passion, and weake heat,
ll of an empty wording, might sute age,
ew Ile speake strongly truth. Lordes, nere mistrust,
at he who'l not betray a private man
r his countrey, will nere betray his countrey
r private men; then give Gelosso faith:

If treachery in state be serviceable,
Let hangmen doe it. I am bound to lose
My life, but not mine honour, for my countrey.
Our vowes, our faith, our oaths, why th'are our selves,
And he that's faithlesse to his proper selfe,
May be excus'd if he breake faith with princes.
The gods assist just hearts, and states that trust
Plots before Providence, are tost like dust.
For Massinissa (O, let me slacke a little
Austere discourse, and feele humanity!)
Me thinkes I heare him cry, O fight for Carthage!
Charge home: wounds smart not for that so just, so great
So good a city. Me thinks I see him yet
Leave his faire bride, even on his nuptiall night,
To buckle on his armes for Carthage. Harke!
Yet, yet, I heare him cry,—Ingratitude!
Vile staine of man: O ever be most farre
From Massinissa's brest. Up, march amaine;
Fame got by losse of breath is god-like gaine!
And see, by this he bleeds in double fight,
And cryes for Carthage, whil'st Carthage. Memory,
Forsake Gelosso; would I could not thinke,
Nor heare, nor be, when Carthage is
So infinitely vile. See, see! looke here!

¶ *Cornets. Enter two Ushers.* SOPHONISBA, ZANTH
ARCATHIA, HANNO, BYTHEAS, *and* CARTHALO, *p*
sent SOPHONISBA *with a paper, which she hav*
perused, after a short silence, speakes.

So. Who speakes? What, mute? Faire plot! Wh
blush to breake it?

lewd to act when so sham'd but to speake it.
is the Senates firme decree?
r. It is.
. Is this the senates firme decree?
r. It is.
. Hath Syphax entertayned the stratagem?
r. No doubt he hath or will.
. My answer's thus,
t 's safe to Carthage shall be sweet to us.
r. Right worthy.
a. Royallest.
l. O very woman!
. But tis not safe for Carthage to destroy;
ıost unjust, cunningly politique;
head 's still under heaven: O trust to Fate:
Gods prosper more a just then craftie state;
Tis lesse disgrace to have a pitied losse,
Then shamefull victory.
l. O very angell!
. We all have sworne good Massinissa faith;
ch makes us men, and ther 's no other bond
t man and man but words. O equall gods!
e us once know the consequence of vowes—
l. And we shall hate faith-breakers worse than maneaters.
. Ha! good Gelasso, is thy breath not here?
. You doe me wrong, as long as I can die,
ɔt you that old Gelasso can be vile?
s may afflct, tax, torture, but our minds
ɔnly sworne to Jove. I grieve, and yet am proud
I alone am honest: high powers, yee know
ıe is seldome seene with troopes to goe.

So. Excellent man! Carthage and Rome shall fall
Before thy fame: our lords, know I the worst?
130 *Car.* The gods foresaw, 'tis fate we thus are forc'd.
So. Gods naught foresee, but see, for to their eyes
Naught is to come or past; nor are you vile
Because the gods foresee; *for gods not we*
See as things are things, are not as we see.
But since affected wisedome in us women
Is our sexe highest folly, I am silent;
I cannot speake lesse well, unlesse I were
More void of goodnesse. Lords of Carthage, thus
The ayre and earth of Carthage owes my body;
140 It is their servant: what decree they of it?
Car. That you remove to Cirta, to the palace
Of well-form'd Syphax, who with longing eyes
Meets you: he that gives way to Fate is wise. [ev
So. I goe: what power can make me wretched? wl
Is there in life to him that knowes life's losse
To be no evill: shew, shew thy ugliest brow,
O most blacke chaunce; make me a wretched story;
Without misfortune vertue hath no glory:
Opposed trees makes tempests shew their power,
150 And waves forc'd back by rocks makes Neptune tower—
Tearlesse O see a miracle of life,
A maide, a widdow, yet a haplesse wife!
[*Cornets.* Sophonisba, *accompanied with the Senato*
depart; onely Gelosso *stayes.*
Gel. A prodigie! let Nature run crosse legd.
Ops goe upon his head,—let Neptune burne,—
Cold Saturne cracke with heate,—for now the world
Hath seene a woman!
Leape nimble lightning from Joves ample shield,

d make at length an end; the proud hot breath
thee contemning greatnesse, the huge drought
' sole selfe loving vast ambition.
;' unnaturall scorching heate of all those lamps,
ou reard'st to yeeld a temperate fruitfull heate.
lentlesse rage, whose heart hath no one drop
' humane pitie. All all loudly cry,
y brand, O Jove, for know the world is dry!
let a generall end save Carthage fame,
ıen worlds doe burne, unseen 's a cities flame.
Phœbus in me is great; Carthage must fall;
Jove hates all vice, but vowes breach worst of all.

[*Exit.*

SCENA SECUNDA.

Cornets sound a charge. Enter MASSINISSA, *in his gorges and shirt, shield, sword; his arme transfixt with a dart.* JUGURTH *followes, with his cures and caske.*

Mas. Mount us againe; give us another horse!
Jug. Uncle, your blood flowes fast: pray ye withdraw.
Mas. O, Jugurth, I cannot bleed too fast, too much,
For that so great, so just, so royall Carthage!
My wound smarts not, bloods losse makes me not faint,
For that lov'd citie. O nephew, let me tell thee,
How good that Carthage is: it nourish'd me,
And when full time gave me fit strength for love,
The most adored creature of the citie,
To us before great Syphax did they yeeld,—
Faire, noble, modest, and 'bove all, my,
My Sophonisba! O, Jugurth, my strength doubles:

I know not how to turne a coward,—drop
In feeble basenesse I cannot. Give me horse!
Know I am Carthage very creature, and am grac'd
That I may bleed for them. Give me fresh horse!

Jug. He that doth publike good for multitude,
Finds few are truely gratefull.

Mas. O, Jugurth! Fie! you must not say so. Jugu
Some common weales may let a noble heart
Even bleed to death abroad, and not bemoan'd
Neither reveng'd at home. But, Carthage, fie!
It cannot be ungrate, faithlesse through feare:
It cannot, Jugurth. Sophonisba's there:
Beate a fresh charge.

¶ *Enter* ASDRUBALL, *his sword drawne, reading a let*
GISCO *followes him.*

Asd. Sound the retraite, respect your health, brave pri
The waste of blood throws palenesse on your face.

Ma. By light, my heart's not pale: O my lov'd fat
We bleed for Carthage, balsum to my wounds,
We bleed for Carthage; shalt restore the fight?
My squadron of Massalians yet stands firme.

Asd. The day lookes off from Carthage; cease alar
A modest temperance is the life of armes.
Take our best surgeon Gisco, he is sent
From Carthage to attend your chaunce of warre.

Gis. We promise sudden ease.

Ma. Thy comfort's good.

Asd. That nothing can secure us but thy blood?
Infuse it in his wound, t'will worke amaine.

Gis. O Jove!

Asd. What Jove? thy god must be thy gaine,
nd as for me —— Apollo Pythean,
nou know'st a statist must not be a man.
[*Exit* Asdruball.

Enter GELOSSO *disguised like an old souldier, delivering to* MASSINISSA (*as he preparing to be dressed by* GISCO) *a letter, which* MASSINISSA *reading, starts and speaks to* GISCO.

Ma. Forbeare; how art thou cald?
Gi. Gisco, my lord.
Ma. Um, Gisco. Ha! touch not my arme, most only man.
Sirra, sirra, art poore? [*To* Gelasso.
Gi. Not poore.
Ma. Nephew, command.
[Massinissa *begins to drawe.*
Our troopes of horse make indisgrac'd retraite;
Trot easie off; not poore. Jugurth, give charge:
My souldiers stand in square battalia,
[*Exit* Jugurth.
Intirely of themselves. Gisco, th' art old;
Tis time to leave off murder; thy faint breath
Scarce heaves thy ribs, thy gummy blood-shut eyes
Are sunke a great way in thee, thy lanke skinne
Slides from thy fleshlesse veines: be good to men;
Judge him, yee gods: I had not life to kill
So base a creature. Hold, Gisco, live;
The god-like part of kings is to forgive.
Gis. Command astonisht Gisco.
Mas. No returne.
Hast unto Carthage, quit thy abject feares,

Massinissa knowes no use of murderers.

¶ *Enter* JUGURTH, *amaz'd, his sword draiwne.*

Speake, speake; let terrour strike slaves mute,
Much danger makes great hearts most resolute.

Ju. Uncle, I feare foule armes; my selfe beheld
Syphax on high speed run his well breath'd horse
Direct to Cirta, that most beautious city
Of all his kingdome; whil'st his troops of horse,
With carelesse trot, pase gently toward our campe,
As friends to Carthage, stand on guard, deare uncle;
For Asdruball, with yet his well-rankt army,
Bends a deep threatning brow to us, as if
He wayted but to joyne with Syphax horse,
And hew us all to pieces. O my king,
My uncle, father, captaine, O over all!
Stand like thy selfe, or like thy selfe now fall!
Thy troopes yet hold good ground: unworthy wounds
Betray not Massinissa.

Mas. Jugurth, pluck, pluck, so, good cuz.

Ju. O God! Doe you not feele?

Mas. Not Jugurth, no; now all my flesh is steele.

Gel. Of base disguise; high lights scorne not to view
A true old man. Up, Massinissa, throw
The lot of battel upon Syphax troopes,
Before he joyne with Carthage; then amaine
Make through to Scipio; he yields safe abodes:
Spare treachery, and strike the very gods.

Mas. Why wast thou borne at Carthage, O my fare,
Divinest Sophonisba! I am full
Of much complaint, and many passions,
The least of which express'd would sad the gods,
And strike compassion into ruthlesse hell.

unmaim'd heart, spend all thy griefe and rage
ı thy foe: the field 's a souldier's stage,
vhich his action showes. If you are just,
hate those that contemne you, O you gods,
:nge worthy your anger, your anger, O, 100
ne man, up heart: stoop Jove, and bend thy chin
hy large brest; give signe th' art pleas'd, and just
ıre good mens foreheads must not print the dust.
[*Exeunt.*

¶ *Enter* ASDRUBALL, HANNO, BYTHEAS.

's. What Carthage hath decreed, Hanno, is done;
anc'd and borne was Asdruball for state;
ly with it, his faith, his love, his hate,
of one piece. Were it my daughters life
t fate hath sung to Carthage safety brings,
ıt deed so red but hath bin done by kings?
ygenia, he that 's a man for men, 110
ɔitious as a god, must like a god
: free from passions, his full aym'd at end
ıense to others, sole selfe to comprehend
nd in 's owne globe, not to be clasp'd, but holds
hin him all: his heart being of more folds
n shield of Telamon, not to be pierc'd, though struck,
god of wise men is themselves, not lucke.

¶ *Enter* GISCO.

him by whom now Massinissa is not.
ɔo, is 't done?
Vis. Your pardon, worthy lord, 120
s not done, my heart sunk in my brest,
vertue mazd me, faintnesse seizd me all,
ıe god's in kings, that will not let them fall.

As. His vertue mazd thee (umh), why now I see
Th' art that just man that hath true touch of blood,
Of pitty, and soft piety. Forgive?
Yes, honour thee; we did it but to try
What sense thou hadst of blood. Goe, Bytheas,
Take him into our private treasury,
And cut his throat; the slave hath all betrayd.
By. Are you assur'd?
As. Afeard, for this I know,
Who thinketh to buy villany with gold,
Shall ever finde such faith so bought, so sold.
Reward him throughly.
[*A shout; the cornets giving a flourish.*
Han. What meanes this shout?
Asd. Hanno, tis done. Syphax revolt by this
Hath securd Carthage; and now his force come in,
And joyn'd with us, give Massinissa charge,
And assured slaughter. O ye powers! forgive,
Through rottenst dung best plants both sprout and live;
By blood vines grow.
Han. But yet thinke, Asdruball,
Tis fit at least you beare griefes outward show;
It is your kinsman bleeds. What need men know
Your hand is in his wounds? Tis well in state
To doe close ill, but voyd a publike hate.
Asd. Tush, Hanno! let me prosper, let rowts prate,
My power shall force their silence or my hate.
I scorn their idle malice: men of weight
Know, he that feares envie, let him cease to raigne;
The peoples hate to some hath been their gaine.
For howsoere a monarch faines his parts,
Steale any thing from kings but subjects hearts.

¶ *Enter* CARTHALO *leading in bound* GELOSSO.

Car. Guard, guard the campe!—make to the trench!
—stand firme!
Asd. The gods of boldnes with us!—how runs chance?
Car. Think, think, how wretched thou canst be, thou art;
Short words shall speak long woes.
Gel. Mark, Asdrubal.
Car. Our bloody plot to Massinissas eare
Untimely by this lord was all betrayd.
Gel. By me it was; by me, vile Asdruball;
I joy to speak't.
Asd. Downe, slave!
Gel. I cannot fall.
Car. Our traines disclos'd; strait to his wel usde armes
He tooke himselfe, rose up with all his force,
On Syphax carelesse troupes (Syphax being hurried
Before to Cirta, fearlesse of successe,
Impatient Sophonisba to injoy).
Gelosso rides to head of all our squadrons,
Commands make stand in thy name, Asdruball,
In mine, in his, in all: they all obey;
Whilst Massinissa, now with more then fury,
Chargeth the loose and much amazed rankes
Of absent Syphax, who with broken shoute
In vaine expecting Carthage secondings)
Give faint repulse: a second charge is given.
Then looke as when a faulcon towres aloft,
Whole shoales of foule, and flockes of lesser birds
Crouch fearefully, and dive, some among sedge,
Some creepe in brakes. So Massinissas sword,
Brandisht aloft, tost 'bout his shining caske,

Made stoop whole squadrons, quick as thought he st
Here hurles he darts, and there his rage-strong arm
Fights foot to foot. Here cries he strike: they sinke
And then grim slaughter followes; for by this.
As men betrayd, they curse us, dye, or flie, or both;
Six thousand fell at once. Now was I come,
And straight perceiv'd all bled by his vile plot.

Gel. Vile! Good plot! my good plot, Asdruball!

Car. I forc'd our armie beat a running march;
But Massinissa strucke his spurres apace
Upon his speedie horse, leaves slaughtering;
All flie to Scipio, who with open rankes
In view receives them: all I could effect
Was but to gaine him.

Asd. Die!

Gel. Do what thou can,
Thou canst but kill a weake old honest man.

[Gelosso *departs, guar*

Car. Scipio and Massinissa, by this strike
Their clasped palmes, then vow an endlesse love;
Straight a joynt shout they raise, then turne they brea
Direct on us, march strongly toward our campe,
As if they dar'd us fight. O Asdruball,
I feare they'l force our campe.

Asd. Breake up and flie.
This was your plot.

Ha. But 'twas thy shame to chuse it.

Car. He that forbids not offence, he does it.

Asd. The curse of womens words goe with you.
You are no villaines; gods and men, which way?
Advise, vile things.

Ha. Vile?

Asd. I!
Car. Not?
By. You did all.
Asd. Did you not plot?
Car. Yeelded not Asdrubal?
Asd. But you intic'd me.
Ha. How?
Asd. With hope of place.
Car. He that for wealth leaves faith, is abject.
Ha. Base.
Asd. Doe not provoke my sword; I live.
Car. More shame,
T' outlive thy vertue and thy once great name.
Asd. Upbraid ye me?
Ha. Hold!
Car. Know that onely thou
Art treacherous: thou shouldst have had a crowne.
Ha. Thou didst all; all he for whom mischiefes done,
He does it.
Asd. Brooke open scorne, faint powers!
Make good the campe! No, flie! yes, what? wild rage,
To be a prosperous villaine, yet some heat, some hold,
But to burne temples, and yet freeze, O cold!
Give me some health; now your blood sinkes: thus deeds
Ill nourisht rot; without Jove nought succeeds. [*Exeunt.*

Organ mixt with recorders for this Act.

ACTUS TERTIUS.

SCENA PRIMA.

¶ SYPHAX, *with his dagger twound about her haire,* [illegible] *in* SOPHONISBA *in her nightgowne and peticoat,* ZANTHIA *and* VANGUE *following.*

Sy. MUST we intreat? sue to such squea[illegible]
eares?
Know, Syphax has no knees, his eies [illegible]
teares;
Inraged love is senselesse of remorce.
Thou shalt, thou must. Kings glory is their force.
Thou art in Cirta, in my pallace, foole.
Dost thinke he pittieth teares that knowes to rule.
For all thy scornefull eyes, thy proud disdaine,
And late contempt of us, now weele revenge,
Breake stubborne silence. Looke, Ile tack thy head
10 To the low earth, whilst strength of two blacke knaves,
Thy limbs all wide shall straine: prayer fitteth slaves.
Our courtship be our force: rest calme as sleepe,
Else at this quake; harke, harke, we cannot weepe.
So. Can Sophonisba be inforc'd?
Sy. Can? see.
So. Thou mayst inforce my body, but not me.

f with thy loathed armes, 20
e heavy on me then the chaines,
.eepe wrinckles in the captives limbes,
ı thee.
?.
t a beast, be but a beast.
ıot offend a power
ıee more then wretched: yeeld to him
e yeelds. Know Massinissa's dead?
?
! 30.
ıds and good mens shame?
Vangue, my strong bloud boyles.
save thine owne fame.
ɔpetite is deafe, I will, I must.
our could not beare out lust.
:hy strong arme, and heare me. Syphax, know
vant now: I needs must love thee,
ɜex, forgive) I must confesse
t protesting feeblenesse,
t blushings, timorous modestie; 40.
ır lover is but little man,
ll of woman. Know, fayre Prince,
est arme 's not rude; for we still prove,
e fury there 's no ardent love.
loves impatience of delay;
x was onely borne t'obey,
dares command.
this is well;

Organ mixt with recorders for this Act.

ACTUS TERTIUS.

SCENA PRIMA.

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Else at this quake; harke, harke, we cannot weepe.
So. Can Sophonisba be inforc'd?
Sy. Can? see.
So. Thou mayst inforce my body, but not me.

Sy. Not?
So. Not.
Sy. No?
So. No, off with thy loathed armes,
at lye more heavy on me then the chaines,
at weare deepe wrinckles in the captives limbes,
loe beseech thee.
Sy. What?
So. Be but a beast, be but a beast.
Sy. Doe not offend a power
n make thee more then wretched: yeeld to him
whom fate yeelds. Know Massinissa's dead?
So. Dead?
Sy. Dead!
So. To gods and good mens shame?
Sy. Help, Vangue, my strong bloud boyles.
So. O yet save thine owne fame.
Sy. All appetite is deafe, I will, I must.
hilles armour could not beare out lust.
So. Hold thy strong arme, and heare me. Syphax, know
m thy servant now: I needs must love thee,
r (O, my sex, forgive) I must confesse
not affect protesting feeblenesse,
reats, faint blushings, timorous modestie;
thinke our lover is but little man,
o is so full of woman. Know, fayre Prince,
es strongest arme 's not rude; for we still prove,
hout some fury there 's no ardent love.
love our loves impatience of delay;
noble sex was onely borne t'obey,
im that dares command.
y. Why, this is well;

And absolute within themselves repos'd,
Only to greatnesse ope, to all else clos'd.
Weak sanguine fooles are to their own good nice;
Before I held you vertuous, but now wise.
So. Zanthia, victorious Massinissa lives.
My Massinissa lives. O steddy powers,
Keep him as safe as heaven keepes the earth,
Which looks upon it with a thousand eyes;
That honest valiant man, and Zanthia,
Doe but record the justice of his love,
And my for ever vowes, for ever vowes.
Za. I, true madam; nay, thinke of his great mind,
His most just heart, his all of excellence,
And such a vertue as the gods might envy.
Against this, Syphax, is but —— and you know,
Fame lost, what can be got that 's good for ——
So. Hence,
Take, nay, with one hand.
Za. My service.
So. Prepare our sacrifice.
Za. But yield you, I, or no?
So. When thou dost know.
Za. What then?
So. Then thou wilt know.
Let him that would have counsel 'voyd th' advice
[*Exit* Zant.
Of friends, made his with waighty benefits,
Whose much dependance onely strives to fit
Humour, not reason, and to still devise
In any thought to make their friend seeme wise.
But above all, O feare a servants tongue,
Like such as onely for their gaine to serve,

ithin the vaste capacity of place,
now no vilenesse so most truly base.
eir lords, their gaine; and he that most will give,
ith him (they will not dye, but) they will live.
aytors and these are one; such slaves once trust,
het swords to make thine owne blood like the dust.

Cornets and organs playing full musicke. Enters the solemnity of a sacrifice; which being entered, whilst the attendance furnish the altar, SOPHONISBA *song, which done, she speakes—*

Vithdraw, withdraw; all but Zanthia and Vangue depart.
not invoke thy arme, thou god of sound;
for thine, nor thine, although in all abound
High powers immense. But joviall Mercury,
and thou, O brightest female of the sky,
Thrice modest Phœbe, you that joyntly fit
A worthy chastity, and a most chaste wit,
To you corruptlesse hunny, and pure dew,
Upbreathes our holy fire; words just and few,
O daine to heare, if in poore wretches cryes
You glory not; if drops of withered eyes
Be not your sport, be just; all that I crave
Is but chaste life, or an untainted grave.
I can no more; yet hath my constant tongue
Let fall no weaknesse, tho' my heart were wrung
With pangs worth hell; whilst great thoughts stop our teares,
Sorrow unseene, unpitied inward weares:
You see now where I rest, come is my end.
Cannot Heaven, vertue, 'gainst weake chance defend?
When weaknesse hath out-borne what weaknesse can,
What, should I say tis Joves, not sinne of man.

Some stratagem now let wits God be shewen,
Celestiall powers by miracles are knowne.
I hav't; tis done. Zanthia, prepare our bed ——
Van. Your servant,
So. Vangue, we have perform'd
Due rites unto the dead.
[Sophonisba *presents a carouse to* Vangue.
Now to thy lord, great Syphax, healthfull cups, which d
The king is right much welcome.
Van. Were it as deepe as thought, off it should th
[*He dri*
So. My safetie with that draught.
Van. Close the vaults mouth least we doe slip in dri
So. To what use, gentle negro, serves this cave,
Whose mouth thus opens so familiarly,
Even in the Kings bed-chamber?
Van. O, my Queene,
This vault with hideous darkness, and much length,
Stretcheth beneath the earth into a grove,
One league from Cirta (I am very sleepy);
Through this when Cirta hath beene strong begirt,
With hostile siege the King hath safely scaped
To, to ——
So. The wine is strong.
Van. Strong?
So. Zanthia!
Za. What meanes my Princesse?
So. Zanthia, rest firme
And silent. Helpe us; nay, doe not dare refuse.
Za. The negros dead!
So. No, drunk!
Za. Alas!

Let not thy backe be wanting; for now I leape
To catch the fruite none but the gods should reape.
[*Offering to leape into bed, he discovers* Vangue.
Hah! can any woman turne to such a devill?
Or—or—Vangue, Vangue ——
Van. Yes, yes.
Sy. Speake, slave.
How cam'st thou here?
Van. Here?
Sy. Zanthia, Zanthia, wher's Sophonisba? speake at full—at full.
Give me particular faith, or know thou art not ——
Za. Your pardon, just mov'd Prince, and private care.
Sy. Ill actions have some grace, that they can feare.
Van. How came I laid? which way was I made drunke?
Where am I? thinke I, or is my state advanc'd?
O Jove, how pleasant is it but to sleepe
In a kings bed!
Sy. Sleepe there thy lasting sleepe,
Improvident, base, o're-thirsty slave.
[Syphax *kils* Vangue.
Dye pleas'd, a kings couch is thy too proud grave.
Through this vault say'st thou?
Za. As you give me grace
To live, tis true.
Sy. We will be good to Zanthia;
Goe, cheare thy lady, and be private to us.
[*She descends after* Sophonisba.
Za. As to my life.
Sy. I'le use this Zanthia,
And trust her as our dogs drinke dangerous Nile,
Only for thirst; the flie, the crocodile:

'ise Sophonisba knowes loves tricks of art, 250
'ithout much hindrance, pleasure hath no heart;
espight all vertue or weake plots I must,
:ven walled Babell cannot beare out lust.
[*Descends through the vault.*

¶ *Cornets sound marches.*

Enter SCIPIO and LÆLIUS, *with the complements of Roman Generalls before them. At the other doore,* MASSINISSA *and* JUGURTH.

Mas. Let not the vertue of the world suspect
'ad Massinissa's faith; nor once condemne
)ur just revolt. Carthage first gave me life;
Her ground gave food, her aire first lent me breath.
The earth was made for men, not men for earth.
Scipio, I doe not thanke the Gods for life,
Much lesse vile men, or earth; know, best of lords, 260
It is a happy being, breath well fam'd,
For which Jove sees these thus. Men be not fool'd
With piety to place, traditions feare,
A just mans countrey Jove makes every where.
Sci. Well urgeth Massinissa; but to leave
A city so ingrate, so faithlesse, so more vile
Then civill speech can name, feare not, such vice
To scourge is Heavens gratefull sacrifice.
Thus all confesse first they have broke a faith
To the most due, so just to be observ'd, 270
That barbarousnesse it selfe may well blush at them.
Where is thy passion? they have shar'd thy crowne,
The proper right of birth, contriv'd thy death.
Where is thy passion? given thy beautious spouse
To thy most hated rivall. Statue, not man;

And last, thy friend Gelosso (man worth gods)
With tortures have they rent to death.
Mas. O Gelosso!
For thee full eyes ——
280 *Sci.* No passion for the rest?
Mas. O Scipio! my griefe for him may be exprest,
But for the rest, silence and secret anguish by teares
Shall wast—shall wast! Scipio, he that can weep,
Grieves not like me, private deep inward drops
Of blood! My heart, for Gods right give me leave
To be a short time man.
Sci. Stay, Prince.
Mas. I cease;
Forgive if I forget thy presence. Scipio,
290 Thy face makes Massinissa more than man,
And here before your steddy power I vow
As firme as fate I make: When I desist
To be commanded by thy vertue (Scipio),
Or fall from friend of Romes, revenging gods,
Afflict me worth your torture. I have given
Of passion and of faith, my heart.
Sci. To counsell then,
Griefe fits weake hearts, revenging vertue men.
Thus I thinke fit, before that Syphax know
300 How deepely Carthage sinkes, lets beat swift march
Up even to Cirta, and whilst Syphax snores
With his, late thine ——
Mas. With mine? no, Scipio;
Libian hath poyson, aspes, knives, and too much earth
To make one grave, with mine? Not, she can dye,
Scipio, with mine! Jove, say it thou dost lye.
Sci. Temperance be Scipios honour.

Le. Cease your strife, she is a woman.
Mas. But she is my wife.
Le. And yet she is no god
Mas. And yet she 's more.
doe not praise gods goodnesse, but adore.
ods cannot fall, and for their constant goodnesse
Vhich is necessited) they have a crowne
f never-ending pleasures; but faint man
ram'd to have his weaknesse made the heavens glory),
he with steddy vertue holds all siege,
hat power, that speech, that pleasure, that full sweets,
world of greatnesse can assail him with,
laving no pay but selfe wept misery,
nd beggars treasure heapt—that man Ile prayse
bove the gods.
Sci. The Lybian speakes bold sense.
Mas. By that by which all is, proportion,
speake with thought.
Sci. No more.
Mas. Forgive my admiration.
You toucht a string to which my sense was quick;
Can you but thinke? Do, do; my griefe—my griefe—
Would make a saint blaspheme! Give some reliefe;
As thou art Scipio, forgive that I forget
I am a souldier. Such woes Joves ribs would burst.
Few speake lesse ill that feele so much of worst.
My eare attends.
Sci. Before then Syphax joyne,
With new strength'd Carthage, or can once unwind
His tangled sense from out so vilde amaze,
Fall wee like suddaine lightning fore his eyes:
Boldnesse and speed are all of victories.

Mas. Scipio, let Massinissa clip thy knees;
May once these eyes view Syphax? shall this arme
Once make him feele his sinne? O yee gods!
My cause, my cause! Justice is so huge ods,
That he who with it feares, Heaven must renounce
In his creation.

Sci. Beate then a close quicke march;
Before the morne shall shake cold dews through skies,
Syphax shall tremble at Romes thicke alarmes.

Mas. Yee powers, I challenge conquest to just armes.

[*With a full flourish of cornets, they depart.*]

ACTUS QUARTUS.

SCENA PRIMA.

¶ *Organs, viols, and voices, play for this Act.*

Enter SOPHONISBA *and* ZANTHIA, *as out of a caves mouth.*

So. WHERE are we, Zanthia?
Za. Vangue, said the cave
Op'ned in Belos forrest.
So. Lord, how sweet
Is ent the ayre! The huge long vaults close vaine,
What dumps it breath'd! In Belos forrest sayst;
Be valiant, Zanthia; how far 's Utica
From these most heavie shades?
Za. Ten easie leagues.
So. There 's Massinissa, my true Zanthia;
Shals venture nobly to escape, and touch
My lords just armes? Loves wings so justly heave
The body up, that as our toes shall trip
Over the tender and obedient grasse,
Scarce any drop of dew is dasht to ground.
And see the willing shade of friendly night
Makes safe our instant haste. Boldnesse and speed
Make actions most impossible succeed.

Za. But, madam, know the forrest hath no way
But one to passe, the which holds strictest guard.
So. Doe not betray me, Zanthia.
Za. I, madam?
So. No,
I not mistrust thee, yet but ——
Za. Here you may
Delay your time.
So. I, Zanthia, delay,
By which we may yet hope; yet hope, alas!
How all benumd 's my sense. Chaunce hath so often stru
I scarce can feele. I should now curse the gods,
Call on the furies! stampe the patient earth!
Cleave my stretch'd cheeks with sound, speake from
sense,
But loud and full of players eloquence.
No, no; what shall we eate?
Za. Madam, Ile search
For some ripe nuts which autumn hath shooke downe
From the unleav'd hasell, then some cooler ayre
Shall lead me to a spring. Or I will try
The courteous pale of some poore forrestres
For milke.
So. Do, Zanthia. O happinesse! [*Exit* Zanth
Of those that know not pride or lust of citie!
Ther 's no man bless'd but those that most men pitty.
O fortunate poore maids, that are not forc'd
To wed for state, nor are for state divorc'd!
Whom policy of kingdomes doth not marry,
But pure affection makes to love or vary;
You feele no love which you dare not to shew,
Nor shew a love which doth not truely grow!

you are surely blessed of the sky;
ou live, that know not death before you dye.
[*Through the vautes mouth, in his night gowne, torch in his hand,* Syphax *enters just behind* Sophonisba.
ou are ——
Sy. In Syphax armes. Thing of false lip,
hat god shall now release thee?
So. Art a man?
Sy. Thy limbs shall feele. Despight thy vertue, know
I'le thred thy richest pearle. This forrests deafe
s is my lust. Night and the god of silence
wels my full pleasures; no more shalt thou delude
y easie credence. Virgin of faire brow,
ell featurde creature, and our utmost wonder,
Queene of our youthfull bed, be proud.
[Syphax *setteth away his light, and prepareth to embrace* Sophonisba.
Ile use thee. [Sophonisba *snatcheth out her knife.*
So. Looke thee—view this—shew but one straine of force,
Bow but to sease this arme, and by my selfe,
Or more, by Massinissa, this good steele
Shall set my soule on wing. Thus form'd gods see,
And men with gods worth envie nought but me.
Sy. Doe strike thy breast; know, being dead, Ile use,
With highest lust of sense, thy senselesse flesh,
And even then thy vexed soule shall see,
Without resistance, thy trunke prostitute
Unto our appetite.
So. I shame to make thee know
How vile thou speakest. Corruption then as much
s thou shalt doe; but frame unto thy lusts

Imaginations utmost sinne! Syphax,
I speake all frightlesse, know I live or die
To Massinissa; nor the force of fate
80 Shall make me leave his love, or slake thy hate!
I speake no more.
Sy. Thou hast amaz'd us; womans forced use,
Like unripe fruits, no sooner got but waste;
They have proportion, colour, but no taste.
Thinke, Syphax; Sophonisba, rest thy owne!
Our guard!

¶ *Enter a guard.*

Creature of most astonishing vertue,
If with faire usage, love, and passionate courtings,
We may obtaine the heaven of thy bed,
90 We cease no sute; from other force be free.
We dote not on thy body, but love thee.
So. Wilt thou keep faith?
Sy. By thee, and by that power
By which thou art thus glorious, trust my vow.
Our guard, convay the royallst excellence
That ever was call'd woman to our pallace:
Observe her with strict care!
So. Dread Syphax, speake!
As thou art worthy, is not Zanthia false?
100 *Sy.* To thee she is.
So. As thou art then thy selfe,
Let her not be.
Sy. She is not! [*The guard seizeth Za*
Za. Thus most speed,
When two foes are growne friends, partakers bleed.
Sy. When plants must flourish, their manure mu

So. Syphax, be recompenc'd, I hate thee not.

[*Exit* Sophonisba.

Sy. A wasting flame feedes on my amorous blood,
Which we must coole, or dye. What way all power,
All speech, full opportunity, can make,
We have made fruitlesse tryall. Infernall Jove,
You resolute angels that delight in flames,
To you, all wonder-working spirits, I flye!
Since heaven helps not, deepest hell wee 'l try!
Here in this desart, the great soule of charmes,
Dreadfull Erictho lives, whose dismall brow
Contemnes all roofes or civill coverture.
Forsaken graves and tombs, the ghosts forc'd out,
She joyes to inhabite.

¶ *Infernall musicke playes softly, whilest* ERICTHO *enters, and, when she speakes, ceaseth.*

A loathsome yellow leannesse spreads her face,
A heavy hell-like palenesse loads her cheeks,
Unknowne to a cleare heaven; but if darke winds
Or thicke blacke clouds drive back the blinded starres,
When her deep magicke makes forc'd heaven quake
And thunder, spight of Jove—Erictho then
From naked graves stalkes out, heaves proud her head
With long unkemb'd haire loaden, and strives to snatch
The nights quicke sulphure; then she bursts up tombs
From halfe-rot sear-cloths, then she scrapes dry gummes
For her blacke rites; but when she finds a coarse
But newly grav'd, whose entrailes are not turn'd
To slymie filth, with greedy havocke then
She makes fierce spoyle, and swells with wicked triumph
To bury her leane knuckles in his eyes;

Then doth she knaw the pale and oregrowne nayles
From his dry hand; but if she find some life
Yet lurking close, she bites his gellid lips,
And, sticking her blacke tongue in his dry throat,
She breathes dire murmurs, which inforce him beare
Her banefull secrets to the spirits of horrour.
To her first sound the gods yield any harme,
As trembling once to heare a second charme,
She is ——

Eri. Here, Syphax, here; quake not, for know,
I know thy thoughts: thou wouldst intreat our power
Nice Sophonisba's passion to inforce
To thy affection. Be all full of love;
Tis done, tis done; to us heaven, earth, sea, ayre,
And Fate it selfe obayes; the beasts of death,
And all the terrours angry gods invented
(T'afflict the ignorance of patient man),
Tremble at us; the roul'd-up snake uncurls
His twisted knots at our affrighting voyce.
Are we incens'd? the king of flames growes pale,
Lest he be choak'd with blacke and earthy fumes,
Which our charmes raise. Be joy'd, make proud thy l
I do not pray you, gods, my breath's, you must.

Sy. Deep knowing spirit, mother of all high
Mysterious science, what may Syphax yield
Worthy thy art, by which my soule 's thus eas'd?
The gods first made me live, but thou live pleas'd.

Eri. Know then our love, hard by the reverent ruin
Of a once glorious temple rear'd to Jove,
Whose very rubbish (like the pittyed fall
Of vertue most unfortunate) yet beares
A deathlesse majesty, though now quite rac'd,

.owne by wrath and lust of impious kings,
where holy Flamins wont to sing
mnes to Heaven, there the daw and crow,
oyc'd raven, and still chattering pye,
; ungratefull sounds and loathsome filth;
tatues and Joves acts were vively limbs,
ith black coales draw the vail'd parts of nature,
herous actions of imagin'd lust;
ombs and beautious urnes of well dead men
. assured rest, the shepheard now
his belly; corruption most abhorr'd
ɡ it selfe with their renowned ashes:
e quakes at it!
ıce a charnel-house, now a vast cave,
ıose brow a pale and untrod grove
ı out her heavy shade, the mouth thicke armes
some ewe (sun proofe) for ever choakes.
rest barren darknesse, fruitlesse drought
eternall night; the steame of hell
.ot to lasy ayre. There, that 's my cell;
ıence a charme, which Jove dare not heare twice,
rce her to thy bed. But Syphax know,
the highest rebell to our art.
re I charge thee, by the feare of all
hou know'st dreadfull, or more, by our selfe,
. swift hast she passeth to thy bed,
y to thy wishes yields, speake not one word,
re, as thou dost feare thy losse of joyes,
one light, one light.
As to my fate
my guidance.
Then, when I shall force

200 The aire to musicke, and the shades of night
To forme sweet sounds, make proud thy rais'd delight;
Meane time behold, I goe a charme to reare,
Whose potent sound will force our selfe to feare.
Sy. Whether is Syphax heav'd? at length shall 's joy
Hopes more desir'd then Heaven? Sweet labouring earth
Let heaven be uniform'd with mighty charmes,
Let Sophonisba only fill these armes,
Jove wee'l not envy thee! Bloods appetite
Is Syphax god; my wisedome is my sense,
210 Without a man I hold no excellence.
Give me long breath, young beds, and sicklesse ease,
For we hold firme, that 's lawfull which doth please.

¶ *Infernall musicke, softly.*

Harke! harke! now rise infernall tones,
The deep fetch'd grones
Of labouring spirits that attend
Erictho.
Erictho. [*within.*
Sy. Now cracke the trembling earth, and send—
—— Shreekes that portend
220 Affrightment to the gods which heare
Erictho.
Erictho. [*within.*

¶ *A treble viall, &c., a base lute, play softly within the canopy.*

Sy. Harke! harke! now softer melody strikes mute
Disquiet Nature. O thou power of sound,
How thou dost melt me! Harke! now even heaven
Gives up his soule amongst us. Now 's the time

ıen greedy expectation straines mine eyes
: their lov'd object; now Erictho will'd,
:pare my appetite for loves strict gripes.
;ou deare founts of pleasure, bloud, and beauty,
;se active Venus worth fruition
such provoking sweetnesse. Harke, she comes!

A short song to soft musicke above.

o nuptiall hymnes, inforced spirits sing.
rke, Syphax, harke!

CANTANT.

w hell and heaven rings
th musicke spight of Phœbus. Peace!

Enter ERICTHO *in the shape of* SOPHONISBA, *her face vailed, and hasteth in the bed of* SYPHAX.

: comes!
:y of bloods impatient! Erictho
ıve thunder sits: to thee, egregious soule,
all flesh bend. Sophonisba, thy flame
: equall mine, and weele joy such delight,
ıt gods shall not admire, but even spight!

[Syphax *hastneth within the canopy, as to* Sophonisbas *bed.*

ACTUS QUINTUS.

SCENA PRIMA.

¶ *A base lute and a treble violl play for the Act.*

¶ SYPHAX *drawes the curtaines, and discovers* ERICTHO *lying with him.*

Eri. HA! ha! ha!
Sy. Light, light!
Eri. Ha! ha!
Sy. Thou rotten scum of hell ——
O my abhorred heate! O loath'd delusion!
[*They leape out of the bed;* Syphax *takes his to his sword.*
Eri. Why, foole of kings, could thy weake soule imagine
That 'tis within the graspe of heaven or hell
To enforce love? Why, know love doats the fates,
Jove groanes beneath his waight: more ignorant thing,
Know we, Erictho, with a thirsty wombe,
Have coveted full threescore suns for blood of kings.
We that can make inraged Neptune tosse
His huge curld locks without one breath of wind;
We that can make Heaven slide from Atlas shoulder;
We, in the pride and height of covetous lust,

'e wisht with womans greedinesse to fill
' longing armes with Syphax well strong lims;
l dost thou thinke if philters or hels charmes
ld have inforc'd thy use, we would hav' dam'd
ine sleights? No, no. Now are we full
ɔur deare wishes. Thy proud heate well wasted
h made our lims grow young! Our love, farewell!
ɔw he that would force love, thus seekes his hell!

[Erictho *slips into the ground, as* Syphax *offers his sword to her.*

y. Can we yet breath? Is any plagu'd like me?
we? Lets thinke. O now contempt, my hate
thee, thy thunder, sulphure, and scorn'd name.
whose life 's loath'd, and he who breathes to curse
very beings, let him thus with me!

[Syphax *kneeles at the altar.*

. fore an altar, sacred to blacke powers,
l thus dare Heavens! O thou whose blasting flames
rle barren droughts upon the patient earth,
l thou, gay god of riddles and strange tales,
t-brained Phœbus, all adde if you can,
nething unto my misery, if ought
plagues lurke in your deepe trench'd browes,
ich yet I know not,—let them fall like bolts,
ich wrathfull Jove drives strong into my bosome,
ny chance of warre, or newes ill voyc'd,
schiefe unthought of lurke, come, giv 't us all,
ape curse on curse, we can no lower fall!

[*Out of the altar the ghost of* Asdruball *ariseth.*

Asd. Lower—lower!
Sy. What damn'd ayre is form'd
o that shape? Speake, speake, we cannot quake!

Our flesh knowes not ignoble tremblings. Speake!
We dare thy terror! Me thinkes hell and fate
Should dread a soule with woes made desperate!

Asd. Know me the spirit of great Asdruball,
Father to Sophonisba, whose bad heart
Made justly most unfortunate; for know
I turn'd unfaithfull, after which the field
Chanc'd to our losse, when of thy men there fell
Six thousand soules, next fight of Lybians ten.
After which losse we, after Carthage flying,
Th' inraged people cride their army fell
Through my base treason. Straight my revengefull fury
Make them pursue me; I with resolute haste
Made to the grave of all our ancestors,
When poysoned, hop'd my bones should have long rest.
But see the violent multitude arrives,
Teare downe our monument, and me now dead
Deny a grave; hurle us among the rocks
To stanch beasts hunger; therefore thus ungrav'd
I seeke slow rest. Now doest thou know more woes,
And more must feele. Mortals, O feare to slight
Your gods and vowes. Joves arme is of dread might.

Sy. Yet speake: shall I orecome approaching foes?

Asd. Spirits of wrath know nothing but their woes.

[*Exit.*

¶ *Enter* NUNTIUS.

Nun. My liedge, my liedge, the scouts of Cirta bring intelligence
Of suddaine danger; full ten thousand horse,
Fresh and well rid, strong Massinissa leads,

As wings to Romane legions that march swift,
Lead by that man of conquest, Scipio.

Sy. Scipio?

Nun. Direct to Cirta. [*A march farre off is heard.*
Harke! their march is heard even to the citie.

Sy. Helpe, our guard, my armes; bid all our leaders
Beate thicke alarmes. I have seene things which thou
Wouldst quake to heare;
Boldnesse and strength the shame of slaves be feare.
Up, heart, hold sword! though waves roule thee on shelfe,
Though fortune leave thee, leave not thou thy selfe!
[*Exit, arming.*

SCENA SECUNDA.

¶ *Enter two Pages, with targets and javelins;* LÆLIUS *and* JUGURTH, *with holberds;* SCIPIO *and* MASSINISSA *armed; cornets sounding a march.*

Sci. Stand!

Mas. Give the word—Stand!

Sci. Part the file!

Mas. Give way!
Scipio, by thy great name, but greater vertue,—
By our eternall love, give me the chance
Of this dayes battle! Let not thy envied fame
Vouchsafe t'oppose the Romane legions
Against one weakened Prince of Lybia.
This quarrel 's mine—mine be the stroke of fight!
Let us and Syphax hurle out well forc'd darts

Each unto others breast. O (what should I say?)
Thou beyond epithete, thou whom proud lords of fortune
May even envie. Alas! my joys so vaste,
Makes me seeme lost. Let us thunder and lightning
Strike from our brave armes. Looke, looke, sease that hil
Harke! he comes neere. From thence discerne us strik
Fire worth Jove; mount up, and not repute
Me very proud, though wondrous resolute.
My cause, my cause is my bold heartning ods,
That sevenfold shield, just armes should fright the gods.

Sci. Thy words are full of honour; take thy fate.

Mas. Which we doe scorne to feare, to Scipio state
Worthy his heart. Now let the forced brasse
Sound on.

¶ *Cornets sound a march.* SCIPIO *leads his traine to the mount.*

Jugurth, claspe sure our caske,
Arme us with care; and Jugurth, if I fall
Through this dayes malice, or our fathers sinnes,
If it in thy sword lye, breake up my breast,
And save my heart that never fell nor sued
To ought but Jove and Sophonisba. Sound,
Sterne heartners unto wounds and blood—sound loud,
For we have named Sophonisba.

[*Cornets a flourish*

So, [*Cornets a march farre off*

Harke, harke, he comes! stand blood! Now multiply
Force more than fury. Sound high, sound high, we strik
For Sophonisba.

¶ *Enter* SYPHAX *arm'd, his Pages with shields and darts before; cornets sounding marches.*

Sy. For Sophonisba.
Mas. Syphax!
Sy. Massinissa!
Mas. Betwixt us two,
Let single fight try all.
Sy. Well urg'd.
Mas. Well granted
Of you, my starres; as I am worthy you,
I implore ayde; and O, if angels wayt
Upon good hearts, my genius bee as strong
As I am just.
Sy. Kings glory is their wrong.
He that may onely doe just act 's a slave.
My gods my arme, my life, my heaven, my grave,
To me all end.
Mas. Give day, gods, life, not death,
To him that onely feares blaspheming breath.
For Sophonisba!
Sy. For Sophonisba!

¶ *Cornets sound a charge.* MASSINISSA *and* SYPHAX *combate.* SYPHAX *falls.* MASSINISSA *unclasps* SYPHAX *caske; and, as ready to kill him, speakes* SYPHAX—

Sy. Unto thy fortune, not to thee, wee yeeld.
Mas. Lives Sophonisba yet unstain'd, speake just—
Let ours unforc'd?
Sy. Let my heart fall more low
Then is my body, if onely to thy glory
Thee lives not yet all thine.

Mas. Rise, rise! Cease strife!
Heare a most deepe revenge—from us take life!
¶ *Cornets sound a march.* SCIPIO *and* LÆLIUS e
SCIPIO *passeth to his throne.* MASSINISSA *pre*
SYPHAX *to* SCIPIO'S *feet, cornets sounding a flou*
To you all power of strength; and next to thee,
Thou spirit of triumph, borne for victory.
I heave these hands. March we to Cirta straight,
My Sophonisba with swift hast to winne,
In honor and in love all meane is sinne.
[*Exeunt* Massinissa *and* Jugur

Sci. As we are Romes great generall, thus we presse
Thy captive necke. But as still Scipio,
And sensible of just humanitie,
We weepe thy bondage. Speake, thou ill chanc'd man,
What spirit tooke thee when thou wert our friend
(Thy right hand given both to gods and us,
With such most passionate vowes and solemne faith),
Thou fledst with such most foule disloyaltie
To now weake Carthage, strengthening their bad armes
Who lately scorn'd thee with all loath'd abuse,
Who never entertaine for love, but use?

Sy. Scipio, my fortune is captiv'd, not I;
Therefore Ile speake bold truth, nor once mistrust
What I shall say; for now, being wholly yours,
I must not faine. Sophonisba, 'twas shee,
Twas Sophonisba that solicited
My forc'd revolt; twas her resistlesse suite,
Her love to her deare Carthage, tic'd me breake
All faith with men; twas shee made Syphax false;
Shee that loves Carthage with such violence,
And hath such mooving graces to allure,

hat shee will turne a man that once hath sworne
himselfe on 's fathers bones her Carthage foe,
o be that cities champion and high friend.
er himeneall torch burnt downe my house;
hen was I captiv'd, when her wanton armes
here moving claspt about my necke. O charmes,
ble to turne even Fate! But this, in my true griefe,
s some just joy, that my love-sotted foe
hall seize that plague, that Massinissas breast
er hands shall arme, and that ere long youle trie,
hee can force him your foe as well as I.

Sci. Lælius, Lælius, take a choyce troupe of horse,
nd spur to Cirta. To Massinissa thus:
yphax palace, crownes, spoyle, cities sacke,
e free to him. But if our new laugh'd friend
Possesse that woman of so moving art,
Charge him with no lesse waight than his deare vow,
Our love, all faith, that he resigne her thee,
As he shall answer Rome will give him up
A Roman prisoner to the Senates doome:
She is a Carthagenian; now our lawes
Wise men prevent not actions, but ever cause.

Sy. Good malice, so, as liberty so deare
Prove my revenge. What I cannot possesse
Another shall not—that 's some happinesse.

[*Exeunt, cornets flourishing.*

¶ *Cornets afar off sounding a charge. A Souldier wounded at one doore. Enter at the other* SOPHONISBA, *two Pages before her with lights, two women bearing up her traine.*

Soul. Princesse, O flie! Syphax hath lost the day,

And captiv'd lyes. The Roman legions
Have seiz'd the towne, and with inveterate hate
Make slaves, or murder all. Fire and steele,
120 Fury and night, hold all. Faire Queene, O fly!
We bleed for Carthage, all for Carthage dye!

¶ *Cornets sounding a march. Enter Pages, with and targets.* MASSINISSA *and* JUGURTH; NISSA'S *beaver shut.*

Mas. March to the pallace.
So. What ere man thou art
Of Lybia, thy faire armes speake; give heart
To amazd weaknesse; heare her, that for long tim
Hath seene no wished light. Sophonisba,
A name for misery much knowne—tis she
Intreats of thy grac'd sword this onely boone:—
Let me not kneele to Rome; for though no cause
130 Of mine deserves their hate—though Massinissa
Be ours to heart, yet Roman generalls
Make proud their triumphs, with what ever captive
O tis a nation which from soule I feare,
As one well knowing the much-grounded hate
They beare to Asdruball and Carthage bloud;
Therefore with teares that wash thy feet, with hand
Unusde to beg, I claspe thy manly knees,—
O save me from their fetters and contempt,
Their proud insults, and more then insolence!
Or, if it rest not in thy grace of breath
To grant such freedome, give me long-wisht death;
For tis not now loath'd life that we doe crave,—
Onely an unsham'd death and silent grave,
Wee will now daine to bend for.

Mas. Raritie! [Massinissa *disarmes his head.*
y thee and this right hand, thou shalt live free!
So. We cannot now be wretched.
Mas. Stay the sword!
t slaughter cease; sounds soft as Ladas breast
[*Soft musique.*
de through all eares. This night be loves high feast.
So. Orewhelme me not with sweets; let me not drink
ill my breast burst. O Jove, thy nectar skinke.
[*She sinkes into* Massinissas *armes.*
Mas. She is orecome with joy!
So. Help—help to beare
ome happinesse, ye powers! I have joy to spare,
nough to make a god! O Massinissa!
Mas. Peace!
A silent thinking makes full joyes increase!

¶ *Enter* LELIUS.

Le. Massinissa!
Mas. Lelius!
Le. Thine eare.
Mas. Stand off!
Le. From Scipio thus. By thy late vow of faith,
And mutuall league of endless amitie,
As thou respects his vertue, or Romes force,
Deliver Sophonisba to our hand.
Mas. Sophonisba?
Le. Sophonisba.
So. My lord
Lookes pale, and from his halfe-burst eyes a flame
Of deepe disquiet breakes. The gods turne false
My sad presage!

Mas. Sophonisba?
Le. Even she.
Mas. She kild not Scipios father, nor his unkle,
Great Cneius.
Le. Carthage did!
Mas. To her whats Carthage?
Le. Know twas her father Asdruball struck off
His fathers head. Give place to faith and fate!
Mas. Tis crosse to honour.
Le. But tis just to State;
So speaketh Scipio. Doe not thou detaine
A Romane prisoner, due to this triumph,
As thou shalt answer Rome and him.
Mas. Lelius,
Wee now are in Romes power. Lelius,
View Massinissa doe a loathed act,
Most sinking from that state his heart did keepe.
Looke, Lelius, looke, see Massinissa weepe;
Know I have made a vow more deare to me
Then my soules endlesse being: shee shall rest
Free from Romes bondage!
Le. But dost thou forget
Thy vow, yet fresh, thus breathd: When I desist
To be commanded by thy vertue, Scipio,
Or fall from friend of Rome, revenging gods,
Afflict me with your torture.
Mas. Lelius, enough.
Salute the Roman, tell him wee will act
What shall amaze him.
Le. Wilt thou yeeld her then?
Mas. Shee shall arrive there straight.

Le. Best fate of men
o thee.
Mas. And Scipio. Have I liv'd, O heavens!
'o be inforcedly perfidious?
So. What unjust griefe afflicts my worthy lord?
Mas. Thank me, ye gods, with much beholdingnesse,
or marke I doe not curse you.
So. Tell me, sweet,
The cause of thy much anguish.
Mas. Ha, the cause?
Let's see: wreath back thine armes, bend downe thy neck,
Practise base prayers, make fit thy selfe for bondage.
So. Bondage!
Mas. Bondage—Roman bondage!
So. No, no!
Mas. How then have I vow'd well to Scipio?
So. How then to Sophonisba?
Mas. Right; which way
Runne mad impossible distraction.
So. Deare lord, thy patience; let it maze all power,
and list to her in whose sole it rests
'o keepe thy faith upright.
Mas. Wilt thou be slav'd?
So. No, free.
Mas. How then keep I my faith?
So. My death
ives helpe to all. From Rome so rest we free;
o brought to Scipio, faith is kept in thee.
Mas. Thou darst not die—some wine, thou darst not
die!

¶ *Enter a Page with a boule of wine.*

So. How neere was I unto the curse of man? Jo
How like was I yet once to have beene glad.
He that neere laught may with a constant face
Contemne Joves frowne. Happinesse makes us base.
[*She takes a bole, into which* Massinissa *puts poy*
Behold me, Massinissa, like thy selfe,
A king and souldier; and I pree thee keepe
My last command.
Mas. Speake, sweet.
So. Deare, doe not weepe.
And now with undismaid resolve behold,
To save you—you (for honour and just faith
Are most true gods, which we should much adore),
With even disdainefull vigour I give up
An abhord life. You have beene good to me,
[*She drin*
And I doe thanke thee, Heaven! O my stars,
I blesse your goodnesse, that with breast unstain'd,
Faith pure, a virgin wife, try'd to my glory,
I die of female faith the long-liv'd story;
Secure from bondage and all servile harmes,
But more—most happy in my husbands armes.
[*She sin*
Ju. Massinissa, Massinissa!
Mas. Covetous
Fame, greedy lady, could no scope of glory,
No reasonable proportion of goodnesse,
Fill thy great breast, but thou must prove immense
Incomprehence in vertue? What, wouldst thou
Not onely be admir'd, but even ador'd?

glory ripe for heaven! Sirs, helpe, helpe, helpe!
t us to Scipio with what speed you can,
r piety make haste, whilst yet we are man.
[*Exeunt, bearing* Sophonisba *in a chaire.*

Cornets a march. Enter SCIPIO *in full state, tryumphall ornaments carryed before him, and* SYPHAX *bound; at the other doore,* LÆLIUS.

Sci. What answers Massinissa? Will he send
hat Sophonisba of so moving tongues?
Le. Full of dismayd unsteddinesse he stood,
His right hand lockt in hers, which hand he gave
As pledge for Rome, she ever should live free.
But when I enter'd and well urg'd this vow
And thy command, his great heart sunke with shame,
His eyes lost spirit, and his heat of life
Sunke from his face, as one that stood benumm'd,
All maz'd, t' effect impossibilities;
For either unto her or Scipio
He must breake vow. Long time he toss'd his thoughts;
And as you see a snow-ball being rol'd,
At first a handfull, yet, long bowl'd about,
Insensibly acquires a mighty globe,—
So his cold griefe through agitation growes,
And more he thinks, the more of griefe he knowes.
At last he seem'd to yield her.
Sy. Marke, Scipio!
Trust him that breaks a vow?
Sci. How then trust thee?
Sy. O, misdoubt him not, when he 's thy slave like me.

¶ *Enter* MASSINISSA, *all in blacke.*

Mas. Scipiò!
Sci. Massinissa!
Mas. Generall!
Sci. King!
Mas. Lives there no mercy for one soule of Carthage,
But must see basenesse?
Sci. Wouldst thou joy thy peace,
Deliver Sophonisba straight and cease;
Do not graspe that which is too hot to hold.
We grace thy griefe, and hold it with soft sense;
Injoy good courage, but 'voyd insolence.
I tell thee Rome and Scipio daigne to beare
So low a brest, as for her say, we feare.
Mas. Doe not, doe not; let not the fright of nations
Know so vile tearmes. She rests at thy dispose.
Sy. To my soule joy. Shall Sophonisba then
With me goe bound, and wayt on Scipio's wheele?
When th' whole world 's giddy, one man cannot reele.
Mas. Starve thy leane hopes; and, Romans, now behold
A sight would sad the gods, make Phœbus cold.

¶ *Organe and recorders play to a single voice. Enter in the meane time the mournefull solemnity of* MASSINISSA'S *presenting* SOPHONISBA'S *body.*

Looke, Scipio, see what hard shift we make
To keep our vowes. Here, take, I yield her thee;
And Sophonisba, I keep vow, thou art still free.
Sy. Burst, my vext heart: the torture that most wracke
An enemy is his foes royall acts.

ki. The glory of thy vertue live for ever;
.ve hearts may be obscur'd, but extinct never.
[Scipio *adornes* Massinissa.
ke from the Generall of Rome this crowne,
is roabe of tryumph, and this conquests wreath,
is scepter, and this hand, for ever breath,
mes very minion! Live worth thy fame,
farre from faintings as from now base name.
Mas. Thou whom, like sparkling steel, the stroks of chance
ide hard and firme, and like to wild-fire turn'd,
e more cold fate, the more thy vertue burn'd,
d in whole seas of miseryes didst flame—
thee, lov'd creature of a deathlesse fame,
[Massinissa *adornes* Sophonisba.
st all my honour. O thou for whom I drinke
deep of griefe, that he must onely thinke,
t dare to speake, that would expresse my woe;
all rivers murmure, deep gulfes silent flow;
griefe is here, not here; heave gently then,
mens right wonder, and just shame of men.
[*Exeunt*.

Cornets a short flourish.

Manet Massinissa.

EPILOGUS.

AND now with lighter passion, though just feare,
I change my person, and doe hither beare
Anothers voice, who with a phrase as weake
As his deserts, now will'd me for him speake:
If words well sens'd, best suting subject grave,
Noble true story may once boldly crave
Acceptance gracious; if he whose fires
Envy not others, nor himselfe admires;
If sceanes exempt from ribaldry or rage
Of taxings indiscreet, may please the stage;—
If such may hope applause, he not commands,
Yet craves as due the justice of your hands.
But freely he protests, how ere it is—
Or well, or ill, or much, not much amisse—
With constant modesty he doth submit
To all, save those that have more tongue then wit.

WHAT YOU WILL.

WHAT YOU WILL.

INDUCTION.

Before the musicke sounds for the Acte, enter ATTICUS, DORICUS, *and* PHYLOMUSE; *they sit a good while on the Stage before the candles are lighted, talking together, and on suddeine* DORICUS *speakes.*

¶ *Enter Tier-man with lights.*

Dor. FIE, some lights! Sirs, fie! let there be no deeds of darknesse done among us. I—so, so, pree thee, Tyer-man, set Sineor Snuffe a fier: he 's a chollerick entleman; he will take pepper in the nose instantly; are not. Fore Heaven, I wonder they tollerate him so ere the stage.

Phy. Faith, Doricus, thy braine boiles; keele it, keele it, or all the fatt 's in the fire; in the name of Phœbus, what merry genius haunts thee to-day? Thy lips play with feathers.

Dor. Troth, they should pick straws before they should be idle.

Atti. But why—but why doost thou wonder they suffer Snuffe so neere the stage?

Dor. O, well recald; marry, Sir Sineor Snuffe, M sieur Mew, and Cavaliero Blirt, are three of the mo bee fear'd auditors that ever ——

Phy. Pish! for shame! stint thy idle chatte.

Dor. Nay, dreame what-so-ere your fantasie swin on, Phylomuse; I protest, in the love you have proc mee to beare your friend the author, I am vehem fearefull this threefold halter of contempt that cho the breath of witte, these aforesaid *tria sunt on* knights of the meaw, will sitt heavie on the skirtes o sceanes, if ——

Phy. If what? Beleeve it, Doricus, his spirit
Is higher blouded then to quake and pant
At the report of Skoffes artillery.
Shall he be creast-falne, if some looser braine,
In flux of witte uncively befilth
His slight composures? Shall his bosome faint,
If drunken Censure belch out sower breath
From Hatreds surfet on his labours front?
Nay, say some halfe a dozen rancorous breasts
Should plant them-selves on purpose to discharge
Imposthum'd malice on his latest sceane,
Shall his resolve be struck through with the blirt
Of a goose breath? What imperfect borne,
What short-liv'd meteor; what cold-harted snow
Would melt in dolor; cloud his mudded eyes,
Sinck downe his jawes, if that some juicles husk,
Some boundlesse ignorance, should on sudden shoote
His grosse knob'd burbolt with—"Thats not so good,
Mew, blirt, ha, ha, light chaffy stuff!"

y, gentle spirits, what loose waving fane,
at any thing, would thus be skru'd about
h each slight touch of od phantasmatas?
let the feeble palseid lamer joynts
ne on opinions crutches; let the ——
Dor. Nay, nay, nay. Heavens my hope, I cannot
smoth this straine;
tts death, I cannot. What a leaprous humor
eaks from ranke swelling of these bubbling wits?
w out up-pont, I wonder what tite braine,
ung in this custome to mainetaine contempt
inst common censure; to give stiffe counter buffes,
crack rude skorne even on the very face
f better audience. Slight, ist not odious?
hy, harke you, honest, honest Phylomuse
ou that indeavor to indeere our thoughts
o the composers spirit), hold this firme:
usike and poetry were first approv'd
By common scence; and that which pleased most,
Held most allowed passe: not rules of art
Were shapt to pleasure, not pleasure to your rules;
Thinke you, if that his sceanes tooke stampe in mint
Of three or foure deem'd most juditious,
It must inforce the world to currant them,
That you must spit defiance on dislike?
Now, as I love the light, were I to passe
Through publick verdit, I should feare my forme,
Least ought I offerd were unsquard or warp'd.
"The more we know, the more we know we want:
What bayard boulder then the ignorant?
Beleeve me, Phylomuse, ifaith thou must,
The best best seale of wit is wits distrust."

Phy. Nay, gentle Doricus.

Dor. Ile here no more of him; nay, and your fri the author, the composer, the What You Will, seemes faire in his owne glasse, so straight in his owne measu that hee talkes once of squinting critickes, drunken co sure, splay-footed opinion: juicles huskes, I ha done wi him; I ha done with him.

Phy. Pew, nay then ——

Dor. As if any such unsanctified stuffe could finde beeing monge these ingenuous breasts.

Atti. Come, let passe, let passe; lets see what stuf must cloath our eares. What 's the plaies name?

Phy. What You Will.

Dor. Ist commedy, tragedy, pastorall, morall, nocturnal, or historie?

Phy. Faith, perfectly neither, but even What You Will, —a slight toye, lightly composed, to swiftly finisht, ill plotted, worse written, I feare me worst acted, and indeed What You Will.

Dor. Why, I like this vaine well now.

Atti. Come, wee straine the spectators patience in delaying their expected delightes. Lets place our selves within the curtaines, for good faith the stage is so very little, we shall wrong the generall eye els very much.

Phy. If youle stay but a little, Ile accompany you; I have ingag'd my selfe to the author to give a kind of inductive speech to his commedy.

Atti. Away! you neglect your selfe, a gentleman ——

Phy. Tut, I have vow'd it; I am double charg'd; go of as 't twil, Ile set fire to it.

Dor. Ile not stand it; may chance recoile, and be not

th salte-peeter: well, marke the report; marke
t.

Nay, pree thee stay, slid the female presence; the
a; the women will put me out.

And they strive to put thee out; doe thou indevor
em.

In good faith, if they put thee out of countenance,
out of patience, and hew their eares with hack-
rfect utterance.

Goe, stand to it; shew thy selfe a tall man of thy
make an honest legge; put off thy cap with
carriage: and so we leave thee to the kinde
ı and most respected auditors.

[*Exeunt, remanet tantum* Phylomusus.

PROLOGUS.

NOR labours hee the favor of the rude,
Nor offers sops unto the Stigian dogge,
To force a scilence in his viperous toungs;
Nor cares he to insinuate the grace
Of loath'd detraction, nor persues the love
Of the nice criticks of this squeamish age;
Nor strives he to beare up with every saile
Of floting censure; nor once dreads or cares
What envious hand his guiltles muse hath struck;
"Sweet breath from tainted stomacks who can suck?"
But to the faire proportion'd loves of witte,
To the just skale of even, paized thoughts;
To those that know the pangs of bringing forth
A perfect feature; to their gentle mindes,
That can as soone slight of as finde a blemish;
To those as humbly lowe as to their feete
I am oblig'd to bend—to those his muse
Makes solemne honour for their wish'd delight.
He vowes industrious sweat shall pale his cheeke,
But heele glose up sleeke objects for their eyes;
For those he is asham'd, his best's too badd,
A silly subject too too simply cladd,
Is all his present, all his ready pay
For many many debts. Give further day,
Ile give a proverbe,—Sufferance giveth ease:
So you may once be pai'd,—we once may please.

[*Ex*

ACTUS PRIMUS.

SCENA PRIMA.

Enter QUADRATUS, PHYLUS *following him with a lute; a Page going before* QUADRATUS *with a torch.*

y. O, I beseech you, Sir, reclaime his wits;
My masters mad, starke mad, alasse! [for hate,
for love.
Qua. For love? Nay, and he be not mad
amiable fortune. I tell thee, youth,
ght rare and geason. Strang? Mad for love!
show me him; Ile give him reasons straight—
forcible, so all invincible,
at it shall drag love out. Run mad for love?
at mortally exsistes, on which our hearts
ould be inamored with such passion?
r love? Come, Phylus; come, Ile chaung his fate;
steed of love, Ile make him mad for hate.
t, troth, say what straines his madnesse of?
Phy. Phantasticall.
Qua. Immure him; skonce him; barrecadoe him int,
antasticall mad! thrice blessed heart!

Why harke, good Phylus (O that thy narrow sence
Could but containe me now), all that exists
Takes valuation from oppinion.
A giddy minion now. Pish! thy tast is dull,
And canst not rellish me. Come; where 's Iacomo?

¶ *Enter* IACOMO, *unbraced, and careles drest.*

Phy. Looke, where he coms. O map of boundles wo

Iaco. Yon gleame is day; darknes, sleepe, and feare,
Dreames, and the ugly visions of the night,
Are beate to hell by the bright palme of light;
Now romes the swaine, and whissells up the morne:
Deepe silence breakes; all things start up with light,
Only my hart, that endles night and day,
Lies bed-red, crippeld by coy Lucea.

Qua. There 's a straine, law.
Nay, now I see hee 's madde most palpable;
He speakes like a player: hah! poeticall.

Iaco. The wanton spring lyes dallying with the earth,
And powers fresh bloud in her decayed vaines;
Looke how the new sapt branches are in childe
With tender infants; how the sunne drawes out,
And shapes their moysture into thousand formes
Of sprouting buddes; all things that show or breath
Are now instaur'd, saving my wretched brest,
That is eternally congeald with ice
Of froz'd dispaire. O Celia! coy, to nice.

Qua. Still, saunce question, mad?

Iaco. O where doth piety and pitty rest?

Qua. Fetch cordes; he's irrecoverable; mad, ranke ma
He calls for strange chymeras, fictions,
That have no being since the curse of death

throwne on man. Pitty and piety,
e daine converse with them? Alas! vaine head;
and piety are long since dead.
:o. Ruine to chaunce, and all that strive to stand
swolne Colosses on her tottering base.
ne is blinde—
a. You lye! you lye!
but a mad man would terme fortune blind.
can shee see to wound desert so right,
n the speeding place? to girt leud browes
honord wreath? Ha! Fortune blinde? Away!
can she, hud-winkt, then so rightly see
arve rich worth and glut iniquitie?
o. O love!
a. Love! Hang love.
he abject out-cast of the world.
all things; hate the world, thy selfe, all men;
knowledge; strive not to be over-wise:
w distruction into Paradise.
honor, vertue; they are baites
tice mens hopes to sadder fates.
beautie: every ballad-monger
ry his idle foppish humor.
riches: wealthes a flattering Jacke;
s to face, mewes hind thy backe.
at is poore is firmely sped;
ver shall be flattered.
nges are error, durt and nothing,
it with want, or gorg'd to lothing.
nely hate; affect no higher
praise of Heaven, wine, a fire;

Suck up thy daies in silent breath,
When their snuffs out, come Sinior Death.
Now, Sir, adieu, runne mad and 'twilt,
The worst is this, my rimes but spilt.

Iaco. Thy rimes are spilt; who would not run ranke m
To see a wandring French man rivall, nay,
Out-strip my sute? He kist my Celias cheeke.

Qua. Why, man, I saw my dog even kisse thy Ce
lippes.

Iaco. To-morrow morne they goe to wed.

Qua. Well then I know
Whether to-morrow night they goe.

Iaco. Say quick.

Qua. To bed.

Iaco. I will invoke the triple Heccate,
Make charmes as potent as the breath of fate,
But Ile confound the match!

Qua. Nay, then, good day;
And you be conjuring, once Ile slink away.

[*Exit* Quadra

Iaco. Boy, could not Orpheus make the stones
daunce?

Phy. Yes, Sir.

Iaco. Bir Lady, a sweete touch. Did he not b
Euridice out of hell with his lute?

Phy. So they say, Sir.

Iaco. And thou chanst bring Celias head out of
window with thy lute. Well, hazard thy breath. Lo
Sir, heares a ditty.
Tis fouly writ, slight wit, cross'd here and there,
But where thou findst a blot, their fall a teare.

THE SONG.

Fie! Peace, peace, peace! it hath no passion int.
O melt thy breath in fluent softer tunes,
That every note may seeme to tricle downe
Like sad distilling teares, and make — O God!
That I were but a poet, now t'expresse my thoughts,
Or a musitian but to sing my thoughts,
Or any thing but what I am. Sing't ore once more,
My greefes a boundles sea that hath no shore.

[*Hee singes, and is answered; from above a willow garland is floung downe, and the songe ceaseth.*

ı this my favor? Am I crown'd with skorne?
hen thus I manumit my slav'd condition.
elia, but heare me execrate thy love.
y Heaven, that once was consious of my love;
y all that is, that knowes my all was thine,
I will perseu with detestation;
Thwart without stretched vehemence of hate,
Thy wished Hymen. I will craze my braine,
But all disceaver all. Thy hopes unite:
What rage so violent as love turn'd spight?

¶ *Enter* RANDOLFO *and* ANDREA, *with a supplication, reading.*

RAN. *Humbly complayning, kissing the hands of your excelence, your pore orators* Randolfo *and* Andrea *beseecheth, forbidding of the dishonord match of their neece* Celia, *widdow, to their brother* ——

) twill do; twill do; it can not chuse but doe.

And. What should one say?—what should one do now? Umph!

If she do match with yon same wandring knight,
Shee 's but undone; her estimation, wealth ——

Iaco. Nay, Sir, her estimations mounted up.
She shall be ladi'd and sweete-madam'd now.

Ran. Be ladi'd? Ha! ha! O, could she but recaule
The honord port of her deceased love!
But thinke whose wife she was. God wot no knights
But one (that title of) was even a Prince,
A Sultane Sollyman; thrice was he made,
In dangerous armes, Venice providetore.

And. He was a marchant; but so bounteous,
Valiant, wise, learned, all so absolute,
That naughts was valewed praisfull excellent,
But in it was he most praisfull excellent.

Iaco. O, I shall nere forget how he went cloath'd.
He would maintaine 't a base ill-us'd fashion
To bind a marchant to the sullen habit
Of precise black; cheefly in Venice state,
Where marchants guilt the top;
And therefore should you have him passe the bridge
Up the Rialto like a soldier
(As still hee stood a potestate at sea).

Ran. In a black bever felt, ash-colour plaine,
A Florentine cloth-of-silver jerkin, sleeves
White satten cut on tinsell, then long stocke.
O God!

Iaco. French paines imbroder'd, gold-smithes worke
Me thinkes I see him now how he would walke;
With what a jolly presence he would pace
Round the Rialto. Well, hee 's soone forgot;
A straggling Sir in his rich bed must sleepe,
Which if I can not crosse Ile curse and weepe.

hall I be plaine as truth? I love your sister:
[y education, birth, and wealth deserves her;
have no crosse, no rub to stop my sute,
ut Lavardur's a knight that strikes all mute.
And. I, ther 's the divill, she must be ladi'd now.
Iaco. O ill-nurs'd custome! no soner is the wealthy
[is wife left great in faire possessions, [marchant dead,
ut giddie rumor graspes it twixt his teeth,
nd shakes it bout our eares. Then thether flock
rout of crased fortunes, whose crakt states
ape to be sodderd up by the rich masse
f the deceased labores, and now and then
he troupe of *I beseech and protest,*
nd beleeve it, sweete, is mix'd with two or three
opefull, well-stockt, neat-clothed cytizens.
Ran. But as we see the sonne of a divine
eldome proves preacher, or a lawiers sonne
arely a pleader (for they strive to run
various fortune from their auncestors),
o tis right geason for the marchantes widow
o be the cytizens lov'd second spouse.
Iaco. Variety of objectes please us still;
ne dish, though nere so cookt, doth quickly fill;
hen diverse cates the pallats sence delight,
nd with fresh tast creates new appetite;
herefore my widdow she casheers the blackes,
orsweares, turnes of the furd-gownes, and survaies
he bedrowle of her sutors, thinkes and thinkes,
nd straight her questing thoughts springs up a knight;
ave after then amaine, the gam 's a foote,
he match clapt up; tut, tis the knight must do 't!
Ran. Then must my pretty peate be fan'd and coach'd?

Iaco. Muffd, mask'd, and ladied, with my more t
most sweete madam.
But how long doth this perfume of sweete madam las
Faith, tis but a wash sent. My riotous sir
Beginnes to crack gestes on his ladies front,
Touches her new-stampt gentry, takes a glut,
Keepes oute, abandons home, and spends and spends,
Till stock be melted; then sir takes up heere,
Takes up there, till no where ought is left.
Then for the Low Countries, hay for the French;
And so (to make up rime) god night, sweete wench.
Ran. By blessednesse weele stop this fatall lot.
Iaco. But how? But how?
Ran. Why, stay, lets thinke a plot.
And. Was not Albano Beletzo honorable rich?
Ran. Not peer'd in Venice, for birth, fortune, love.
And. Tis skarce three monthes since fortune gave
dead.
Ran. In the blacke fight in the Venetian gulfe.
And. You hold a truth.
Ran. Now what a gigglet is this Celia?
And. To match so suddaine, so unworthely?
Ran. Why, she might have ——
And. Who might not Celia have?
The passionate inamord Iacomo.
Iaco. The passionate inamord Iacomo.
And. Of honord linage, and not meanly rich.
Ran. The sprightfull Piso, the great Florentine,
Aurelius Tuber.
And. And to leave these all,
And wed a wandring knight, Sir Laverdure,
A God knowes what?

Ran. Brother, she shall not. Shal our blood be moungreld with the corruption of a stragling French?

And. Saint Marke, she shall not.

Iaco. She shall not, fathers, by our brother soules.

Ran. Good day.

Iaco. Wish me good day? It stands in idle stead;
My Celias lost! all my good daies are dead!

[*The cornets sound a flourish.*

Harke, Lorenzo Celso, the loose Venice Duke
Is going to bed; tis now a forward morne,
For he take rest. O strange transformed sight,
When princes make night day, the day there night!

And. Come, weele peticion him.

Iaco. Away! Away!
He skornes all plaints; makes jest of serious sute.

Ran. Fall out as 't twill, I am resolved to do 't.

¶ *The cornets sound.*

¶ *Enter the Duke coppled with a Lady; two cooples more with them, the men having tobacco-pipes in their hands, the woemen sitt; they daunce a round. The petition is delivered up by* RANDOLFO; *the Duke lightes his tobacco-pipe with it, and goes out dauncing.*

Ran. Saint Marke! Saint Marke!

Iaco. Did not I tell you, loose no more rich time;
What can one get but mier from a swine?

And. Lets worke a crosse; weele fame it all aboute
The French mans gelded.

Ran. O thats absolute.

Iaco. Fie ont! Away! She knowes to well tis false.
I feare it to well. No, no, I hav 't will strongly doe 't.
Who knowes Francisco Soranza?

Ran. Pish! pish! Why, what of him?

Iaco. Is he not wondrous like your decea'sd kinsman
Albano?

And. Exceedingly; the strangest, neerly like
In voice, in gesture, face, in ——

Ran. Nay, he hath Albanos imperfection too,
And stuttes when he is vehemently mov'd.

Iaco. Observe me, then; him would I have disguis'd,
Most perfect, like Albano; giving out,
Albano sav'd by swimming (as in faith
'Tis knowne he swome most strangely); rumor him
This morne arriv'd in Venice, heere to lurke,
As having heard the for-ward nuptials;
T' observe his wifes most infamous lewd hast,
And to revenge ——

Ran. I hav 't, I hav 't, I hav 't; 'twill be invincible.

Iaco. By this meanes now some little time we catch;
For better hopes at least disturbe the match.

And. Ile to Francisco.

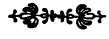
Ran. Brother Adrian,
You have our brothers picture; shape him to it.

And. Precise in each but tassell; feare it not.

Ran. Saint Marke then prosper once our hopefull plot.

Iaco. Good soules, good day; I have not slept last night;
Ile take a nap: then pell mell broach all spight.

[*Exeunt.*



ACTUS SECUNDUS.

SCENA PRIMA.

One knockes: LAVERDURE *drawes the curtaines; sitting on his bed, apparalling himselfe; his trunke of apparaile standing by him.*

w. HO! Bydett, lackey.

Byd. Sinior?

Enter Bydett, *with water and a towell.*

Lav. See who knocks. Looke, you boy; peruse their ibits; returne perfect notice. La la, ly ro!

[*Exit* Bydett, *and returnes presently.*

Byd. Quadratus.

Lav. Quadratus, *mor Dieu, ma vie!* I lay not at my dging to night. Ile not see him now, on my soule: e's in his old perpetuana sute. I am not within.

Byd. He is faire, gallant, rich, neate as a bride-groome, esh as a new-minted six-pence; with him Lampatho oria, Symplicius Faber.

Lav. And in good clothes?

Byd. Accoutred worthy a presence.

Lav. *Udes so:* my gold-wrought wast-coate and night-p. Open my trunk: lay my richest sute on the top, y velvet slippers, cloth-of-gold gamashes: where are my oth-of-silver hose? lay them ——

Byd. At pawne, Sir.

Lav. No, Sir; I do not bid you lay them at pawne, Sir.

Byd. No, Sir, you need not, for they are there already.

Lav. Mor du, garzone! Set my richest gloves, garters, hatts, just in the way of their eyes. So let them in; observe mee withall dutious respect: let them in.

¶ *Enter* QUADRATUS, LAMPATHO DORIA, *and* SIMPLICIUS FABER.

Qua. Phœbus, Phœbe, sunne, moone, and seaven starres, make thee the dilling of fortune, my sweet Laverdure, my rich French bloud. Ha yee, deere rogue, hast any pudding tobacco?

Lam. Good morrow, Sinior.

Sim. Mounsieur Laverdure, do you see that gentleman? Hee goes but in black sattin, as you see, but, by Hellicon, hee hath a cloth of tissue wit. Hee breakes a jest; ha! heele raile against the courttil, the gallants. O God! he is very Nectar; if you but sip of his love, you were immortall. I must needes make you knowne to him; Ile induce your love with deere regarde. Sinior Lampatho, heer's is a French gentleman, Mounsieur Laverdure, a traveller, a beloved of Heaven, courts your acquaintance.

Lam. Sir, I protest I not onely take distinct notice of your deere rarities of exterior presence, but also I protest I am most vehemently inamor'd, and very passionately doate on your inward adornements and habilities of spirit! I protest I shall be proud to doe you most obsequious vassalage.

Qua. Is not this rare, now? Now, by Gorgons head,
I gape, and am struck stiffe in wonderment
At sight of these strange beasts. You chamblet youth,
Symplicius Faber, that hermaphrodite,

r *pale*, that bastard moungerell soule,
t but admiration and applause;
Lampatho Doria, a fustie caske,
› mouldy customes of hoary eld;
but speake, O tones of heaven it selfe!
once write, O Jesu admirable!
t Symplicius. Then Lampatho spittes,
s, faith 'tis good. But, O, to marke yon thing:
› unite acquaintance to his friend,
is praises, and indeere his worth
es all as formally trickt forth
ıp of a dedicatorie epistle.
, to view Lampatho: he protests,
and vowes such suddeine heate of love,
were warmth inough of mirth to drie
lesse teares of old Heraclitus,—
robe to laugh!
I protest I shall bee proud to give you proofe I
ost religious affiance with your love.
Nay, gentle Sinior.
Let mee not live els. I protest I will straine my
ineus in strengthning your pretious estimate; I
will do all rights in all good offices that friend-
touch, or amplest vertue deserve.
I protest, beleeve him not; Ile beg thee, Laverdure,
nceal'd ideot, if thou credit him;
hyena, and with civitt scent
ım'd words, drawes to make a prey
hter of thy credit. O this hote crackling love,
seth on an instant, flames me out
east puffe of kindnesse, with protest, protest.
dread these hotte protests, that presse,

Come on so fast. No, no! away, away!
You are a common friend, or will betray.
Let me clip amity that 's got with sute;
I hate this whorish love that 's prostitute.

Lav. Horne on my tailor! could he not bring hom
My sattin taffeta or tissue sute,
But I must needs bee cloath'd in wollen thus?
Bydett, what sayes he for my silver hose,
And prim-rose sattin doublet? Gods my life!
Gives he no more observance to my body?

Lam. O, in that last sute, gentle Laverdure,
Visite my lodging. By Appollos front,
Do but inquire my name. O straight theile say,
Lampatho sutes him-selfe in such a hose.

Sim. Marke that, Quadratus.

Lam. Consorts him-selfe with such a doublet.

Sim. Good, good, good! O Jesu! admirable.

Lav. La la, ly ro, Sir!

Lam. O Pallas! Quadratus, harke! harke! A m
compleat phantasma, a most ridiculous humor; pree-t
shoote him through and through with a jest; make
lye by the lee, thou Basilisco of witte.

Sim. O Jesu! admirably well spoken; angelicall tong

Qua. Gnathonicall coxcombe!

Lam. Nay, pre-thee, fut, feere not, he 's no edge-too
you may jest with him.

Sim. No edge-toole. Oh!

Qua. Tones of heaven it selfe.

Sim. Tones of heaven it selfe.

Qua. By blessednesse, I thought so.

Lam, Nay, when? when?

Qua. Why, thou pole-head! thou Ianus! thou poultro

ou protest! thou eare-wig, that wrigglest into mens aines! thou durty cur, that be-mierst with thy fawn-g! thou ——

Lam. Obscure me! or ——

Qua. Synior Laverdure, by the hart of an honest man, is Jebusite—this, confusion to him—this worse then I are to name—abuseth thee most incomprehensibly. Is his your protest of most obsequious vassalage? Protest o straine your utmost summe, your most ——

Lam. So Phœbus warme my braine, Ile rime thee dead.
Looke for the satyre: if all the sower juice
Of a tart braine can sowse thy estimate,
Ile pickle thee.

Qua. Ha! he mount Chirall on the wings of fame!
A horse! a horse! My kingdom for a horse!
Looke the, I speake play scrappes. Bydet, Ile downe,
Sing, sing; or stay, weele quaffe, or any thing.
Rivo, Saint Marke, lets talke as losse as ayre;
Un-wind youthes coullors, display our selves,
So that yon envy-statued curre may yealpe
And spend his chappes at our phantasticknesse.

Sim. O Lord Quadratus!

Qua. Away, idolater! Why, you Don Kynsayder!
Thou canker-eaten rusty curre! thou snaffle
To freer spirits!
Think'st thou, a libertine, am ungiv'd breast,
Skornes not the shackles of thy envious clogges,
You will traduce us unto publicke skorne?

Lam. By this hand I will.

Qua. A fuotra for thy hand, thy heart, thy braine;
Thy hate, thy malice, envie, grinning spight
Shall a free-borne, that holdes antypathy ——

Lam. Antypathy!
Qua. I, antypathy!
A native hate unto the curse of man! bare-pated servitude
Quake at the frownes of a ragg'd satyrist—
A skrubbing railer, whose course harden'd fortune,
Grating his hide, gauling his statued ribs,
Sittes houling at deserts more battle fate—
Who out of dungeon of his black dispairs,
Skoules at the fortune of the fairer merit.
Lav. Tut via! Let all runne glib and square.
Qua. Uds futt! Hee cogges and cheates your simpler
My spleen 's a fire in the heate of hate; [thoughtes,
I beare these gnats, that humme aboute our eares,
And stinge-blister our credit's in obscured shades.
Lav. Pewte bougra! La, la, la! Tit! Shaugh!
Shall I forbeare to caper, sing, or vault?
To weare fresh cloathes, or weare perfum'd sweetes?
To trick my face, or glory in my fate?
T' abandon naturall propensitudes?
My fancies humor?—for a stiffe-joynted,
Tattr'd, nasty, taber-fac'd —— Puh, la, la, ly ro!
Qua. Now, by thy ladies cheeke, I honor thee,
My rich free bloud. O my deere libertine!
I could suck the juice, the sirrop of thy lippe,
For thy most generous thought!—my Elysium!
Lam. O, sir, you are so square, you skorne repoofe.
Qua. No, sir; should discreete Mastigophoros,
Or the deere spirit acute Canaidus
(That Aretine, that most of me belov'd,
Who in the rich esteeme I prize his soule,
I terme my selfe); should these once menace me,
Or curbe my humors with well-govern'd check,

should with most industrious regard,
bserve, abstaine, and curbe my skipping lightnesse;
ut when an arrogant, od, impudent,
blushles fore-head, only out of scence
f his owne wants, baules in malignant questing
t others meanes of waving gallantry,—
ight foutra!

Lam. I raile at none, you well-squar'd Syneor.

Qua. I can not tell; tis now growne fashion,
hats out of railyng 's out of fashion.
man can skarce put on a tuckt-up cap,
button'd frizado sute, skarce eate good meate,
nchoves, caviare, but hee 's satyred
nd term'd phantasticall. By the muddy spawne
f slymie neughtes, when troth, phantasticknesse—
hat which the naturall sophysters tearme
hantusia incomplexa—is a function
ven of the bright immortal part of man.
is the common passe, the sacred dore,
nto the prive chamber of the soule;
at bar'd, nought passeth past the baser court.
f outward scence by it th' inamorate
ost lively thinkes he sees the absent beauties
f his lov'd mistres;
y it we shape a new creation
f things as yet unborne; by it wee feede
ur ravenous memory, our intention feast;
id he thats not phantasticall 's a beast.

Lam. Most phantasticall protection of phantasticknesse.

Lav. Faith, tis good.

Qua. So 't be phantastical tis wits life bloud.

Lav. Come, Sinior, my legges are girt.

Qua. Phantastically?

Lav. After a spetiall humor, a new cut.

Qua. Why, then, tis rare, tis excellent. Uds fut!
And I were to be hangd I would be chokt
Phantastically. He can skarce be sav'd
Thats not phantasticall: I stand ferme to it.

Lav. Nay, then, sweete sir, give reason. Come on: wh

Qua. *Tis hell to runne in common base of men.*

Lav. Hast not runne thy selfe out of breath, bulley!

Qua. And I have not jaded thy eares more then I h
tierd my tongue, I could runne discourse, put him out
his full pace.
I could poer speech till thou crid'st ho! but troth,
I dread a glut; and I confesse much love
To freer gentry, whose pert agill spirits
Is t'o much frost-bit, numb'd with il-straind snibbes,
Hath tender-reach'd my speech. By Brutus bloud,
He is a turfe that will be slave to man;
But he 's a beast that dreades his mistresse fanne.

Lav. Come, all merth and solace, capers, healthes, a
whiffes;
To-morrow are my nuptialls celebrate.
All friends, all friends!

Lam. I protest ——

Qua. Nay, leave protestes; pluck out your snarl
phanges. When thou hast meanes, be phantasticall a
sociable. Goe to: heres my hand; and you want fo
shillings, I am your Mæcenas, though not *Atavis ed*
regibus.

Lam. Why, content, and I protest ——

Qua. Ile no protest.

Lam. Well, and I doe not leave these fopperies, (

end me fortie shillings, and ther's my hand: I im-
: you—love you—nay, adore thee; for, by the juice
orm-woode, thou hast a bitter braine!
ia. You, Simplicius? Woult leave that staring fellow,
iration, and adoration of thy acquaintance, wilt? A
ie! out; tis odious. Too eager a defence argues a
g opposition; and to vehement a praise drawes a sus-
a of others worthy disparigement.
apers to bright day, it ill befittes;
l wines can vent themselves, and not good wittes.
n. Good truth, I love you; and with the grace of
'en, Ile be very civell and ——
ia. Phantasticall.
n. Ile be some thing; I have a conceald humore in
ınd twere broachd twold spurt yfaith.
ia. Come then, Saint Marke, lett's be as light as aire.
'esh and jocond as the brest of May.
e thee, good French knight, good plump-cheekt chub,
ie some French passage. Come, lets see thy vaine—
ıces, sceanes, and songs, royall intertaine.
v. Petite lacque, page, page, Bydett, sing!
it the French jerk—quick, spart, lightly—ha!
hers a turne unto my Lucea!
ia. Stand stiffe! ho, stand! take footing firme!
stand sure!
f thou fall before thy mistres,
nan-hod's dam'd. Stand firme! Ho! good! so, so!

THE DAUNCE AND SONG.

v. Come, now, via aloune to Celia.
a. Stay, take an old rime first; though dry and leane,
serve to close the stomake of the sceane.

Lav. This is thy humor to berime us still;
Never so slightly pleas'd, but out they flie.

Qua. They are mine owne, no gleaned poetry;
My fashions knowne. Out, rime; takt as you list:
A fico for the sower browd Zoilist!

Musick, tobacco, sack, and sleepe,
The tide of sorrow backward keepe.
If thou art sad at others fate,
Rivo, *drinke deepe, give care the mate.*
On us the end of time is come,
Fond feare of that we cannot shun;
Whilst quickest sence doth freshly last,
Clip time aboute, hug pleasure fast.
The sisters ravell out our twine,
He that knows littl's most devine.
Error deludes; whole beate this hence,
Naughtes knowne but by exterior sence.
Let glory blason others deede,
My bloud then breath craves better meede.
Let twattling fame cheatd others rest,
I um no dish for rumors feast.
Let honor others hope abuse,
Ile nothing have, so nought will loose.
Ile strive to be nor great nor smale,
To live nor die; fate helmeth all.
When I can breath no longer, then
Heaven take all: there put Amen.

How ist? how ist?

Lav. Faith, so, so; *telamant, quelamant;* as 't oppinion to currant it.

Qua. Why, then, via letts walke.

Lav. I must give notice to an od pedant, as we passe, my nuptials: I use him, for he is abscure, and shal rry us in private. I have many enemies, but secresie is : best evasion from envie.

Qua. Holds it to-morrow?

Lav. I, firme, absolute.

Lam. Ile say amen if the priest be mute.

Qua. Epythalamiums will I singe, my chucke.
on—spend freely—out on drosse, tis muck.

[*Exeunt*

Enter a Schole-maister, draws the curtains behind, with BATTUS, NOWS, SLIP, NATHANIELL, *and* HOLIFERNES PIPPO, *schole-boyes, sitting, with bookes in their hands.*

All. Salve, magister.

Ped. Saluete pueri estote salvi, vos salvere exopto vobis 'utem, Batte, my fili, fili, mi Batte!

Bat. Quid vis.

Ped. Stand forth: repeat your lesson with out booke.

Bat. A nowne is the name of a thing that may be ene, felt, heard, or understood.

Ped. Good boy: on, on.

Bat. Of nownes some bee substantives and some bee bstantives.

Ped. Adjectives.

Bat. Adjectives. A nowne substantive ether is propper the thing that it betokneth.

Ped. Well, to numbers.

Bat. In nownes bee two numbers, the singuler and the rall: the singuler number speaketh of one, as *lapis*, a

stone; the plurall speaketh of more then one, as *lap* stones.

Ped. Good childe. Now thou art past *lapides*, sto Proceed to the cases, Nous. Say you next, Nous. Wh your lesson, Nous?

Nous. I am in a verbe, forsooth.

Ped. Say on, forsooth: say, say.

Nous. A verbe is a part of speach declined with m and tence, and betokneth doing, as *amo*, I love.

Ped. How many kind of verbes ar there?

Nous. Two; personall and impersonall.

Ped. Of verbs personalls, how many kinds?

Nous. Five; active, passive, neuter, deponent, and c mon. A verbe active endeth in o, and beetokneth to as *amo*, I love; and by putting to r, it may bee a pass as *amor*, I am loved.

Ped. Very good child. Now learne to know the ponent and common. Say you, Slip.

Slip. *Cedant arma togæ, concedant lauria linguæ.*

Ped. What part of speech is *lingua, inflecte, inflecte!*

Slip. *Singulariter, nominativo hec lingua.*

Ped. Why is *lingua* the feminine gender?

Slip. Forsooth because it is the femenine gender.

Ped. Ha, thou asse! thou dolt! *idem per idem*, ma it: *lingua* is declined with *hec*, the femenine, because is a houshold stuffe perticularly belonging and most co monly resident under the roofe of womens mouth Come on, you Nathaniell, say you, say you next; not fast; say tretably: say.

Nath. *Mascula dicuntur monosilaba nomina quedam.*

Ped. Faster! faster!

Nath. Ut, sal, sol, ren et splen: car, ser, vir, vas, vadis, as, mas,
, eres, pres et pes, glis, glirens habens genetivo,
, flos, ros et tros, muns, dens, mons, pons.

Ped. Rup, tup, snup, slup, bor, hor, cor, mor. Holla! lla! holla! you Holifernes Pippo, put him downe. Wipe ur nose: fie, on your sleeve! where 's your muckender ur grand-mother gave you? Well, say on; say on.

Hol. Pree, maister, what words this?

Ped. Asse! asse!

Hol. As in presenti perfectum format in, in, in.

Ped. In what, Sir?

Hol. Perfectum format. In what, Sir?

Ped. In what, Sir?—*in avi?*

Hol. In what Sir?—*in avi.*

Ut no, nas, navi, vocito, vocitas, voci, voci, voci—

Ped. What 's next?

Hol. Voci. What 's next?

Ped. Why, thou ungratious child! thou simple animall! thou barnacle! Nous,—snare him; take him up: and you were my father, you should up.

Hol. Indeed I am not your father. O Lord! now, for God sake, let mee go out. My mother told a thing: I shall bewray all els. Harke, you, maister: my grand-mother intreates you to come to dinner to-morrow morning.

Ped. I say, untrusse—take him up. Nous,—dispatch what not perfect in an *asse in presenty?*

Hol. In truth Ile bee as perfect an *asse in presenty* as any of this company, with the grace of God law: this once—this once—and I do so any more ——

Ped. I say, hold him up!

Hol. Ha, let me say my prainers first. You know what you is done now; all the surrup of my brains runne into my buttocktes, and yee spill the juice of my well. Ha, sweete! ha, sweete! hunny, barbary sugar, sweete maister.

Ped. Sance tricks, trifles, delaies, demurrers, procrastinations, or retarations, mount him, mount him.

Enter QUADRATUS, LAMPATHO, LAVERDURE, and SIMPLICIUS.

Qua. Be merciful, my gentle Sinior.

Lav. Weele sue his pardon out.

Ped. He is reprived: and now, Appollo blesse your braines, *Fa candias*, and elaborate ellegance make your presence gratious in the eyes of your mistres.

Lav. You must along with us; lend private eare.

Sim. What is your name?

Hol. Holifernes Pippo.

Sim. Who gave you that name? Nay, let mee alone for sposing of a scholler.

Hol. My godfathers and god-mothers in my baptisme.

Sim. Truly, gallants, I am inamord on thee, boy; wilt thou serve me?

Hol. Yes, and please my grand-mother, when I come to years of discretion.

Ped. And you have a propensitude to him, he shall be for you. I was solicited to graunt him leave to play the lady in commedies presented by children; but I knew his voice was to smale, and his stature to loe. Sing, sing a treble, Holifernes: sing.

THE SONG.

A very smale sweete voice, Ile assure you.

Qua. Tis smally sweete indeede.
Sim. A very pretty child. Hold up thy head. There; thee some plummes.
Qua. Nay, they must play; you go a long with us.
Ped. Ludendi venia est petita et concessa.
All. Gratias.
Sim. Pippo's my page. How like you him? Ha! hee not a good face, ha?
Lav. Exceeding amiable. Come away;
long to see my love, my Celia.
Sim. Carry my rapier; hold up so; good childe: stay, llants. Umph! a sweete face.
Lam. I relish not this mirth; my spirit is untwist;
y heart is raveld out in discontents.
am deepe thoughtfull, and I shoote my soule
hrough all creation of omnipotence. [humor:
Qua. What, art melancholy, Lampe? Ile feede thy e give thee reason straight to hang thy selfe.
lark 't, mark 't: in Heavens handiwork theirs naught cleeve it.
Lam. In Heavens handiwork ther's naught,
one more vile, accursed, reprobate to bliss,
hen man, and mong men a scholler most.
hings onely fleshly sencitive, an oxe or horse,
hey live and eate, and sleepe, and drinke, and die,
nd are not toucht with recollections
f things ore-post, or staggerd infant doubtes
f things succeeding; but leave the manly beastes,
nd give but pence a peece to have a sight
f beastly man now.
Sim. What so, Lampatho! Good truth, I will not pay our ordinary if you come not.

Lam. Dost thou heare that voice? Ile make a parr
As good a man as hee in foureteene nights.
I never heard him vent a sillable
Of his owne creating since I knew the use
Of eyes and eares. Well, he 's perfect blest,
Because a perfect beast. Ile gage my heart
He knowes no difference essentiall
Twixt my dog and him. The horeson sot is blest,
Is rich in ignorance, makes faire usance on 't,
And every day augments his barbarisme.
So love me, calmnes, I do envy him forts.
I was a scholler: seaven use-full springs
Did I defloure in quotations
Of crossd oppinions boute the soule of man.
The more I learnt the more I learnt to doubt:
Knowledge and wit, faithes foes, turne fayth about.

Sim. Nay, come, good Sinior. I stay all the gentlem
here. I wood faine give my prity page a pudding pie.

Lam. Honest epicure.
Nay, marke, list delight; delight my spaniell slept, whi
I bausd leaves,
Tossd ore the dunces, por'd on the old print
Of titled wordes, and stil my spaniell slept.
Whilst I wasted lampoile, bated my flesh,
Shrunk up my veines, and still my spaniel slept.
And still I held converse with Zabarell,
Aquinas Scotus, and the musty sawe
Of antick Donate, still my spaniell slept.
Still went on went I; first *an sit anima,*
Then, and it were mortall. O hold, hold!
At that they are at braine buffets fell by the eares,
A maine pell-mell togither—still my spaniell slept.

Then whether twere corporeall, local, fixt,
Extraduce; but whether 't had free will
Or no, ho philosophers
Stood banding factions all so strongly propt,
I staggerd, knew not which was firmer part;
But thought, quoted, reade, observ'd, and pried,
Stufft noting bookes, and still my spaniell slept.
At length he wakt and yawned, and by yon sky,
For aught I know he knew as much as I.

Sim. Dellicat good Lampatho, come away. I assure you Ile give but two-pence more.

Lam. How twas created, how the soule exsistes—
One talkes of motes, the soule was made of motes;
An other fire, tother light, a third a spark of star-like nature;
Hippo water, Anaximenes ayre,
Aristoxenus musicke, Critias, I know not what.
A company of odde phreneteci
Did eate my youth, and when I crept abroad,
Finding my numnesse in this nimble age,
I fell a railing; but now, soft and slow,
I know, I know naught, but I naught do know;
What shall I doe—what plot, what course persew?

Qua. Why, turne a temporist, row with the tide,
Pursew the cut, the fashion of the age.
Well, heer 's my schollers course: first get a schoole,
And then a ten-pound cure; keepe both. Then buy
(Stay marry, I marry); then a farme, or so:
Serve God and mammon—to the divill goe.
Affect some sect—I, 'tis the sect, is it?
So thou canst seeme, 'tis held the pretious wit.
And O, if thou canst get some higher seate,

Where thou maist sell your holy portion
(Which charitable Providence ordained,
In sacred bountie, for a blessed use),
Alien the gleabe, intaile it to thy loines,
Intombe it in thy grave,
Past resurrection to his native use!
Now, if there be a hell, and such swine sav'd,
Heaven take all—that 's all my hopes have crav'd.

¶ *Enter* PIPPO.

Pip. My Simplicias maister.

Lam. Your maister Simplicius.

Pip. Has come to you to sent.

Lam. Has sent to me to come.

Pip. Ha! ha! has bought me a fine dagger, and a and a feather! I can say, *As in presenti*, now!

Company of Boyes within.

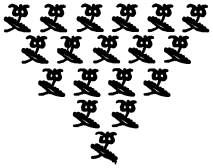
Quadratus, Quadratus, away! away!

Lam. We come, sweet gallants; and grumbling lye stil,
And turne phantastique. He that climbes a hill
Must wheele about; the ladder to account
Is slie dissemblance: he that meanes to mount
Must lye all levell in the prospective
Of eager-sighted greatnesse; thou wouldst thrive.
The Venice State is young, loose, and unknit,
Can rellish naught but lushious vanities.
Goe, fit his tooth. O glavering flatterie!
How potent art thou! Front looke briske and sleek,
That such base durt as you should dare to reeke
In princes nostrils! Well, my sceane is long.

All within. Quadratus!

Qua. I come, hotte blouds. Those that their state
would swell,
Must beare a counter-face. The divill and hell
Confound them all! That 's all my prayers exact:
So ends our chat;—sound musick for the act.

[*Exeunt.*



ACTUS TERTIUS.

SCENA PRIMA.

¶ *Enter* FRANCISCO, *halfe drest, in his black doublet an round cap, the rest riche;* IACOMO *bearing his hatt and feather;* ADREAN *his doublet and band;* RAN DOLFO *his cloake and staffe. They cloath* FRANCISC *whilst* BYDETT *creepes in and observes them. Muc of this done whilst the Acte is playing.*

Fra. FOR God sake, remember to take specia markes of me, or you will nere be abl to know me.

Adr. Why, man?

Fra. Why, good faith, I scarce know my selfe: alread me thinks I should remember to forget my selfe; now am so shining brave. Indeed Francisco was alwayes sweete youth, for I am a perfumer, but thus brave. I ar an alien to it. Would you make mee like the drown Albano? Must I bear 't mainly up? Must I bee hee?

Ran. What els, man? O, what else?

Iaco. I warrant you, give him but faire riche cloathes. Hee can bee tane, reputed any thing.
Apparail 's growne a god, and goes more neate;
Makes men of ragges, which straight he beares aloft,
Like patcht-up scar-crowes to affright the rout
Of the idolatrous vulgar, that worship images,

nd aw'd and bare-skalp't at the glosse of silkes,
ich, like the glorious Ajax of Lincolnes-Inne
rvai'd with wonder by me when I lay
tor in London), lappes up naught but filth
d excrements, that beare the shape of men,
ose in-side every day would peck and teare,
t that vaine skar-crow cloathes intreates forbeare.
Fra. You would have me take upon me, Albano,
aliant gallant Venetian burgomasco.
ll my beard, my feather, short sword, and my oth,
all doo 't, feare not. What I know a number,
the sole warrant of a lapy-beard,
raine beate plume, and a good chop-filling oth,
th an odde French shrugge, and by the Lord, or so,
leapt into sweete captaine with such ease
you would feart not. Ile gage my heart Ile do 't.
w sits my hat? Ha! Jack, doth my feather wagge?
Iaco. Me thinkes now, in the common sence of fashion,
ou shouldst grow proud, and like a fore-horse view,
ne but before-hand gallants; as for sides,
d those that ranke in equall file with thee,
uddy a faint salute, give a strange eye;
t as to those in rere-ward, O be blind!
e world wants eyes—it cannot see behind. [French?
Fra. Where is the strumpet? Where 's the hot-vain'd
ves not Albano? Hath Celia so forgot
bano's love, that she must forth-with wed
runne-about, a skipping French-man?
Iaco. Now you must grow in heate and stut.
Fra. An odde phantasma—a beggar—a Sir—a who,
ho, who—What You Will—a straggling go go go gunds
-f, f, f, f, fut ——

Adr. Passing like him—passing like him. O 'tis strike all dead!

Pan. I am ravished! 'Twill be peerles exquisite! Let him go out instantly!

Iaco. O, not till my-light; meane time Ile prop up The tottering rumor of Albanos shape, And safe arrivall; it begins to spread. If this plot live, Frenchman, thy hopes are dead. [*Exeunt*

Byd. And if it live, strike of this little head. [*Exit*

¶ *Enter* ALBANO, *with* SLIP, *his page.*

Alb. Can it be? Ist possible? Ist within the bounds of faith? O vilany!

Slip. The clapper of rumor strikes on both sides, ringing out, the French knight is in firme possession of my misteris, your wife.

Alb. Ist possible I should be dead so soone
In her affectes? How long ist since our shipprack?

Slip. Faith, I have little arithmatique in me, yet I remember the storme made mee cast up perfectly the whole sum of all I had receiv'd; three dates before I was liquord soundly; my guts were rinc'd for the heavens. I looke as pale ever since, as if I had tane the diet this spring.

Alb. But how long ist since our ship-wrack?

Slip. Mary, since wee were hung by the heeles on the batch of Cycily, to make a jayle delivery of the sea in our mawes, tis just three monthes. Shall I speake like a poet?—*thrice hath the horned mone* ——

Alb. Talke not of hornes. O, Celia! How oft,
When thou hast lay'd thy cheeke uppon my breast,
And with lacivious petulancy sew'd
For hymeneall dalliance, marriage rightes;—

then, how oft, with passionate protestes
nd zealous vowes, hast thou oblig'd thy love,
a dateles bands, unto Albanos breast!
hen, did I but mention second marriage,
ith what a bitter hate would she invaigh
ainst retaild wedlockes! O, would she lispe,
you should die,—then would she slide a teare,
d with a wanton languishment in-twist
r hands,—O God, and you should die! Marry?
uld I love life? My deare Albano dead,
ould any prince possesse his widdowes bed?
d now, see, see, I am but rumord drown'd.

Slip. Sheele make you prince;—your worship must be crown'd.

master, you know the woman is the weaker creature!
e must have a prop. The maide is the brittle mettell;
er head is quickly crackt. The wife is queasie stomackt;
e must be fed with novelties. But, then, whats your widdowe?
ustome is a second nature;—I say no more, but think you the rest.

Alb. If love be holy;—if that mistery
f co-united hearts be sacrament;—
the unbounded goodnesse have infus'd
sacred ardor:—if a mutuall love
to our speties, of those amorous joyes—
hose sweetes of life—those comfortes even in death,—
ring from a cause above our reasones reach;—
that cleere flame deduce his heate from heaven;—
is like his cause's eternall alwaies One,
s is th' instiller of devinest love,
Unchangd by time, immortall mauger death!

But O, tis growne a figment! Love a jest!
A commick poesie! The soule of man is rotten,
Even to the core;—no sound affection.
Our love is hollow-vaulted—stands on proppes
Of circumstance, profit, or ambitious hopes!
The other tissue, gowne or chaine of pearle,
Makes my coy minx to nussell twixt the breastes
Of her lull'd husband, tother carkanet
Deflowres that ladies bed. One hundred more
Marries that loath'd blowze;—one ten-pound oddes,
In promis'd joynture, makes the hard-palm'd sire
Inforce his daughters tender lippes to start
At the sharpe touch of some loath'd stubbed beard;
The first pure time the golden age is fled.
Heaven knowes I lie,—tis now the age of gold,—
For it all marreth, and even virtues sold!

Slip. Master, will you trust me, and Ile ——

Alb. Yes, boy, Ile trust thee. Babes and fooles Ile tru
But servants faith, wives love, or femalls lust,—
A usurer and the divill sooner. Now, were I dead,
Me thinkes I see a huff-cap swaggering sir
Pawning my plate, my jewells, morgage! Nay,
Selling out right the purchace of my browes,
Whilst my poore fatherlesse, leane, totterd sonne—
My gentries reliques, my houses onely prop—
Is saw'd asunder, lyes forlorne, all bleake
Unto the griefes of sharpe necessities,
Whilst his father-in-law, his father-in-divell, or d-d-d-
divill-f-f-f-father,
Or who, who, who,—What You Will!
When is the marriage morne?

Slip. Even next rising sonne.

. Good, good, good! Go to my brother Adrian:
im Ile lurck; stay, tell him Ile lurck: stay—
s Albanos marriage-bed new hung
fresh rich curtaines! Now are my valence up,
t with orient pearle, my gransires gift!
ire the lawne sheetes fum'd with vyolets,
sh the pawld lascivious appetite!
worke the cookes, the pastry sweates with slaves;
Iarch-panes glitter: now, now, the musitions
: with nimble stickes ore squeaking crowds,
ng the dryed guttes of a mewing catt.
aylors, starchers, semsters, butchers, pulterors, mer-
ers,—all, all, all,—now, now, now,—none thinke a
mee,—the f f f French is *te f f f fine man, de p p p*
pock man, de ——
p. Peace, peace! stand conceald. Yonder, by all
ptions, is he would be husband of my mistresse;—
wife! hah, meate, hah!
b. Uds! so, so, so! soule, thats my velvet cloake!
p. O peace! observe him: ha!

iter LAVERDURE *and* BIDETT, *talking;* QUADRATUS, LAMPATHO, SIMPLICIUS, PEDANTE, *and* HOLIFERNES PIPPO.

d. 'Tis most true, sir. I heard all; I saw all; I tell
ind I hope you beleeve all. The sweete Francisco
iza, the perfumer, is by your rivall Iacomo, and your
brothers that must be, when you have married your
that shall be.
d. With the grace of Heaven.
d. Disguis'd so like the drownd Albano, to crosse

your sute, that by my little honesty 'twas great consola to mee to observe them. Passion of joy, of hope! O ex lent! cri'd Andrea. Passingly! cri'd Randolfo. Un raleld, lispes Iacomo. Good, good, good, sayes And Now, stut, sayes Iacomo. Now stut, sayes Randolfo; wl the ravisht perfumer had like to have waterd the seame his breeches for extreame pride of their applause.

Lav. Sest, Ile to Celia, and, mauger the nose of friends, wedde her; bedde her; my first sonne shall b captaine, and his name shall bee what it please his fathers; the second, if hee have a face bad inoug lawyer; the third, a marchant; and the fourth, if he maimd, dull-braind, or hard-shapt, a scholler, for t your fashion.

Qua. Get them; get them, man, first. Now, by wantonnesse of the night, and I were a wench, I w not ha thee, wert thou an heire, nay (which is mor foole.

Lav. Why, I can rise high: a straight legge, a plu thigh, a full vaine, a round cheeke; and, when it plea the firtility of my chinne to be delivered of a beard, 'l not wrong my kissing, for my lippes are rebels, and s out.

Qua. Ho! but ther's an old fustie proverbe, these g talkers are never good dooers.

Lam. Why, what a babell arrogance is this?
Men will put by the very stock of fate;
Theyle thwart the destiny of marriage,
Strive to disturbe the sway of Providence:
Theile do it!

Qua. Come, youle be snarling now.

Lam. As if we had free-will in supernaturall

ı, and that our love or hate
ded not on causes bove the reach
maine stature.
ı. I thinke I shall not lend you forty shillings now.
ı. Durt upon durt, feare is beneath my shooe.
lesse of rackes, strappados, or the sword—
ɜr informer and slie intelligence,—
ınd as confident as Hercules,
with a frightlesse resolution,
p and launce our times impieties.
:. Uds so, peace.
ı. Open a bounteous eare, for Ile be free:
ɜ as Heaven, give my speech more roome;
.e unbrace my breasts, strip up my sleeves,
like an executioner to vice,
:ike his head off with the keener edge
ɾ sharpe spirit.
ɔ. Roome and good licence: come on! when, when?
ı. Now is my fury mounted. Fix your eyes;
d your sences; bend your listning up;
le make greatnesse quake; Ile tawe the hide
ick-skind Hugenes.
ɔ. Tis most gratious; weele observe thee calmely.
a. Hang on thy toungs end. Come on! pree-thee doe.
m. Ile see you hang'd first. I thanke you, sir, Ile none.
is the straine that chokes the theaters;
makes them crack with full-stufft audience;
is your humor onely in request,
ɔoth to raile; this brings your eares to bed;
people gape for; for this some doe stare.
some would heare, to crack the authors neck;

This admiration and applause persues,
Who cannot raile, my humors chang'd, 'tis cleare:
Pardon, Ile none; I prise my joynts more deare.

Bid. Maister, maister, I ha discri'd the Perfumer Albanos disguise. Looke you! looke you! Rare spo rare sport!

Alb. I can containe my impatience no longer. I Mounsieur Cavelere, Saint Dennis,—you, caprichious Sinior Caranto French braule,—you, that must ma Celia Galanto,—is Albano drown'd now? Goe wand avant knight-errant, Celia shall bee no cuck-queane,— heire no begger,—my plate no pawne,—my land no m gage,—my wealth no food for thy luxuries,—my house harbour for thy comrades,—my bedde no bootye for lustes! My any thing shall bee thy nothing. Goe hen packe, packe! avant! caper, caper! aloun, aloun! pa by, passe by! cloake your nose! away! vanish! wand depart! slink by! away!

Lav. Harke you, Perfumer. Tell Iacomo, Randul and Adrean, 'twill not doe;—looke you, say no more, —'twill not doe.

Alb. What Perfumer? what Iacomo?

Qua. Nay, assure thee, honest Perfumer, good Francis wee know all, man. Goe home to thy civitt boxe; lo to the profit, commodity, or emolument of thy mus-c taile: goe, clap on your round cap—my what do you la sir,—for yfaith, good rogue, alls discri'd!

Alb. What Perfumer? what mus-cat? what Francis What do you lack? Ist not inough that you kissd wife?

Lav. Inough.

Alb. I, inough! and may be, I feare me too much;

ıust floute me,—deride me,—scoffe me,—keepe out, ch not my porche;—as for my wife! ——

ɔ. Stirre to the dore: dare to disturbe the match, ɔy the ——

ɔ. My sword! menace Albano fore his owne dores!

ɔ. No, not Albano, but Francisco: thus, Perfumer, ake you stinke if you stirre a —— For the rest: *via, via.*

Exeunt Cest. *remanet* Albano, Slip, Simp. and Holif.

ɔ. Jesu, Jesu! what intends this? ha!

a. O God, sir! you lye as open to my understanding ırtizan. I know you as well ——

ɔ. Some body knowes me yet: praise Heaven, some-knowes me yet!

a. Why, looke you, sir: I ha paide for my knowing of ınd women too, in my dayes: I know you are Fran-Soranza, the perfumer; I, maugre Sinior Satten, I——

b. Do not tempt my patience. Go to; doe not ——

a. I know you dwell in Saint Markes Lane, at the of the Mus-cat, as well ——

b. Foole, or madd, or drunke, no more!

a. I know where you were drest, where you were ——

b. Na, then, take all!—take all! take all! ——

[*He bastinadoes* Simplicius.

a. And I tell not my father; if I make you not loose office of gutter-maister-ship; and you bee skavenger yeare, well. Come, Holifernes; come, good Holi-ı; come, servant. [*Exit* Sim. Holife.

¶ *Enter* Iacomo.

b. Francisco Soranza, and perfumer, and mus-cat, and r-maister, hay, hay, hay!—go, go, go!—f, f, f, fut! to the Duke; and Ile so ti, ti, ti, ticle them!

Iaco. Pretious! what meanes he to go out so soone,
Before the dusk of twilight might deceive
The doubtfull priers? What, holla!

Alb. Whop! what divill now?

Iaco. Ile faine I know him not: what businesse fore those dores?

Alb. Whats that to thee?

Iaco. You come to wronge my friend Sir Laverdure. Confesse, or ——

Alb. My sword, boy!—s, s, s, s, soule, my sword!

Iaco. O, my deere roague, thou art a rare dissembler!

Alb. See, see!

¶ *Enter* ADRIAN *and* RANDOLFO.

Iaco. Francisco, did I not helpe to clothe thee? Even now I would ha sworne thee, Albano, my good sweet slave.

[*Exit* Iacomo.

Alb. See, see! Jesu, Jesu! Impostors! Connicatchers! Sancta Maria!

Ran. Looke you. He walkes; he faines most excellent.

Adr. Accost him first as if you were ignorant
Of the deceit.

Ran. O, deere Albano! now thrice happie eyes,
To view the hope-lesse presence of my brother.

Alb. Most loved kinsman, praise to Heaven, yet
You know Albano. But for yonder slaves—well ——

Adr. Successe could not come on more gratious.

Alb. Had not you come, deare brother Adrian,
I thinke not one would know me. Ulisses dog
Had quicker scence then my dul countrimen;
Why, none had knowne me.

m. Doubt you of that? Would I might die,
I not knowne the guile, I would ha sworne
. hadst bin Albano, my nimble, couzning knave.
b. Whippe, whippe! Heaven preserve al, Saint Marke, Saint Marke!
her Adrian, be frantick, pree-thee be;
[am a perfumer—Francisco. Hay, hay!
ot some feast-day? You are all ranke drunke!
:s, ra, ra, ra! rattes knights of the be, be, be, bell! be, be, bell!
lr. Go, go! proceede: thou dost it rare. Farewell.
[*Exeunt* Adrian *and* Randolfo.
b. Farwell? Ha! Ist even so? Boy, who am I?
ip. My Lord Albano!
b. By this breast you lie.
Samian faith is true, true! I was drown'd;
now my soule is skipt into a perfumer, a gutter-master.
ip. Beleeve me, sir ——
b. No, no! Ile beleeve nothing! no!
disadvantage of all honest hearts
tick credulity. Perfect state pollecy
crosse-bite even sence. The worlds turn'd juggler!
es mystes before our eyes. *Haygh passe re passe!*
redit nothing.
ip. Good sir!
b. Hence, asse!
ı not opinion stamp the currant passe
ach mans valew, vertue, quality?
I ingross'd the choice commodities
Heavens trafike, yet reputed vile,
ı a rascall! O deere, unbeleefe!
· wealthy dost thou make thy owners wit!

Thou traine of knowledge! what a priviledge
Thou giv'st to thy possessor! Anchorst him
From floting with the tide of vulger faith;
From being dam'd with multitudes deere unbeleefe.
I am a perfumer! I, thinkst thou my bloud,
My brothers know not right, Albano, yet?
Away! tis faites! If Albanos name
Were liable to scence, that I could tast, or touch,
Or see, or feele it, it might tice beleefe;
But since tis voice, and ayre, come to the Muscat-boy,
Francisco, that 's my name; tis right: I, I,—
What do you lack? what ist you lack? right; that 's my cry. [*Exeunt.*

¶ *Enter* SLIP *and* NOOSE; TRIP, *with the trunchion of a staffe torch, and* DOITE *with a pantofle;* BIDET, HOLYFERNES *following. The cornets sound.*

Bid. Proclaime our titles!

Do. Bosphoros Cormelydon Honorificacuminos Bidet!

Hol. I thinke your majesties a Welchman; you have a horrible long name.

Bid. Death or scilence! Proceed!

Do. Honorificacuminos Bidet, Emperor of Crackes, Prince of Pages, Marques of Mumchance, and sole Regent over a bale of false dice: to all his under ministers health, crownes, sack, tobacco, and stockings uncrakt above the shooe.

Bid. Our selfe will give them their charge. Now let mee stroake my beard, and I had it, and speake wisely, if I knew how. Most unconsionable, honest little, or little honest, good subjects, informe our person of your severall qualities, and of the prejudice that is foisted uppon you,

›ur selfe may pervew, prevent, and preoccupie the
lent dangers incident to all your cases.

Here is a petition exhibited of the particuler greev-
of each sort of pages.

'. We will vouchsafe, in this our publike session, to
: them. Pleaseth your excellent wagship to bee in-
d that the devision of pages is tripartite (tripartite),
ee-fold: of pages, some be court-pages, others ordi-
gallants pages, and the third apple-squiers, basket-
:s, or pages of the placket: with the last we will
:de first. Stand forth, page of the placket: what is
nistres?

›. A kinde of puritane.

l. How live you?

›. Miserably, complayning to your crack-ship: though
ıve light mistresses, we are made the children and
ıts of darknes. What prophane use we are put to,
se gallants more feelingly know then we can lively
ıse; it is to be comiserated, and by your royall in-
onely to bee prevented, that a male mounkey and the
utive of a man should bee *synonima*, and no scence.
gh wee are the drosse of your subjects, yet being a
of page, let us find your celsitude kind and re-
ve of our time-fortunes and birthes abuse: and so,
: name of our whole tribe of emptie basket-bearers, I
your little hands.

l. Your case is dangerous, and almost desperat.
forth, ordinary gallants page: what is the nature of
master?

. He eates well and right slovenly; and when the
'avor him, goes in good cloathes, and scowers his
collour silk stockings; when he hath any money, he

beares his crownes, when he hath none I carry his purs
He cheates well, sweares better, but swaggers in a wanto
chamber admirably; hee loves his boy and the rump of
cram'd capon; and this summer hath a passing thrif
humor to bottle ale; as contemptuous as Lucifer, as arr
gant as ignorance can make him, as libidinous as Priapu
Hee keepes mee as his adamant, to draw mettell after
his lodging: I curle his perriwig, painte his cheekes, pe
fume his breath; I am his froterer or rubber in a h
house, the prop of his lies, the bearer of his fals dice; a
yet for all this, like the Persian louse, that eates bytin
and byting eates, so I say sithing, and sithing say my e
is to paste up a *si quis*. My masters fortunes are for
to cashere me, and so six to one I fall to be a pippin squi
Hic finis priami!—this is the end of pick-pockets.

Bid. Stand forth, court page: thou lokest pale a
wan.

Trip. Most ridiculous Emperor.

Bid. O, say no more. I know thy miseryes;—wl
betwixt thy lady, her gentlewoman, and thy masters l
gaming, thou maist looke pale. I know thy miseries, a
I condole thy calamities. Thou art borne well, bred
but diest worst of al: thy bloud most commonly gen
thy youth ordinaryly idle, and thy age to often miseral
When thy first sute is fresh, thy cheekes cleere of co
soiles, and thy lord falne out with his lady, so longe r
be heele chuck thee under the chin, call thee good pr
ape, and give thee a scrap from his owne trencher;
after, he never beholds thee but when thou squierst l
with a torch to a wantons sheetes, or lightes his tobac
pipe. Never useth thee but as his pander; never regard
thee but as an idle bur that stickst upon the nap of

tune;—and so, naked thou camst into the world, and ted thou must returne: whom serve you?

Ho. A foole!

Bid. Thou art my happiest subject: the service of a le is the onely blessedst slavery that ever put on a ine and a blew cote; they know not what nor for what y give, but so they give tis good, so it be good they e; fortunes are ordain'd for fooles, as fooles are for tune, to play with all, not to use: hath hee taken an'oth alleagiance—is hee of our brotherhood yet?

Ho. Not yet, right *venerable Honorificao cac cac cacuos Bidet!* but as little an infant as I am I will, and h the grace of wit I will deserve it.

Bid. You must performe a valorous, vertuous, and relious exploit first, in desert of your order.

Ho. What ist?

Bid. Couzen thy master, hee is a foole, and was created men of wit, such as thy selfe, to make use of.

Ho. Such as my selfe? Nay, faith, for wit, I think, for r age, or so — But on, sir.

Bid. That thou maist the easier purge him of superfluous ud, I will discribe thy maisters constitution. He loves d is beloved of himselfe, and one more, his dog. There a company of unbrac'd, untrussd rutters in the towne, t crinkle in the hammes, swearing their flesh is their ly lyving, and when they have any crownes, cry "God narcy, Mol!" and shrugging, let the cockholds pay fort; imating that their maintenance flowes from the wantonse of merchants wives, when introth the plain troth is, plaine and the stand, or the plaine stand and deliver, livers them all their lyving. These comrades have peraded thy maister that ther's no way to redeeme his

peach-collour satten sute from pawne but by the lov
cytizens wife; hee beleeves it: they flout him, he
them; and now tis our honest and religious medi
that hee feede us, Holyfernes Puppi.

Ho. Pippo, and shall please you.

Bid. Pippo, tis our will and pleasure thou sute th
like a marchants wife; leave the managing of the seq
unto our prudence.

Ho. Or unto our prudence; truly shee is a very
wench, and hath a stammell petticote with three gar
the nonce; but for your marchants wife, alas! I a
little, speake to small, go to gingerly: by my troth I
I shall looke to faire.

Bid. Our majesty dismounteth, and wee put of
greatnesse; and now, my little knaves, I am plaine C
as I am *Bosphoros Carmelydon Honorificacuminos*
I am imperious: honor sparckles in mine eyes; but
am *Crack*, I wil convay, crosbite, and cheat upon Si
cius. I will feed, satiat, and fill your panches; reple
stuff, or furnish your purses: wee will laugh when o
weepe—sing when others sith—feede when others star
and be drunke when others are sober. This is my c
at the loose. As you love our brother-hood, avoide
speech, square dice, small liquor, and above all, tho
ungentlemanlike protestations of indeede and verely.
so, gentle Appollo, touch thy nimble string; our scea
donne; yet fore wee cease, wee sing.

[The Song, *and Ex*

ACTUS QUARTUS.

SCENA PRIMA.

Enter CELIA, MELETZA, LYZABETTA, *and* LUCEA.

FAITH, sister, I long to play with a fether!
Pree-thee, Lucia, bring the shuttle-cock.

Mel. Out on him, light-pated phantasticke! He 's like of our gallants at ——

Lyz. I wonder who thou speak'st well of.

Mel. Why, of my selfe; for by my troth, I know none wil.

Cel. Sweet sister Meletza, lets sit in judgment a little, h, on my servant, Mounsieur Laverdure.

Mel. Troth well, for a servant, but for a husband h) I.

Lyz. Why, why?

Mel. Why, he is not a plaine foole, nor faire, nor fat, rich, rich foole. But he is a knight; his honour will e the passado in the presence to-morrow night; I hope wil deserve. Al I can say is as, as the common fiddlers l say in their God send you well to do.

Lyz. How think'st thou of the amorous Iacomo?

Mel. Iacomo? why, on my bare troth ——

Cel. Why bare troth?

Mel. Because my troth is like his chinne, ta
on't. Gods me! his face lookes like the head
but trust me he hath a good wit.

Lyz. Who told you so?

Mel. One that knowes; one that can tell.

Cel. Whose that?

Mel. Him selfe.

Lyz. Well, wench; thou hadst a servant, one l
what hast thou done with him?

Mel. I donne with him? Out of him, puppy! B
fether, his beard is derectly brick collour, and per
fashion'd like the husk of a cheessnut; hee kisses wit
driest lip. Figh on him!

Cel. O, but your servant Quadratus, the absol
courtier!

Mel. Fie, fie! Speake no more of him: he lives l
begging.
He is a fine courtier, flatters admirable, kisses
Faire madam, smells surpassing sweete; weares
And holds up the arras, supportes the tapistry,
When I passe into the presence, very gracefully; and
I assure you ——

Luc. Madam, here is your shuttle-cock.

Mel. Sister, is not your waighting-wench rich?

Cel. Why, sister, why?

Mel. Because she can flatter. Pree-thee call her not
She has twenty-four houres to maddam yet. Come, yo
You prate: yfaith, Ile tosse you from post to piller!

Cel. You post and I piller.

Mel. No, no, you are the onely post; you must s

t, prove a wench, and beare; or elce all the building of r delight will fall ——

el. Downe.

yz. What, must I stand out?

Mel. I, by my faith, til you be married.

yz. Why do you tosse then?

Mel. Why, I am wed, wench.

el. Pree thee to whome?

Mel. To the true husband, right head of a woman—my which vowes never to marry till I meane to be a foole, ave, starch cambrick ruffes, and make candells (pur); lowne, serve againe, good wench.

uc. By your pleasing cheeke, you play well.

Mel. Nay, good creature, pree thee doe not flatter mee. ought twas for something you goe casd in your velvit berd; I warrant these laces were nere stich'd on with stich. I have a plaine waighting wench; shee speakes ne, and faith, she goes plaine; she is vertuous, and use she should go like vertue, by the consent of my nty, shee shall never have a bove two smockes to her , for thats the fortune of desert, and the maine in ion or reward of merit (pur); just thus do I use my ants. I strive to catch them in my racket, and no ier caught, but I tosse them away: if he flie wel, and good feaethers, I play with them till he be downe, then my maide serves him to me againe: if a slug, and ke-wing'd, if hee bee downe, there let him lie.

el. Good Mell, I wonder how many servants thou hast.

Mel, Troth, so do I; let me see—Dupatzo.

yz. Dupatzo, which Dupatzo?

Mel. Dupatzo, the elder brother, the foole; he that ght the half-penny riband, wearing it in his eare, swear-

ing twas the duches of Millans favor; hee into whose head a man may travell ten leagues before hee can meete with his eyes. Then ther's my chub, my epicure, Quadratus, that rubbes his guttes, clappes his paunch, and cries Rivo, intertayning my eares perpetually with a most strong discourse of the praise of bottle ale and red herrings. Then ther's Simplicius Faber.

Lyz. Why, he is a foole!

Mel. True, or els he would nere be my servant. Then ther's the cap-cloakt courtier, Baltazar; hee weares a double, treble, quadruple ruffe, I, in the sommer time. Faith, I ha servants inow, and I doubt not but by my ordinary pride and extraordinary cunning to get more. Mounsier Laverdure, with a troupe of gallants, is entring.

Lyz. He capers the lascivious bloud about.
Within heart pantes, nor leapes the eye nor lippes:
Prepare your selves to kisse, for you must be kissd.

Mel. By my troth, tis a pretty thing to be towards marriage, a pretty loving. Looke, where he comes. Ha! ha!

Lav. Good day, sweete love.

Mel. Wish her good night, man.

Lav. Good morrow, sister.

Mel. A cursie to you caper: to-morrow morne Ile call you brother.

Lav. But much much falls betwixt the cup and lip.

Mel. Be not to confident, the knot may slip.

Qua. Bounty, blessednes, and the spirit of wine attend my mistres.

Mel. Thankes, good chub.

Sim. God, yee, god morrow, heartely mistres; and how do you since last I saw you?

Qua. Gods mee, you must not inquire how shee does; ts privy counsell. Fie! ther 's manners indeed!

Sim. Pray you, pardon my incivility. I was som-what uld with you, but beleeve me Ile never be so sawcy to ke you how you do againe as long as I live. La!

Mel. Square chub, what sullene black is that?

Qua. A tassell that hangs at my purse-strings. Hee ogs mee, and I give him scraps, and pay for his ordinary, ade him; hee liquors himselfe in the juice of my bounty; d when hee hath suckt up strength of spirit he squeaseth in my owne face; when I have refind and sharp'd his its with good food, hee cuts my fingers, and breakes jests pon me. I beare them, and beate him; but by this light e dull-eyed thinks he dos wel, dos very well; and but hat hee and I are of two faithes—I fill my belly, and eeds his braine—I could find in my heart to hug him—o hug him.

Mel. Pree-thee, perswade him to assume spirit, and lute us.

Qua. Lampatho, Lampatho, art out of countenance? or witts sake, salute these beauties. How doost like them?

Lam. Uds fut! I can liken them to nothing but great ens great horse upon great dayes, whose tailes are trust p in silke and silver.

Qua. To them, man; salute them.

Lam. Blesse you, faire ladies. God make you all his ervants.

Mel. God make you all his servants!

Qua. Hee is holpen well had need of you; for bee it oken without prophanisme, hee hath more in this traine. feare mee you ha more servants then he: I am sure the livill is an angell of darkenesse,

Lam. I, but those are angels of light.

Qua. Light angels; pree-thee leave them; with-draw little, and heare a sonnet; pree-thee heare a sonnet.

Lam. Made of Albanos widdow that was, and Mon sieur Laverdures wife that must be.

Qua. Come, leave his lips, and command some liqu if you have no bottle-ale, command some claret wine a bourrage, for that 's my predominate humor; sleeke-bil Bacchus, lets fill thy guttes.

Lam. Nay, heare it, and rellish it juditiously.

Qua. I do rellish it most juditially. [*Qua. drink*

Lam. Adored excellence! delicious, sweet!

Qua. Delicious, sweete! good, very good!

Lam. If thou canst taste the purer juice of love.

Qua. If thou canst taste the purer juice; good st good still.

Qua. I doe rellish it; it tastes sweete.

Lam. Is not the metaphor good? Ist not well followe

Qua. Passing good, very pleasing.

Lam. Ist not sweete?

Qua. Let me see 't; Ile make it sweete;
Ile soake it in the juice of Helicon.
Bir Lady, passing sweete; good, passing sweete.

Lam. You wrong my muse.

Qua. The Irish flux upon thy muse, thy whorish mu
Heere is no place for her loose brothelry.
We will not deale with her. Goe! away, away!

Lam. Ile be reveng'd.

Qua. How, pree-thee, in a play? Come, come, be sosial
In private severance from societie;
Here leapes a vaine of bloud inflam'd with love,
Mounting to pleasure, all adict to mirth;

hoult read a satyre or a sonnet now,
lagging their ayery humor with ——
Lam. Lamp-oyle, watch-candles, rug-gownes, and small juice,
hin commons, foure a clock rising,—I renounce you all.
ow may I ternally abandon meat,
nst, fustie, you which most imbrac'd disuse,
ou made me an asse; thus shapt my lot,
am a meere scholler, that is a meere sot.
Qua. Come, then, Lampe, ile powre fresh oyle into thee;
pply thy spirit, that it may nimbly turne
nto the habit, fashion of the age.
l make thee man the scholler, inable thy behaviour
pt for the intertaine of any presence.
e turne thee gallant: first thou shalt have a mistresse.
ow is thy spirit rais'd to yonder beauty?—
he with the sanguine cheeke, the dimpled chinne;
he pretty amorous smile, that clips her lips
nd dallyes bought her cheeke;
hee with the speaking eye,
hat castes out beames as ardent as those flakes
hich sing'd the world by rash-braind Phaeton;
he with the lip;—O lips!—she, for whose sake
man could finde in his heart to in-hell himselfe!
here's more philosophy,—more theoremes,—
lore demonstrations,—all invincible,—
lore cleare divinity drawne on her cheeke,
hen in all volumes tedious paraphrase
f musty eld. O, who would staggering doubt
he soules eternity,—seeing it hath
f heavenly beauty but to case it up!

Who would distrust a supreame existence,
Able to confound, when it can create
Such heaven on earth—able to intrance,
Amaze! O, 'tis Providence, not chance!

Lam. Now, by the front of Jove, me thinks her eye
Shootes more spirit in me. *O beautie feminine!*
How powerfull art thou! What deepe magick lyes
Within the circle of thy speaking eyes!

Qua. Why, now could I eate thee; thou doost please mine appetite. I can disist thee. God made thee a good foole, and happy and ignorant, and amarous, and riche and fraile, and a satyrist, and an essayest, and sleepy, and proud, and indeed a foole, and then thou shalt bee sure of all these. Doe but scorne her, shee is thine owne; accost her carelesly, and her eye promiseth shee will be bound to the good abbearing.

Cel. Now, sister Meletza, doost marke their craft; some straggling thoughts transport thy attentivenesse from his discourse. Wast Iacomos or our brothers plot?

Lav. Both, both, sweete lady; my page heard all: we mette the roague, so, like Albano, I beat the roague.

Sim. I, but when you were gone, the roague beat me.

Lav. Now, take my counsell: listen.

Mel. A pretty youth; a pretty well-shapt youth: a good leg, a very good eye, a sweete ingenious face, and I warrant a good witte; nay, which is more, if hee bee poore, I assure my soule hee is chaste and honest; good faith, I fancy I fancie him: I, and I may chance;—well, Ile thinke the rest.

Qua. I say, bee carelesse still: court her without complement; take spirit.

Lav. Wert not a pleasing jeast for me to cloath

ıother rascall like Albano; say
ıd rumor him return'd, without all deceit;
ɔuld not beget errors most ridiculous?
Qua. Meletza, bella, belletza! Madonna, bella, bella,
ıteletza! pree-thee kisse this initiated gallant.
Mel. How would it please you, I should respect yee.
Lam. As any thing, What You Will as nothing.
Mel. As nothing! How will you valew my love?
Lam. Why, just as you respect me—as nothing; for out
nothing, nothīng is bred: so nothing shall not beget
ɪ-thing, any-thing bring nothing, nothing bring any-
ng, any-thing and nothing shall be What You Will; my
ach mounting to the valieu of my selfe, which is——
Mel. What, sweete——
Lam. Your nothing, light as your selfe, scencelesse as
ur sex, and just as you would ha me—nothing.
Mel. Your wit skips a morisco; but, by the brightest
ıngle of my tier, I vouchsafe you intire unaffected favor,
are this gentle spirit, be not proud.
leeve it, youth, slow speech swift love doth often shrowd.
Lam. My soul's intranc'd; your favor doth transport
ɪ scence past scence, by your adored graces,
loat, am rapt!
Mel. Nay, if you fall to passion and past scence,
ɪ breasts no harbor for your love. Go, packe! Hence!
Qua. Uds fut! thou gull! thou inkie scholler! Ha,
thou whoreson fop!
lt not thou clappe into our fashion'd gallantry?
uldst not be proud and skornfull, loofe and vaine?
ıds, my hearts object! what a plague is this?
ɪ soul's intraunc'd. Fut! couldst not clip and kisse?

My soul 's intraunc'd! ten thousand crownes at least
Lost, lost. My soul's intraunc'd! Loves life, O beast!

Alb. Celia, open; open, Celia: I would enter: open, Celia! [Celia!

Fran. Celia, open; open, Celia: I would enter: open,

Alb. What, Celia, let in thy husband, Albano: what Celia! [Celia!

Fran. What, Celia, let in thy husband, Albano: what

Alb. Uds f, f, f, fut! let Albano enter.

Fran. Uds f, f, f, fut! let Albano enter.

Cel. Sweete breast, you ha playd the wag, yfaith!

Qua. Beleeve it, sweete, not I.

Mel. Come, you have attired some fiddler like Albano, to fright the perfumer; ther 's the jest.

Ran. Good fortunes to our sister.

Mel. And 'a speedy marriage.

Adr. Then we must wish her no good fortunes.

Iaco. For shame! for shame! Straight cleere your house; sweepe out this dust; fling out this trash; returne to modesty. Your husband! I say, your husband Albano, that was supposd drownd, is return'd,—I, and at the dore!

Cel. Ha, ha! My husband! Ha, ha!

Adr. Laugh you? Shameles! Laugh you?

Cel. Come, come, your plots discoverd. Good faith, kinsmen, I am no skold. To shape a perfumer like my husband! O sweete jest!

Iaco. Last hopes all knowne.

Cel. For pennance of your fault, will you maintaine a jest now? My love hath tired some fiddler like Albano, like the Perfumer.

Lav. Not I: by blessednesse, not I.

Mel. Come, tis true. Do but support the jest, and you shall surfet with laughter.

Iaco. Faith, we condiscend; twill not be crosd, I see. Marriage and hanging go by destiny.

Alb. B, b, b, bar out Albano! O adulterous, impudent!

Fran. B, b, b, bar out Albano! O thou matchlesse g, g, g, gigglet!

¶ *Enter* ALBANO *and* FRANCISCO.

Qua. Let them in! Let them in! Now, now, now! Observe, observe! Look, look, look!

Iaco. That sames a fiddler, shapt like thee. Feare naught; bee confident: thou shalt know the jest heereafter: be confident; feare naught; blush not; stand firme.

Alb. Now, brothers; now, gallants; now, sisters; now call a perfumer a gutter-maister. Bar mee my house; beate mee,—baffle mee,—skoffe mee,—deride me! Ha, that I were a young man againe! By the mas, I would ha you all by the eares, by the mas law. I am Francisco Soranza! am I not, gigglet, strumpet, cutters, swaggerers, brothell haunters? I am Francisco! O God! O slaves! O dogges, dogges, curres!

Iaco. No, sir; pray you, pardon us; we confesse you are not Francisco, nor a perfumer, but even ——

Alb. But even Albano.

Iaco. But even a fiddler,—a miniken tickler,—a pum, pum!

Fran. A scraper, scraper!
Art not asham'd, before Albanos face,
To clip his spouze? O shamlesse, impudent!

Iaco. Well said, perfumer.

Alb. A fiddler,—a scraper,—a miniken tickler,—a pum,

a pum,—even now a perfumer,—now a fiddler,—I will
even What You Will. Do, do, do, k, k, k, kisse my
be, be, be, fore ——

Qua. Why, would'st have him kisse her behind?

Alb. Before my owne f, f, f, face!

Jann. Well done, fiddler!

Alb. Ile f, f, fiddle yee!

Fran. Dost f, f, floute mee?

Alb. Dost m, m, m, mock me?

Fran. Ile to the duke. Ile p, p, p, paste up infam
on every post.

Jann. Twas rarely, rarely, done. Away, away!

[*Exit* Franc

Alb. Ile f, f, follow, though I st, st, st, stut; Ile
ble to the duke: in p, p, plaine language, I pray y
my wife well. Good faith, shee was a kinde soule,
honest woman once: I was her husband, and w
Albano, before I was drown'd; but now, after m
rection, I am I know not what; indeede, brethere
deede, sisters, and in deed, wife, I am What Y
Do'st thou laugh? dost thou ge, ge, ge, gerre
perfumer,—a fiddler,—a *Diabolo*, *mondo de Diav*
firk you, by the Lord, now, now I will!

Qua. Ha, ha! tis a good rogue, a good ro

Lac. A good rogue!

Ol. No, good [illegible]

Lac. [illegible]

Come, [illegible]

The [illegible]

ɣz. I, thats the hopefull day.
'el. I, there thou hitst it.
ua. Pray God he hit it.
zv. Play.

THE DAUNCE.

ıco. They say ther 's revells and a play at court.
zv. A play to-night?
ua. I, tis this gallants wit.
:co. Ist good? Ist good?
ım. I feare twill hardly hit.
ua. I like thy feare; wel, twil have better chance;
's naught more hatefull then ranck ignorance.
l. Come, gallants, the table spread; will you to
ɜr?
ıa. Yes; first a maine at dice, and then weele eate.
m. Truely the best wittes have the bad'st fortune at
still.
ıa. Whole play? whole play?
n. Not I; in truth I have still exceeding bad fortune
ɔe.
l. Come, shall we in? Infayth thou art suddaine sad.
feare the shaddow of my long-dead lord?
:v. Shaddow! Ha! I cannot tel.
tryeth all things: well, well, well!
:a. Would I were Time, then. I thought twas for
thing that the old fornicator was bald behinde. Go;
on, passe on.

[*Exeunt.*

ACTUS QUINTUS.

SCENA PRIMA.

¶ *The Curtaines are drawne by a Page, and* CELIA LAVERDURE, QUADRATUS *and* LYZABETTA, L PATHO *and* MELETZA, SIMPLICIUS *and* LUCEA, *played, sitting at Dinner. The Song is sung, du which a Page whispers with* SIMPLICIUS.

Qua. FEEDE, and be fat, my fayre Calip Rivo, heer 's good juice, fresh burr boy!

Lam. I commend, commend my s to yee, lady.

Mel. In troth, sir, you dwell farre from neighb that are inforc'd to commend your selfe.

Qua. Why, Simplicius, whether now, man; for g fashions sake, stirre not; sit still, sit still.

Sim. I must needs rise; much good do it you.

Qua. Doost thou thinke thy rising will do them m good? Sit still; sit still; carve me of that, good M letza. Fill, Bacchus, fill!

Sim. I must needs bee gone; and youle come to chamber to-morrow morning, I send you a hund crownes.

Qua. In the name of prosperitie, what tide of hapinesse so suddeinly is flou'd upon thee?

Sim. Ile keepe a horse and foure boyes, with grace of ortune now.

Qua. Now, then, ifaith, get up and ride.

Sim. And I do not? Ile thwack a jerkin till he groane gaine with gold lace. Let mee see; what should I desire f God? Mary a cloake, linde with rich taffata; white attin sute; and my gilt rapier from pawne: nay, shee hall give me a chaine of pearle, that shall pay for all. ood boy; good Sinior. Good boye; good Sinior.

Qua. Why, now, thou speaketh in the most imbrac'd ashion that our time hugges; no sooner a good fortune r a fresh sute falls upon a fellow that would ha beene uld to ha shou'd into your society, but, and he met you, e fronts you with a faint eye, throwes a squint glaunce ver a wried shoulder, and cryes twixt the teeth, as very arcimonious of breath, Good boy, good Sinior; good oy, good Sinior. Death, I will search the life bloud of our hopes.

Sim. And a fresh pearle-colour silke stocking —— O, I I I I, Ile goe to the halfe-crowne ordinary every meale; Ile have my ivory boxe of tobacco; Ile converse with one but counts and courtiers. Now, good boy, good Sinior, a paire of massie silver spurs, to a hatch short word, and then your imbroderd hanger; and, good Sinior ——

Qua. Shut the windowes, darken the roome, fetch whips; he fellow is madde: hee raves, hee raves,—talkes idly,— unatique: who procures thy ——

Sim. One that has eate fat capon, suckt the boild chicken, and let out his wit with the foole of bounty, one

Fabius. Ile scorne him; hee goes upon Fridaies in black satten.

Qua. Fabius! By this light, a cogging chetor: he lives on love of marchants wives; he stands on the base of maines; hee furnisheth your ordinary, for which he feeds scot-free; keepes faire gold in his purse, to put on upon maines, by which he lives, and keepes a faire boy at his heeles: he is dam'd Fabius.

Sim. He is a fine man, law, and has a good wit; for when he list he can go in black sattin, I, and in a cloak lin'd with unshorne velvet.

Qua. By the salvation of humanity, he 's more pestilent then the plague of lice that fell upon Egipt; thou hast bin knave if thou credit it; thou art an asse if thou follow it; and shalt be a perpetual ideot if thou persue it: renounce the world, the flesh, the divell, and thy trust in mens wives, for they wil double with thee: and so I betake my selfe to the sucking of the juice capon, my ingle bottle-ale, and his gentleman usher, that squiers him red herring. A foole I found thee, and a foole I leave thee; beare record, Heaven, tis against the providence of my speach. Good boy, good Sinior. [*Exit.*

¶ *Enter* SLIP, NOWS, DOITE, *and* BYDET.

Sim. Ha, ha, ha! Good boy, good Sinior. What a foole 'tis! Ha, ha, what an asse 'tis! Save you, young gentlemen, is shee comming? Will she meete me? Shal 's incounter? Ha?

Bid. You were not lapt in your mothers smock: you ha not a good cheeke, an inticing eye, a smooth skinne, a well-shapt leg, a faire hand: you cannot bring a wench into a fooles parradize for you.

Sim. Not I, by this garter. I am a foole, a very ninny, I! low call you her? How call you her?

Bid. Call her? You rise on your right side to-day, arry. Call her? her name is Mistresse Perpetuana: shee not very faire, nor goes extraordinary gay.

Sim. She has a good skinne?

Bid. A good skin? She is wealthy; her husbands a ole: sheele make you; she weares the breeches: sheele ake you ——

Sim. Ile keepe two men, and they shall be taylors; they hall make sutes continually, and those shall be cloath of ilver.

Bid. You may go in beaten pretious stones every day. Iarry, I must acquaint you with some observances, which ou must persue most religiously. She has a foole; a turall foole waights on her, that is indeed her pander; to im, at the first, you must be bounteous; what-so-ere ee craves,—bee it your hatte, cloake, rapier, purse, or ich trifle,—giv 't, giv 't; the night will pay all; and to raw all suspect from persuing her love for base gaine sake.

Sim. Giv 't? by this light, Ile giv 't, wert gaine. I re not for her chaine of pearle, onely her love: gaine? he first thing her bounty shal fetch is my blush-colour tten sute from pawn: gaine?

Bid. When you heare one winde a cornet, shee is coming downe Saint Markes streete: prepare your speech, ick your lippes, lighten your spirits, fresh your bloud, eeke your cheekes, for now thou shalt be made for ever perpetuall and eternall gull). [*Exit* Bydet.

Sim. I shall so ravish her with my court-ship; I have ich variety of discourse, such coppy of phrase to begin, this:—Sweete lady, Ulisses dog, after his maisters ten

yeares travell. I shall so ticle her: or thus,—Pure beauty, there is a stone ——

Slip. Two stones, man.

Sim. Call'd, 'tis no matter what. I ha the eloquence I am not to seeke, I warrant you.

¶ *The cornet is winded. Enter* PIPPO, BYDET; PIPPO *attired like a merchants wife, and* BYDET *like a foole.*

Sweete lady; Ulisses dog; there's a stone called —— O Lord! what shall I say?

Slip. Is all your eloquence come to this?

Sim. The glorious radient of your glimmering eies, your glittering beauties blind my witt, and dazled my ——

Pip. Ile put on my maske, and please you; pray you, winke, pray you.

Bid. O fine man! my mistresse loves you best. I dreamt you ga me this sword and dagger. I love your hatte and feather, O!

Sim. Doe not crie, man; do not crie, man: thou shalt ha them. I, and they were ——

Bid. O, that purse, with all the white pence in it! Fine man! I love you! Give you the fine red pence soone at night? He! I thanke you: where's the foole now?

Sim. He has all my money; I have to keepe my selfe, and ——

Slip. Poght!

Pip. Sir, the foole shall lead you to my house; the foole shall not. At night I expect you: till then, take this seale of my affection.

[*Within.*] *Qua.* What, Simplicius!

Sim. I come, Quadratus. Gentlemen, as yet I can but
ınke you; but I must bee trusted for my ordinary soone
night; or stay, Ile — The foole has unfurnisht mee;
ı 'twill come againe, good boy.
[*Within.*] *Qua.* What, ho! Simplicius!
Sim. Good boy, good boyes. I come, I come, good
ıes, good boyes.
Bid. The foole shall waight on thee. Now, do I merrit
bee yclipped, *Bosphoros Carmelydon Honorificacuminos*
dett? Who, who has any square dice?
Pip. Marry, sir, that have I.
Bid. Thou shalt loose thy share for it in our purchase.
Pip. I pray you now, pray you now.
Bid. Sooner the whissell of a marriner
ıll sleeke the rough curbes of the ocean back.
w speake I like my selfe: thou shalt loose thy share.

Enter QUADRATUS, LAVERDURE, *and* CELIA; SIMPLICIUS, MELETZA, LYZABETTA, LUCEA, *and* LAMPATHO.

Pip. Ha! take all, then. Ha!
Qua. Without cloake, or hat, or rapier? Figh!
Sim. Gods me! Looke yonder. Who gave you these
ıgs?
Bid. Mistris Perpetuanos foole.
Sim. Mistris Perpetuanos foole! Ha, ha! there lies
est. Sinior, the foole promised me he would not
ve me.
Bid. I know the foole well. He will sticke to you:
ı not use to for-sake any youth that is inamord on an

other mans wife; hee strives to keepe company with a crimson satten sute continually; he loves to be al on with a critique; a good wit, selfe-conceited, a hauke-bearer, a dogge-keeper, and great with the nobility; hee doates upon a meere scholler, an honest flat foole; but, above all, hee is all one with a fellow whose cloake hath a better inside then his out-side, and his body richer lin'd then his braine.

Sim. Uds! so I am cosoned.

Pip. Pray you, maister, pardon me; I must loose my share.

Sim. Give me my purse againe.

Bid. You gave it me, and Ile keept.

Qua. Well done, my honest crack, thou shalt be my ingle fort.

Lav. He shall keepe all, maugre thy beardles chin, thy eyes.

Sim. I may go starve till Midsomer quarter.

Qua. Foole! Get thee hence.

Pip. Ile to schoole again, that I will: I left in *asse in presenti*, and Ile begin in *asse in presenti;* and so good night, faire gentry. [*Exit* Pippo.

Qua. The triple ideotts coxcombe crownes thee,
Bitter epigrames confound thee;
Cucold be when ere thou bride thee;
Through every comick sceane be drawne,
Never come thy cloathes from pawne;
Never may thy shame be sheathed,
Never kisse a wench sweet breathed.

[*Cornets sound.*

Enter as many Pages with torches as you can; RANDOLFO *and* ADRIAN; IACOMO *bare; the Duke with attendantes.*

Ran. Seace! the duke approacheth: tis almost night,
for the dukes up: now begins his day.
Come, grace his entrance. Lightes! lightes! Now ginnes our play.

Du. Still these same bauling pipes: sound softer straines;
lumber our scence: tut! these are vulger straines.
'annot your trembling wiers throw a chaine
f powerfull rapture bout our mazed scence?
Vhy is our chaire thus cushion'd tapistry?
Vhy is our bed tired with wanton sportes?
Vhy are we cloath'd in glistring attiers?
f common bloudes can heare, can feele,
'an sit as soft, lie as lascivious,
tut all as rich as the greatest potentate;—
oule! and you cannot feast my thristing eares
Vith aught but what the lip of common berth can tast,—
ake all away; your labors idly wast.
Vhat sport for night?

Lam. A commedy, intitled Temperance.

Du. What sot elects that subject for the court?
Vhat should dame Temperance do here? Away!
he itch on Temperance, your morrall play!

Qua. Duke, prince, royall bloud!—thou that hast the est meanes to be damn'd of any lord in Venice;—thou eat man! let me kisse thy flesh. I am fat, and therefore ithfull; I will do that which few of thy subjects do,—ve thee: but I will never do that which all thy subjects),—flatter thee. Thy humors reall, good; a commedie?

No, and thy scence would banquit in delightes
Appropriat to the bloud of emperors,
Peculier to the state of majesty,
That none can rellish but dilated greatnesse,
Vouchafe to view the structure of a sceane
That stands on tragike sollid passion.
O thats fit trafick to commerce with birthes!
Straind from the mud of base unable braines,
Give them a sceane may force their struggling bloud
Rise up on tiptoe in attention,
And fill their intellect with pure elixed wit;
O thats for greatnesse apt, for princes fit!

Du. Darst thou then undertake to sute our eares
With such rich vestment?

Qua. Dare! Yes, my prince, I dare;—nay, more, will.
And Ile present a subject worth thy soule;—
The honor'd end of Cato Utican.

Du. Whole personate him?

Qua. Marry, that wil I, on suddaine, without change.

Du. Thou want'st a beard.

Qua. Tush! a beard nere made Cato, though many mens Cato hang onely on their chin.
Suppose this flowre the city Utica,
The time the night that prolong'd Catos death;
Now being plac'd moung his philosophers,
These first discourse the soules eternity.

Iaco. Cato grantes that, I am sure, for he was valiant and honest, which an epicure nere was, and a coward never will be.

Qua. Then Cato holdes a distinct notion
Of individuall actions after death.

his being argu'd, his resolve maintaines
a true magnanimous spirit should give up durt
to durt, and with his owne flesh dead his flesh,
ore chance should force it crouch unto his foe;
to kill ones selfe, some I, some hold it no.
O these are pointes would intice away ones soule
To breakes indenture of base prentisage,

¶ *Enter* FRANCISCO.

And run away from 's boddy in swift thoughts,
To melt in contemplation's lushious sweetes!
Now, my voluptious duke, Ile feede thy scence
Worth his creation: give me audience.

Fran. My leidge, my royall leidge, heare, heare my sute.

Qua. Now may thy breath nere smell sweete as long as thy loungs can pant, for breaking my speech, thou Muscovite! thou stinking perfumer!

¶ *Enter* ALBANO.

Du. Is not this Albano, our some times courtier?

Fran. No, troth, but Francisco, your alwaies perfumer.

Alb. Lorenzo Celso, our brave Venice Duke, Albano Belletzo, thy merchant, thy soldier, thy courtier, thy slave, thy any-thing, thy What thou Wilt, kisseth thy noble bloud. Doe mee right, or els I am canonized a cuckold! canonized a cuckold! I am abus'd!—I am abusd!—my wifes abusd!—my cloathes abusd!—my shape,—my house,—my all,—abusd! I am sworne out of my selfe, —beated out of my selfe,—baffled,—geird at,—laught at, —bard my owne house,—debard my owne wife!—whilst others swill my wines,—gurmandize my meat, meat,—

kisse my wife!—O gods! O gods! O gods! O gods! O gods!

Lav. Who ist? Who ist?

Cel. Come, sweete, this is your waggery, yfaith; as if you knew him not.

Lav. Yes, I feare I do too wel: would I could slide away invisible.

Du. Assured this is hee.

Iaco. My worthy leidge, the jest comes only thus.
Now to stop and crosse it with mere like deceite:
All being knowne, the French knight hath disguisd
A fiddler, like Albano too, to fright the perfumer:—this is all.

Du. Art sure tis true?

Mel. Tis confest tis right.

Alb. I, tis right, tis true; right; I am a fiddler, a fiddler, a fidler,—uds fut! a fidler. Ile not beleeve thee; thou art a woman: and tis knowne, *veritas non querit angulos*, truth seekes not to lurke under varthingalls; *veritas non querit angulos*, a fidler?

Lav. Worthy sir, pardon; and permit me first to confesse your selfe,—your deputation dead, hath made my ove live, to offend you.

Alb. I, mock on,—skoffe on,—flout on,—do, do do.

Lav. Troth, sir, in serious.

Alb. I, good, good; come hether, Celia.
Burst breast, rive heart a sunder! Celia,
Why startest thou back? Seest thou this, Celia?
O me! how often, with lascivious touch, thy lip
Hath kissd this mark? How oft this much-wrong'd breast
Hath borne the gentle waight of thy soft cheeke?

Cel. O me, my deerest lord,—my sweete, sweete love!

Alb. What, a fidler,—a fidler? Now, thy love,
am sure thou skornst it; nay, Celia, I could tell
That, on the night before I went to sea,
nd tooke my leave, with hymeneall rights,
That thou lisped
ıto my eare, a fidler and perfumer now!

Adr. And ——

Ran. Deere brother.

Iaco. Most respected Sinior;
eleeve it, by the sacred end of love,
That much, much wronge hath forc'd your patience,
roceeded from most deere affied love,
'evoted to your house.

Adr. Beleeve it, brother?

Iaco. Nay, your selfe, when you shall heare the occurınces, will say tis happy, commicall.

Ran. Assure thee, brother.

Alb. Shall I be brave? Shall I be my selfe now? ove, give me thy love; brothers, give me your breasts; rench knight, reach me thy hand; perfumer, thy fist. 'uke, I invite thee; love, I forgive thee; Frenchman, I ug thee. Ile know all,—Ile pardon all,—and Ile laugh : all!

Qua. And Ile curse you all!
' yee ha interrupt a sceane!

Du. Quadratus, we will heare these pointes discussd,
'ith apter and more calme affected houres.

Qua. Well, good, good.

Alb. Wast even so? Yfaith, why then, caprichious mirth,

Skip, light moriscoes, in our frolick bloud,
Flaggd veines, sweete, plump with fresh-infused joyes!
Laughter, pucker our cheekes, make shoulders shog
With chucking lightnesse! Love once more thy lippes!
For ever claspe our hands, our hearts, our creasts.
Thus front, thus eyes, thus cheeke,—thus all shall meete!
Shall clip, shall hug, shall kisse, my deere, deere sweete!
Duke, wilt thou see me revell? Come, love, daunce.
Court gallants, court;—suck amorous dalliance!

Lam. Beauty, your heart!

Mel. First, sir, accept my hands.
Shee leapes too rash that falls in suddeine bands.

Lam. Shall I dispaire? Never will I love more!

Mel. No sea so boundles vast but hath a shore.

Qua. Why, marry me,
Thou canst have but soft flesh, good bloud, sound bones;
And that which fils up all your bracks,—good stones.

Lyz. Stones, trees, and beasts, in love still firmer proove
Then man; Ile none; no hold-fastes in your loves.

Lav. Since not the mistresse,—come on, faith, the maide.

Alb. Ten thousand duckets, too, to bote, are laide.

Lav. Why, then, winde cornets, lead on, jolly ladde.

Alb. Excuse me, gallants, though my legges lead wrong,
'Tis my first footing; winde out, nimble tongue.

Du. 'Tis well, 'tis well:—how shall we spend this night?

Qua. Gulpe Rhenish wine, my liedge, let our paunch rent;
Suck merry gellyes; preview, but not prevent,
No mortall can, the miseries of life.

Alb. I home invite you all. Come, sweete, sweete wife.
Iy liedge, vouchsafe thy presence. Drinke, till the ground looke blew, boy!

Qua. Live still in springing hopes!—still, in fresh new joyes,
Lay your loves happy hit in faire-cheekt wives,—
our flesh still plumpe with sap'd restoratives.
hat 's all my honest frolick heart can wish.
. fico for the mew and envious pish!
ill night, I wish good food and pleasing day;
ut then sound rest. So ends or slight-writ play.

[*Exeunt.*

Deo op: max: gratias.

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Court gallants, court;—suck ar
Lan. Beauty, your heart!
Mel. First, sir, accept my ha
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NOTES TO THE FIRST VOLUME.

Page 13, line 1. *Mary Ambree.*—The well-known English heroine of the ballads of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, who was so celebrated that her name became proverbial for female valour. She is stated, on uncertain authority, to have performed prodigies at the siege of Ghent in 1584,—

> And when her false gunner, to spoyle her intent,
> Away all her pellets and powder had sent,
> Straight with her keen weapon she slasht him in three:
> Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

Page 14, line 1. *A lowe forehead.*—A high forehead was anciently considered a great beauty, and a low one a proportionate deformity. Thus Caliban, in the Tempest, is fearful of being "turned to barnacles, or to apes *with foreheads villainous low.*" Again, in Antony and Cleopatra,—"her forehead as low as she would wish it." Compare an old black-letter ballad, The Peerelesse Paragon,—

> Her beetle brows all men admire,
> Her forehead wondrous low.

Page 14, line 6. *He lookes like a may-pole.*—The term Maypole appears to have been generally one of contempt, applied not only to a tall person, but to any one who was the object of derision. In the first edition of the Merry Wives of Windsor, 1602, Falstaff, after having been deceived by the pretended fairies, says,—"Ay, 'tis well; I am your Maypole; you have the start of me." Compare, also, the Midsummer Night's Dream,—"how low am I, thou painted Maypole?"

Page 15, line 5. *When beauties close fight's up.—Close fight* is an old sea-term. "A ship's *close fights* are small ledges of wood laid crosse one another, like the grates of iron in a prison window, betwixt the maine mast and fore mast, and are called gratings or nettings," Smith's Sea Grammar, 1627.

Page 16, line 19. *Ros.*—This prefix should obviously be *Mel.*, but it is the plan of this edition to follow the old copies.

Page 19, line 8. *Goode pugge.*—a familiar mode of address,

l to be equivalent to *monkey*, but not generally used in gatory sense which would now be attached to the term. estern barge, with good wind, *and lusty pugges*, one may miles in two days," Lilly's Endymion. See also the volume, p. 112.

25, line 9. *Let musique sound.*—Mr. Dilke is no doubt n printing these words, which are given as a stage direc- he old copy, as part of the speech.

31, line 26. *O chaune.*—So in eds. 1602, 1633, but no ample of the verb *chaun* has been produced, and Mr. ads,—*Open thy breast.*

35, line 1. *A casting bottle.*—A casting-bottle was a ed for casting or sprinkling perfumes, introduced about lle of the sixteenth century. "Oh, excellent, heer 's your bottle," Tragedy of Hoffman, 1631. The term occurs Unton Inventories, p. 27. "Pray Jove, the perfumed keep their casting-bottles, pick-tooths, and shittlecocks a," Jonson's Cynthia's Revels.

36, line 25. *Accorted.*— So in the copy here used. If l is right, it is probably used in the sense of *courted*, but e prints *accosted*, a more obvious reading, which may n derived from another copy of the same edition.

39, line 13. *I, but her life.*—Another speech should ce here, the arrangement in the text being that of the old "It is evidently," observes Mr. Dilke, "the reply of e on being complimented on her likeness to the princess: r having been committed, it almost necessarily led to end the succeeding speech is, in the original, given to although it has internal evidence of belonging to Flavia." 33 it is given to Balurdo, but in one copy at least of it is rightly [illegible] via.

43, line [illegible] —These were probably [illegible] t-book by the printer of

[illegible] e old copies read *and* [illegible] by transferring the [illegible] e. Perhaps the pre- [illegible] thor's own diction.

[illegible] words should pro- [illegible] by Antonio. See

Page 56, line 17. *The greene woode.*—Perhaps, by license, the last word was made a dissyllable. Mr. Di *wood tree.*

Page 61, line 2. *Another wallowe in a greate slopp* hose, afterwards called *slops*, were the large loose br fashionable during the second half of the sixteenth centu Heywood, in his Epigrammes, ed. 1577, relates a curiou "a number of rattes mistaken for develles in a man's sl which it is stated that a "big-breecht man" stowe cheese in his sloppes, and when he put them on again within them some rats who had taken up their quarter cheese. Wright, in his Passions of the Minde, 1601, slops as "almost capable of a bushel of wheate, and if of sackcloth, they would serve to carry mawlt to the mi was in allusion to Tarlton's slops, which are also curiou in an epigram in the Letting of Humors Blood in Vaine, 1611.

Page 61, line 31. *Speak pure foole.*—This is idion is in sense equivalent to,—"I will speak like a pure foo in Othello, act ii,—"Drunk? and *speak parrot?*"—th foolishly or idly like a parrot.

Page 62, line 30. *An alehouse by a red lattice.*—O distinguishing characteristics of the alehouse was a sm window, generally placed in the wall over the door, pai "Be mild in a taverne! 'tis treason to the red lattice, the sign-post," Miseries of Inforced Marriage.

Page 67, line 19. *The checkroll of my servaunts.*—T roll was a roll or book containing the names of the serv of course only in large establishments. The follow occurs in the additions to the Ordinances made at Elth reign of Henry VIII,—

> Item, the said Clerkes-comptrollers shall make for every qu yeare, a roule of parchment that shall be called the *check-roll*, containe the names of all them which shall be of the ordinarie the check of the household; and dayly to present in the sam allowance of the wages of all them which shall be attendant, and kation and check of wages of all them which shall be absent.

Page 79, line 27. *And must be nail'd up for a slip.*- sion to a piece of counterfeit money, made of brass washed over with silver or gold, which was usually tern "She which thee deceaves with copper guilt, is bu Skialetheia, 1598.

Page 81, line 11. *Belkt up.*—That is, belched up.

to bealke or breake wynde out of the stomake," Elyotes Dictionarie, 1559. So, in the Towneley Mysteries, p. 314,—"To belke thai begyn, and spew that is irke."

Page 112, line 13. *Cockeall.*—This term seems here used in a peculiar sense, for the best or most excellent of husbands.

Page 112, line 19. *Aristotles Problemes.*—An allusion to a very common and popular chap-book, which has been reprinted in various forms up to the present time. The first edition appeared in 1595, under the title of, "The Problems of Aristotle, with other Philosophers and Physitions, wherein are contained divers questions, with their answers, touching the Estate of Mans Bodie," 16mo.

Page 112, line 22. *Doe dreame not.*—Query,—Goe, dreame not?

Page 113, line 3. *Respective.*—That is, respectful.

Page 120, line 17. *In his siddowe ribs.*—The word *siddow* is of very unusual occurrence in early English, but it is preserved in the provincial dialect of the West of England. In Gloucestershire, peas which become pulpy soft by boiling, are then said to be *siddow.*

Page 127, line 30. *When it goes high-lone.*—That is, quite alone. "When I could not stand a' high lone without I held by a thing," Blurt Master Constable. See Middleton's Works, ed. Dyce, i. 262.

Page 137, line 28. *Skip like lavoltaes.*—"He (Bodin) saith that these night-walking or rather night-dansing witches brought out of Italie into France that danse which is called *la volta,*" Scot's Discoverie of Witchcraft, 1584, p. 42. This dance is frequently spoken of as comprising high bounds,—"a lofty jumping, or a leaping round," Davies's Orchestra.

Page 138, line 15. *Sport alone.*—That is, excellent sport. The phrase is used by Robin Goodfellow, in the Midsummer Night's Dream,—"that must needs be sport alone." So again, in Englishmen for my Money, 1616,—"Oh that youth so sweet so soone should turne to age; were I as you, why this were sport alone for me to doe;" and in Withals' Dictionarie, ed. 1608, p. 439,—"This is sport alone for the catt; he meaneth, the beast, the foole is delighted with it."

Page 139, line 9. *Suckets.*—A species of sweetmeats. "Conserves of old fruits forren and home-bred, *suckets,* codinacs, marmilats, marchpaine, sugerbread," Harrison's Description of England, p. 167.

Page 140, line 14. *Cates.*—That is, provisions.

Page 219, line 12. *He will take pepper in the nose instantly.*—A curious but common phrase, applied to any one who is hasty and choleric. So, in Elderton's Lenton Stuffe, 1570,—

> For every man takes pepper i' the nose
> For the waggynge of a strawe, God knowse,
> With every waverynge wynd that blowese.

Page 219, line 15. *Keele it, or all the fatt's in the fire.*—We have already had an allusion to keeling the pot in Antonio and Mellida, p. 56,—"boy, keele your mouth, it runnes over." To keel, is an old English verb of Anglo-Saxon derivation (a-célan), in the sense of, to cool. To "keel the pot" was a provincial phrase signifying, to stir its contents in a gentle manner, in order to cool them, and prevent them from boiling over. "Amongst all which, I thinke it reason that that parson should have tyth porridge, which, out of the heat of a good stomacke, taught his parishioners' wives in a quarterly sermon, *fower wayes to keele a pot*, when it began to seeth over; a right worthy domesticall chaplin for Heliogabalus, yet, if you marke, it is a profitable dish of doctrine, for unlesse it be followed, all the fat is in the fire," Nixon's Strange Foot-Post with a Packet full of Strange Petitions, 1613. "To kele, to cool, as *kele the pot*," given as used in Westmoreland by Kennett in his Glossary, MS. Lansd. 1033; and the phrase, I believe, continued in use till a comparatively recent period. There were, as before hinted in the passage from Nixon's tract, more than one method of keeling the pot. One plan was to expose a ladle-full to the air, and when a little cooled, to restore it to the pot. Another method was to take out a small quantity, and fill the place up with cold water, the portion thus taken out being termed the *keeling wheen*,—

> Gie me beer, and gie me grots,—and lumps of beef to swum abeen;
> And ilka time that I stir the pot,—He's hae frae me the keeling wheen.

Dr. Goldsmith says the expression, as used in his time in Ireland, means, to scum the pot; but if he had entered into further particulars, his definition would probably have been identical with one of the explanations above given. "Keal the pottage, cool it," MS. Glossary of Westmoreland Words written about the year 1690. In the North of England there is a children's game in vogue, mentioned by Brockett, called *Keeling the pot*, in which a girl comes in exclaiming, "Mother, mother, the pot's boiling over!" The answer is, "Then get the ladle and keel it;" and the amusement is derived from the various difficulties that are encountered in the endeavour to obtain a ladle.

To kele, as an archaism, in the simple sense of, to cool, is of exceedingly common occurrence. A few references may suffice: *Akelde*, in one MS. *acoled*, Rob. Glouc. Chron. p. 442; *kele*, MS. Sloane 1313, xv century; Forme of Cury, p. 23; Chaucer's Courte of Love, 1076; "thy bytter heyt there is no man may kele," MS. Poem of the Body and the Soul; Ritson's Ancient Popular Poetry, 1791, p. 79; Gower's Confessio Amantis, v, ff. 121, 131; Enterlude of Youth, repr. p. 33; Palsgrave, in v. Ray, in his Collection of English Words, ed. 1691, p. 39, has *keale* as a Lincolnshire word for a cold. "*A keale-vat*, a vessell wherein beere, ale, &c. is set a cooling when it is brewed," Nomenclator, 1585. Keelers, which were tubs used for cooling beer, are often mentioned in old inventories.

Page 221, line 10. *Up-pont.*—That is, upon 't.

Page 224, line 13. *Paized.*—That is, peized, weighed. "With just balance *pais'd*, distributed with due proportion," Fletcher's Purple Island.

Page 226, line 20. *Are in childe.*—It is worthy of remark that Gerard, in his Herbal, 1597, speaks of a prolific species of rose as *the childing rose.*

Page 231, line 32. *My pretty peate.*—*Peat*, a term of endearment for a delicate person. "I overtook the wench, a pretty peat," Donne's Poems, p. 90.

Page 232, line 21. *A giglet.*—That is, a dishonest wench.

Page 244, line 21. *I um.*—A printer's error for *I am.*

Page 248, line 31. *A very smale sweete voice.*—A small voice is a very weak, low voice. So, in Chaucer's Floure and the Leafe, 180,—

> And than the company answered all,
> With voices sweet entuned, *and so small.*

Bulwer, in his Artificial Changeling, 1654, says,—"It is now held the accomplished gallantry of our youth, to frizle their haire like women, *to speake with an effeminate smalnesse of voice*, and in tendernesse of body to match them, and to bedeck themselves with most indecent trimming."

Page 262, line 9. *French braule.*—The earliest notice of the dance called the brawl yet met with, occurs in Sir T. Elyot's Boke named the Governour,—"By the second motion, whiche is two in numbre, may be signified celeritie and slownesse: whyche two, albeit they seme to discorde in their effectes and natural properties, therefore they may be wel resembled to the braule in

daunsyng." The term is derived from the French. "A br a kinde of dance, dict. de G. *Bransle*, idem, et hoc a *Bra* id est, motare, vacillare, to shogge or reele up and do Minsheu. Cotgrave translates *bransle*, "a brawle or da wherein many men and women, holding by the hands, some in a ring, and otherwhiles at length, move altogether." Ma in another play, has particularly described one species of dance: see vol. ii. p. 258. So, in Good Fellowes, a ballad pr in 1569,—

> Good fellowes must go learne to daunce,
> The brydeal is full near-a;
> *There is a brall come out of Fraunce,*
> The fyrst ye harde this yeare-a.

Page 266, line 23. *Marques of Mumchance.*—An allusio the game of mumchance. "*Chance*, a chance, hap, advent hazard; also, the game at dice called mumchance, or another," Cotgrave.

Page 267, line 9. *Apple-squiers.*—This word appears to h been used in several senses. An apple-squire was a kept gall and also a person who waited on a woman of bad character. the Belman of London, 1608, we are told the apple-squire the person "to fetch in the wine." The term was often appl to a pimp. Miege translates it, *un grossier ecuyer de dame.* S Middleton's Works, iii. 232; Cotgrave, in v. *Cueillier;* Flori in v. *Guataro;* Beaumont and Fletcher, ii. 332; Hall's Satire i. 2; Dodsley's Old Plays, xi. 284.

> His little lackey, a proper yong *apple-squire*, called Pandarus, whiche carrieth the keye of his chamber with hym.—*Bullien's Dialogue*, 1573, p. 5.

END OF VOLUME I.

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